AUGUST 25c

# Coronet

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## Can SEX Crimes Be Stopped?

*A Call to Arms for Every Citizen . . .* *page 3*

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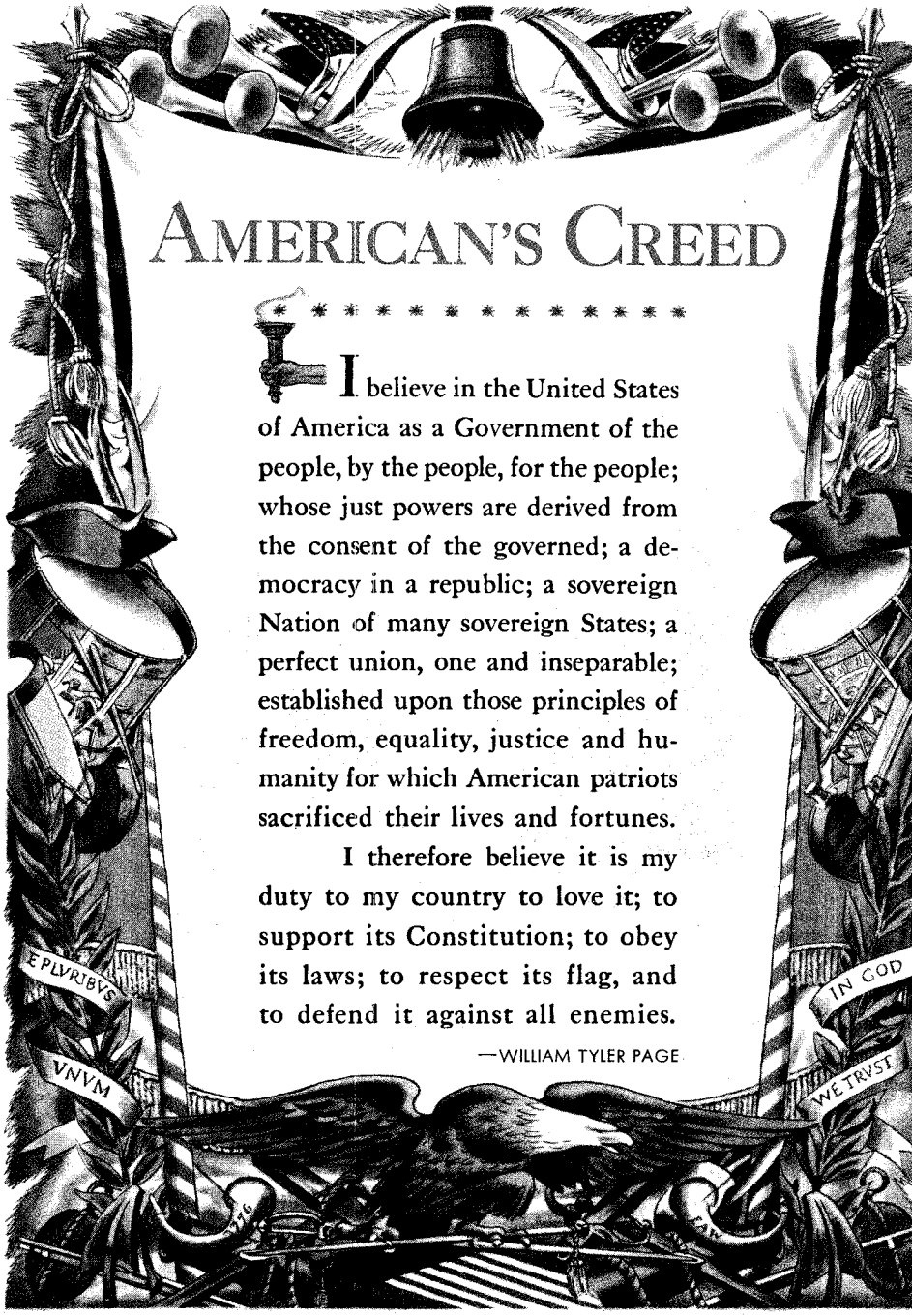


# AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

—WILLIAM TYLER PAGE

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Coronet

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

# SEX CRIMES:

## THEIR CAUSE AND CURE

*by* CHARLES HARRIS

A HEARTBROKEN FATHER, his voice trembling with grief and terror, went on the air over three Chicago radio stations last January. Sobbingly he pleaded with the kidnaper who had snatched his six-year-old daughter from her bed the night before. He begged him not to harm the child. He would pay any ransom within reason. He would do anything—anything at all—if only his little girl were returned home, safe and sound.

Yet only a few hours later newsboys were hawking murder headlines that shocked and angered every American. Suzanne Degnan, the missing child, had not been kidnaped for ransom. She had been abused and butchered. The police found her body—found it in bloody pieces, in sewers and manholes.

Her kidnaper had been a sex criminal—a depraved prowler who had stolen her from bed and then had tried to hide his crime by killing and dismembering a helpless child of six.

For weeks newspapers followed the case, reporting every minor development of the ensuing manhunt. Rewards totaling $37,500 were posted. Kennels reported an overnight demand for husky watchdogs. Frantic parents asked for extra patrols around their homes.

Police corralled suspects by the score, checked every clue, every alibi, every record. Law-abiding men and women spoke of the shocking crime in grim voices. Americans were aroused, angry, infuriated—and never was anger more justified. Or more fruitless.

Since last January the manhunt has gone on in vain. At the date this article is written, there is "nothing new" in the Degnan case. Meanwhile, in Joliet, Illinois, in March, another sex case took over the headlines. A nine-year-old girl accepted a "lift" from a well-dressed young man. Mauled and

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mistreated, she finally escaped from the car. Beaten with a hammer and shot as she fled across a field, she miraculously survived.

Her attacker, who promptly gave himself up, turned out to be the socially prominent son of a leading Midwestern industrialist. Twenty-nine, married, father of two children himself, he said: "I don't know why I did it. Something must have snapped."

Now these were just two cases in two cities. The records of Chicago and Joliet in sex crimes are not especially bad, and fortunately, not all sex criminals resort to murder. But on the day that Suzanne Degnan was slain and hacked to pieces, there were 109 *other* sex crimes of various kinds committed throughout the country. The total that day included some 40 cases of rape, plus many unwholesome incidents involving indecent exposure or unspeakable interludes in which men abused curious but innocent boys.

Added up, the *known* number of sex crimes each year totals nearly 40,000. Yes—40,000 cases known to the police, the County Sheriff or rural village officer. But how many more shocking cases occurred which never came to light because children were afraid to tell or because unwise parents foolishly decided to hush the matter and avoid unpleasant publicity?

TODAY THE SHADOW of the sex criminal lies across the doorstep of every home. The little girl you read about the other day—the one a man enticed with a promise of candy—could have been *your* girl. The pretty blonde high-school student who changed her seat three times in the movie theater "because some man kept following me" could be *your* daughter. For remember—the sex criminal is not always in some other town—the children soiled by his touch are not always someone else's children.

The sexual pervert is lurking right now in the community where you live. You have passed him in the street, jostled him in the store, sat next to him in a bus, streetcar or subway. And the cruel and hopeless grief which closed around the parents of Suzanne Degnan could just as easily have been your grief.

No wonder Americans rage and fume every time shocking headlines meet their eyes. Yet the problem of sex crimes is no mere collection of headline stories. It is ever-present, terribly real, deadly serious. It should not only make us angry—it should keep us angrily determined to fight the menace until the solution is finally reached.

For there *is* a solution. As the first step toward it, we must completely revise our present thinking about sex crimes and sex criminals. A police official in Boston emphasizes this "thinking" in harsh terms:

"Off the record, prison authorities like to get rid of perverts and sex criminals as fast as they can. After all, what can they do with them? The laws are obsolete, the methods of correction futile. So the prison paroles them as quickly as possible, parole officers are slipshod about checking up on them. And the next thing you know we're hauling someone back into court for lewdness. It goes on like that, in a vicious and hopeless circle."

The plain truth is that sex crimes and sex criminals are handled im-



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properly *because most of us don't want anything to do with the whole distasteful business.* Not until a particularly revolting case hits the headlines are we willing to face the problem. Even then, far too many of us are more interested in the lurid tabloid reading than in the deadly seriousness of the threat. And when the "news value" of the story dies down, so does our wrath.

IN PREPARING this article many interviews were held throughout the country with police and other public officials. Their reports reveal that the handling of sex offenders follows a fairly consistent —and futile—pattern. In general, minor offenders are fined, or jailed and released as quickly as possible.

These stories are typical: in Lincoln, Nebraska, a university student is picked up on charges of indecent exposure, fined $10 and sent on his way. In Tacoma, Washington, a movie-theater patron is picked up "for a minor sex offense" and draws ten days in jail. In Dayton, Ohio, the mother of an eight-year-old girl refuses to file a complaint for fear of unpleasant publicity.

Among prison officials the story is somewhat similar. As the Boston official states, wardens don't like to deal with perverts. Other prisoners will have nothing to do with them. Parole officials are frank to admit they find the cases distasteful, and probation officers are likewise inclined to leave them alone. And what is the result?

In New York, a 70-year-old man was arrested after following a young boy into a movie theater. As so often is the case, there were insufficient witnesses; it was the boy's word against the man's, and the grand jury refused to indict. The prisoner was freed, no strings attached. Yet he had a sex-offense record going back three decades! Apparently there was no law to hold a man who, for 27 years, had been known as a molester of children.

Wherever you look, you find the same lack of public interest and organized effort. The Federal Government, which maintains a special organization to fight commercial prostitution (ironically called the Social Protection Division) has not a single official charged with protecting women and children against sex crimes.

As for America's parents—the very people who have the most at stake—they show not an aroused interest but only a silent embarrassment. Recently in Atlanta, reports from teachers and classmates indicated that a group of high-school boys had been behaving peculiarly. Investigation revealed that ten youngsters, from good and substantial families, had formed an obscene "cult." When the case reached juvenile court, Judge Garland Watkins bluntly declared:

"Not a single mother or father of any of these boys had given them any instruction whatsoever in matters of sex."

The judge's statement is timely and important, for the question of sex education is an integral part of the sex-crime problem. And the whole problem has now become one that all of us must fight, singly and together. There are specific steps which can and must be taken —before it is too late. But first we must be prepared to face some of the ugliest facts in the world with-



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out misgivings or embarrassment.

The program outlined below is based on a nation-wide survey of the sex-crime evil. It should be put to work now—right away. Read it carefully. Discuss it with other parents. Make certain it goes on the agenda at your Parent-Teacher meetings, at town forums, at women's and civic clubs.

Remember, the program is the result of discussions and interviews in 30 major cities—with police and penal authorities, with parents and psychiatrists, with teachers and educators, with children themselves. It is a program which, upon enactment, will bring quick and fruitful results.

**1.** Vice squads should operate constantly in every community, tirelessly tracking down every instance of perversion, however slight.

Washington, D. C., has such a vice squad, comprising 30 policemen and 10 policewomen, all in plain-clothes. The men are assigned to hotel lobbies, men's bars, theaters, cocktail lounges, juke joints, comfort stations, parks and monument grounds. The women patronize massage parlors, school grounds and other places where sex perverts might approach boys and girls.

Such a squad can perform a tremendous service if it is large and alert enough. In motion-picture theaters, for instance, a plain-clothes man can be posted in the last row, where he can watch the entire house. Any man who changes seats frequently should be closely observed—and promptly nabbed if his actions warrant arrest.

**2.** Every city—every county—every village—should maintain a complete file of all persons picked up on suspicion of a sex offense and copies of these records should be sent to the FBI in Washington for establishment of a master file there.

If such community files were universally adopted, any complaint could be quickly checked against local records. Then a wire to Washington would provide an even more careful check.

**3.** Every citizen should appoint himself a committee of one to report any apparent case of sexual perversion to the proper authorities.

The peeping Tom who prowls around houses at night—the "underwear thief" who steals panties and bras from clotheslines—such men are potentially dangerous. Not to report them constitutes the most foolish kind of shortsightedness.

Similarly, no story brought home by your child should be dismissed as a tall tale wrought by an imaginative mind. Many women can recall from childhood the cold fear caused when some leering man beckoned from an automobile. Yet how often do we learn that surprise and fear are not the most serious results of such experiences!

**4.** Authorities must face the fact that sexual perversion is more than a crime—and must handle sex offenders accordingly.

Lieut. Nell Coolidge of the Women's Division, Detroit Police Department, pulls no punches. There should be a law, she says, requiring a psychiatric examination of any person accused of a sex offense. Consent of the suspects should not be necessary. And the examination should be made *before* the man is taken to court.

If he is insane, he should be sent to an institution. If suffering from a



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## Los Angeles Points the Way

SINCE 1937, Los Angeles has dealt swiftly and effectively with sex criminals through a special sex-offense bureau, the first of its kind in the U.S. Offenders are fingerprinted, photographed and put through a police show-up. After being examined by Dr. J. Paul De River, psychiatrist, they are classified as to type of perversion, crime committed and mental condition.

Before the bureau was established, many sex offenders entered pleas of not guilty on grounds of insanity. Today, with a complete file on more than 5,000 people, such pleas are easily refuted. When a sex criminal is found to be insane, he is committed at once to a state mental hospital, saving the city time and expense.

Although Dr. De River works closely with the police, the sex-offense bureau is a psychiatric clinic, not a law-enforcement agency. As such it gives valuable counsel and helps prevent known sex offenders from being set free to repeat their crimes.

mental disorder, he should be treated adequately. If a repeater, he should be "put away" until cured. Only if he knows he won't be released until cured will he show real cooperation.

**5.** All states should provide institutions and adequate psychiatric staffs to handle the indeterminate commitment of sex criminals found to be mentally ill.

California, Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota have passed laws with these important provisions: first, perverts are confined in special institutions under medical care; second, instead of a definite sentence, sex criminals receive indeterminate commitments and are subject to observation by doctors. They are released only when cured.

Under such a system, Lawrence Marks of New York would certainly not have been released—and pretty Paula Maganna would be alive today. Marks' mother, grandmother and uncle were all insane. Twice Marks had been arrested for rape. Twice, under New York State laws, he was freed after serving short sentences. Then, two months after his second release, he raped Paula Maganna and brutally murdered her in an attempt to hide the crime.

Or take the case of Salvadore Ossido, in the same city at almost the same time. Eighteen months in jail for criminal assault on a 14-year-old girl. An arrest for annoying another girl in a subway train. An arrest for the rape of a 12-year-old child whose figure caught his fancy. Then he was freed.

Sixteen days later, Einer Sporrer was raped and dead at his hands. Only then, with a murder charge, could justice be done. Ossido went to Sing Sing's electric chair.

Under the laws now in effect in the above-mentioned four states, neither Marks nor Ossido would have been freed in the first place. Under indeterminate sentence, they would have remained in com-



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mitment until cured—for the rest of their lives if necessary.

**6.** The practice of "bargain" sentences for sex offenders should be outlawed immediately.

The "bargain" sentence means that an agreement is made with the prisoner whereby he agrees to plead guilty to a lesser offense and accept the lesser sentence rather than put the State to the trouble and expense of proving the original charge. In New York City, a case study covering a half year showed that "bargain pleas" were entered in 82 per cent of the statutory rape cases brought to trial. Perhaps that practice neatly sums up the attitude of most states. The procedure obviously is simple, economical, speedy. Get them out of the way with a minimum of trouble. After all, it's a distasteful business at best. . . .

Yet here's what happened when the procedure was recently applied to a man who three times was arrested for sex offenses and three times struck a bargain with busy prosecutors. After serving his last brief sentence, he forced his way into the bedroom of a young girl he had followed home from her first dance and, at the point of a knife, forced her to submit. The girl is still suffering cruel shock from her ordeal while the "bargainer" is once more awaiting trial. This time, will the authorities again settle for a "bargain" sentence?

**7.** Money must be provided for the establishment of an organization to conduct tireless studies into the cause-and-cure of sex crimes.

Such an organization should be national in scope, with the function of gathering and classifying all available statistical information. Another of its jobs would be the waging of large-scale campaigns to open the eyes of every citizen to the seriousness of the sex-crime problem. But even more important, the organization must stimulate and correlate research into new methods of curing sex criminals.

A few years ago, experiments at Sing Sing indicated that for certain types of offenders, a particularly delicate brain operation known as "lobotomy" may hold the answer. Reporting on one such operation, psychiatrists told how a 52-year-old offender had been selected.

The man had been arrested on charges brought by two seven-year-old boys. Approaching them on the beach he had offered them money to go in bathing with him. When they came out of the water he persuaded the children to beat him with his leather belt and to indulge in other perversions. His arrest climaxed a long and ugly record.

In his case, a lobotomy was decided upon and the delicate operation followed. Within six months he had recovered. Insofar as could be determined in prison, he was normal—his unnatural impulses had vanished. His case history indicates that surgery, as well as psychiatry, can be called into play to cure hardened sex offenders.

**8.** Parents and schools must face the problem of sex crimes realistically, by insuring that our children are properly informed and guided in sex education.

Remember the case of the Atlanta high-school boys? None had ever had sex instruction. Their plight was an understandable one, resulting partly from a desire on their part to find the answers to



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puzzling questions. One might even suggest that their parents should have been the ones arrested.

There is no "right" age at which to tell children about sex. Their questions should be answered whenever asked—frankly, openly, intelligently. Notwithstanding the theory that children's heads should only "dance with visions of sugar plums," the ugly fact of sex crimes cannot be hidden from them.

Newspapers are full of lurid stories, so are the conversations of young and old. In a day when sexual matters of all kinds are openly mentioned, parents and schools are only fooling themselves if they think children can be sheltered from the news—and the threat—of sex crimes. Yet when three frightful rape-killings occurred within a few months in New York City, apostles of priggishness shouted down those who pointed out that sex education in the schools might have saved at least one of the little girls.

Would it not be better, more enlightened, more practical, to admit frankly to children that sex crimes *do* occur—and to discuss with them *why* they happen and *how* they may be avoided?

Of necessity, the program presented in this article is only an outline. We are dealing here with a subject that for years has been hushed up—with laws that for years have been obsolete, even ludicrous. It is not easy to bring the problem suddenly into the open and prescribe a comprehensive and sure-fire program for solution.

So it is up to all of us to weigh the outline, then enlarge and implement it, and give the program real meaning. But the first and perhaps the hardest step is the absolute necessity for facing the problem squarely and honestly. We must get angry—and stay angry until action is assured. For once the evil of the sex criminal becomes a matter of agonizing personal tragedy in *your* home, it will be too late for you to do anything.


***CORONET OFFERS REPRINTS OF THIS ARTICLE***

Because civic leaders who have read this article tell us it is of tremendous importance to every American home, school and law-enforcement agency, Coronet has arranged to furnish reprints of "Sex Crimes: Their Cause and Cure." Quantities are large enough to supply Parent-Teacher Associations, men's and women's clubs, and civic organizations for distribution to members. The following prices apply:

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How a Texas GI fought superstition to bring modern hygiene to a Chinese village

# Miracle in a Mountain Hamlet

*by* W. SCOTT SHELDON

THE VILLAGERS still go to the temple in Chansokai, the ancient lacquered idols still grimace from their pedestals, the rice-paper prayers still cling to the walls. But the people no longer swing incense sticks and glittering silk banners. Since Private Clarence W. Pitts, U.S. Army Air Forces, demonstrated his miracle, they have taken instead to wielding iodine swabs, rolls of bandage and even an occasional cake of soap.

Today the only way that you would likely come upon this obscure Himalayan hamlet would be to have a forced landing between Calcutta and Kunming. But as late as the summer of 1945, the Air Transport Command maintained an emergency base at nearby Yunnani, almost on the Burma border. How Private Pitts, single-handed and in a few weeks' time, wiped out century-old superstition and put in its place the beginnings of modern hygiene and sanitation, is a remarkable story of selfless and dogged perseverance—with a little luck thrown in.

He was a lean, lanky, rather quiet lad from Dallas, Texas. In nearly two years of army service he had not particularly distinguished himself, but this wasn't a reflection on Private Pitts. It was simply that the classification clerks, true to tradition, had assigned him to a post which suited neither his abilities nor his interests. Billeting was his job; assigning visiting corporals and colonels to overnight quarters. To the soldier from Texas, the card files and tally-out forms of the billeting office seemed a thousand light-years distant.

His thoughts were still at the Dallas hospital where he had worked as a general duty man, sort of a glorified janitor, yet in an atmosphere he loved—talking with doctors and nurses, witnessing emergency treatments in the accident ward. There had been many a dark morning when Pitts gazed worshipfully at a young interne patching up a highway casualty.

As a high-school graduate, Pitts might have entered a premedical college if it hadn't been for the annoying detail of tuition fees. Not that his folks were poor, but



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the cost of higher education was beyond their reach. Pitts was certain that they had been disappointed when he took the lowly job at the hospital instead of doing something sensible and remunerative, like driving a truck.

The day his induction notice arrived, Pitts experienced a sudden lift. Here was his big opportunity to learn: he'd get into the Medical Corps and treat wounded on the battlefield. But things worked out differently. He found himself not daubing antiseptics in the medicos but running the transient billet at an air base about as near to nowhere as one could get.

There were, of course, worse places. Life perforce was leisurely at this outpost in the Himalayan foothills. Pitts spent many afternoons ambling about the countryside, getting acquainted with the primitive Yunnan natives. One tiny village, not far from the air field, was particularly attractive. It snuggled against the shanks of Dragon Mountain, near whose crest clouds mingled with steam from a natural hot spring. Its adobe huts seemed to grow from the reddish earth along with the cassia and poplar trees.

HE WAS STROLLING through the hamlet one afternoon when he heard a tiny, high-pitched cry. A little Chinese girl stood sniffling in a doorway, beckoning. She was ragged and dirty but had that peculiar doll-like charm of Chinese children.

"Hello," said Pitts. "What's up?"

She merely shook her head. "*P'tung*" (don't understand).

Pitts tried some guide-book mandarin and that didn't work either. Puzzled, he turned to his buddy who had come along for the walk. "What's it all about?" he asked.

His barracks-mate shrugged. "Let's find out."

The little girl turned and led them. They stooped through a long corridor and emerged into the typical inner courtyard of a Yunnan dwelling. Pigs wandered about, refuse was piled high, stagnant water filled holes in the earth.

At the far end of the yard, beneath an overhanging porch, a young woman lay upon a bed, staring upward. From the way the child stood at her side, it wasn't difficult to guess this was her mother. Pitts looked at the woman, and scratched his head.

Apparently the young mother was in a coma. There were lesions at the joints of her arms and legs, sore and infected. He could guess the cause. Old-style Chinese herb doctors were given to blood-letting at the joints, for everything from hay fever to apoplexy.

"Have to fix 'em quick," he muttered.

Then he noticed that one of the woman's eyes seemed a little more alive than the other. He passed his hand over it—yes, it blinked. What was more, the woman raised her left arm feebly, but the other kept hanging.

An idea tugged at Pitts' mind. *One eye and one arm moved—the others didn't.* That was a symptom. Many times he'd seen hospital internes note symptoms and then draw conclusions from them. Diagnosis, that was it.

Pitts tried moving one of the woman's ankles, then the other. He



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pinched what appeared to be the lifeless side. The answer to this one couldn't be missed—*paralysis*. He turned to the little girl and made a pantomime of washing and drying. "*Kai shueh*" (boiling water). He repeated the word several times. Suddenly she nodded and scrambled into the house.

To his buddy, Pitts said: "I need bandages and antiseptic from the dispensary. And some of that sulfa salve wouldn't hurt."

The other soldier cocked his head. "But you need a prescription—"

Pitts smiled softly. "Do you?"

His buddy grinned too, then turned and trotted back toward the air base.

The daughter returned with the boiling water; Pitts used his handkerchief and parts of his shirt for swabbing rags. Washing would be quite commonplace to the more civilized, but it was an affair of great wonder to the child. Her dark eyes widened as Pitts began to clean the wounds.

By this time a small crowd of villagers had filtered into the courtyard and stood there gawking, with the Mayor or Magistrate at their head. The news had gone out swiftly; one of the *Mei-kuo* soldiers was administering to poor Shou Tze, half of whose body had become the abode of a devil. So they stood there, and like all Chinese, took in every detail.

The Mayor, who had a word or two of English, introduced himself as Kwei. Pitts was a little perturbed to gather that he and the others were sure that the tall American meant to cure Shou Tze once and for all. Pitts had no hope of curing; he merely wanted to make the woman more comfortable, perhaps halt the infection.

The young woman's husband and mother had appeared, standing a little nearer than the others. Pitts pointed. "Tell them," he asked the Mayor, "to keep her *clean*. Understand? *Tung p'tung?* Washee-washee. Plenty!"

Kwei nodded happily, then loosed a torrent of local dialect upon the two. They responded with a counter-flood. He translated for Pitts: "They say—'when she walk?'"

"Uh, well—" said Pitts, fidgeting. He didn't know it but he was having his first experience with an old physician's dilemma—the morale of patients and their friends and relatives. The youthful Texan scanned the faces of the villagers. They had heard the question and were waiting to hear the answer. Their entire belief in Pitts might depend on it.

He scratched his chin professionally. "Tomorrow," he told the Mayor. "Tomorrow I see her again. Maybe I know more then."

Private Pitts was learning quickly, especially about the business of a bedside manner. As he smiled hopefully at the Mayor, his buddy returned in a borrowed jeep with an armful of medical supplies. Pitts finished the job, then bowed himself out, children following him halfway back to base.

NEXT MORNING there was little work for Pitts at the billeting office—a fact that turned out to be fortunate indeed. If Pitts had been busy he might never have picked up an old magazine. And if he hadn't idly turned its pages, a young woman named Shou Tze might



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conceivably be lying paralyzed on that same bed today. For Private Pitts happened on an article describing President Roosevelt's Warm Springs Foundation. He sat up, gripped the magazine, read every word. His eyes began to brighten.

Promptly the ex-hospital attendant wangled a jeep and bounded off to the village. There he went into a huddle with Kwei. The Mayor listened, then searched the village until he uncovered an old sedan chair. The stout coolies bore this to Chou Tze's house, where Private Pitts directed the loading of the patient.

Kwei never questioned the American. Perhaps he never even stopped to wonder what a trip to the crest of Dragon Mountain could possibly have to do with Shou Tze's strange affliction.

The trail was rough, and the coolies scrambled over rocks and gullies. Each time they stopped to mop their brows, Pitts paced back and forth impatiently. The sun was low when they reached their destination—the end of a pathway where rising steam could be seen through the poplars. It came from a small, yellow lake—the hot spring of Dragon Mountain.

Pitts superintended while the coolies lifted Shou Tze and let her down into the warm water. Her eyes were saucered with terror, but Pitts nodded reassuringly. Probably it was the first time she had ever been completely covered by water. Pitts, stripped to his shorts, hopped into the spring, waist deep. He took the paralyzed arm and worked it gently, up and down, back and forth. The coolies stared. Shou Tze shut her eyes and tried not to be afraid.

Daily, for seven weeks, the mountain trips were repeated, Pitts paying the coolies from his own pocket. When possible, he accompanied them; when army duties kept him away, he got a complete report from Kwei later.

Gradually—so gradually that Pitts hardly realized it—Shou Tze began to move her right arm. Not much, but it was movement. Pitts, groping but certain now that he was on the right track, kept doggedly at the treatment. Desperately he wanted advice from a medical officer at the base but he was sure that someone would object to his activities in the village if they were discovered.

MEANWHILE, the American's newfangled treatment didn't set with Chang T'un, the village herb doctor. For years, he had been doing all right in Chansokai with blood-letting. Now some of the villagers had started to go to Pitts with their aches and pains instead of to him. Here was a definite threat to his prestige—and income.

Chang T'un went to the temple and pulled the ear of the local bonze (monk). The bonze agreed that the herb doctor had a case. So the two started a whispering campaign in the village against the young American soldier. He wasn't healing Shou Tze, in fact he was making her worse. No telling how the gods would feel about this. If the rice crop didn't turn out well this fall . . . well, no one could say the villagers hadn't been given fair warning.

Over steaming cups of tea they



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listened to the elders' opinions. Chang T'un and the priest waxed eloquent. Did not Shou Tze's husband appear to be ailing? Was he not losing weight, becoming absent-minded? Perhaps this *Mei-kuo-ping* was not a doctor at all but a sorcerer, transferring the strange affliction from the young woman to her spouse! The villagers nodded and muttered.

IN THE EIGHTH week of treatment, when Pitts was returning from the hot spring, he was surprised to find the entire population of Chansokai turned out to meet him. Mayor Kwei looked embarrassed but determined. "Private Pitts," he said, "is much too kind. Cannot accept more great kindness. You no come again."

Pitts was astounded. Only after a long session of broken Mandarin and shattered English did he learn the truth. They were afraid of what might happen if he kept on. Private Pitts was having his first brush with another age-old foe of medical progress—superstition.

Quietly he stared at them, then stalked to his jeep. They watched—all except Shou Tze's little daughter, who broke from the crowd and rushed to the vehicle. She didn't cry; she didn't speak; she simply stood there, looking at the lean-cheeked soldier. Pitts said to her softly, "Sorry, kid." Then angrily he stepped on the starter and roared back to the base.

Next morning Pitts found the billeting office unbearable. He sat there, staring dejectedly at the big mountain. He was sure he had been making progress with Shou Tze, he was sure he had been on the right track, he was almost sure that just a little more treatment would have brought an actual cure.

The phone rang. The guard at the west gate said one of the natives was pestering him to summon Pitts. The little Chinese insisted he was a Mayor or something. Pitts raced for the west gate. It was Kwei all right, and what he had to say made Pitts feel as though all the sunrises in the world had suddenly broken in upon him. Together they raced to the village.

With difficulty they squeezed through the crowd in Shou Tze's courtyard. Then Pitts stopped, swayed a little, let a tremendous grin take possession of his face. Shou Tze was standing, wreathed in smiles—and proudly demonstrating a wobbly step with her right foot!

After this, patients flocked to Pitts. Every afternoon they would line up to be treated for everything from bruised thumbs to skin rashes. Some of the diseases—impetigo, for instance—Pitts could recognize. Others were beyond him, but then in China a full-fledged doctor is often baffled by what he encounters. Yet the faith of the villagers was never shaken.

Pitts took some medical enlisted men into his confidence and soon the problem of dispensary supplies was solved. Eventually, Mayor Kwei kicked the bonze out of the temple. Both the priest and the herb doctor vanished one night, never to be seen again. Then, somewhere, the resourceful peasants obtained beds and a makeshift desk and set them up in the temple itself. The ancient edifice of pagan worship became Chansokai's first



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hospital—the Private Pitts Memorial Hospital.

All this activity, however, couldn't remain concealed, and presently the base medical officers learned what Pitts had been doing. They were astounded. They found Pitts had made mistakes here and there with the villagers, but that on the whole the results of his work were nothing short of miraculous. Soap and water, they added, were probably the most potent weapons. At any rate, Chansokai was the cleanest, healthiest Chinese village they had ever seen.

So today the lacquered idols still grimace from their pedestals in Chansokai's ancient temple. Only they are little more than decoration now—and their faces have been scrubbed for the first time in several hundred years. And Private Pitts—whatever he is doing now—is probably considerably nearer his goal. He has the stuff miracles are made of: selflessness, perseverance—and a little luck.

## Travel Is So Broadening

A YOUNG WOMAN on a subway train looked up from her book and gasped in surprise. Perched on the shoulders of the man opposite her were a pair of pigeons! The man sat calmly reading his newspaper apparently oblivious to the birds.

The girl restrained her curiosity until the train reached her station, then she could restrain herself no longer.

"What in the world are those pigeons doing on your shoulders?" she asked.

The man looked up, shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Darned if I know. They got on with me at 14th Street."

—JEANETTE MACDONALD

AS THE TRAIN pulled in to the station, a traveler on the platform called to a small boy and tossed him a coin. "Son," he said, "here's 50 cents. Get me a sandwich and get one for yourself."

Just as the train was pulling out, the boy returned and ran to the platform where the passenger was waiting for him. "Here's your quarter, mister," he shouted. "They only had one sandwich."

—EUNICE THORSLAND

BERNARD CLANCY, ex-GI who served three months in the South Pacific and who is now a conductor on New York City's Interborough Rapid Transit Lines, rates a post-war award for gallantry beyond his present call of duty. Clancy "reserves" a special little seat for aged women who have to stand in the subway while young men bury their noses and courtesy in newspapers. —IRVING HOFFMAN



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There are pitfalls as well as opportunities in a business of your own

# Want to Be Your Own BOSS?

by CAROLINE BIRD MENUEZ

BECAUSE IT'S always fun to bet on yourself, Americans are becoming their own bosses at the rate of 50,000 a month. With a record 170 billions in war savings and a general shift in all kinds of employment, today is the "some day" for thousands of men and women who believe that financial independence is what you make it.

But for those who want to declare their independence by means of retailing goods or services, a booming seller's market is not in itself enough. First, the would-be bosses should study carefully the chief obstacles and problems that are bound to face them. This doesn't mean that you should indulge in pessimism—merely common sense.

In an average pre-war year, bankruptcies in the U. S. involved liabilities of some $200,000,000 and saw one out of every five community businesses undergo a change of identity or ownership. What's more, nearly half the pre-war retail enterprises accounted for almost nine-tenths of the retail volume. More than half earned at best a modest income for the owner, each handling less than $10,000 in sales annually. So unless you want to get into a dead end with probable loss of capital and possible stigma of bankruptcy, you had better ponder some of the factors that go to make for success in retailing.

Why do some retailers fail and others pull through? The swings of the business cycle and the hazards of competition have less to do with it than the way the small retailer tackles his job. Every Main Street supports a half-dozen specialty shops within a stone's throw of each other, while well-run independents thrive under the noses of chains. Actually, the gamble of success or failure depends squarely on you.

Are you willing to work long hours? Can you get along with people? Do you inspire confidence? Are you friendly, helpful, tactful, good tempered, a do-it-now-er? Are you prepared to take risks? Are you willing to weather wrong decisions or put up with months of discouragement? Can you organize your own time effectively, to say nothing of organizing other peo-



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ple's? If you can, you've won half the battle before starting.

The other half of the all-important personal equation is experience. Normally an enterpriser gets preliminary training in the business he hopes to enter, meanwhile hoarding his savings to put into it or satisfying a lender that he will make good. Today, many men and women with enough money to open shop have earned it riveting or saved it out of combat pay in the armed forces. They seem surprised when trade-association advisers ask about experience.

Hence, if you haven't clerked in a grocery store, don't invest your savings in a frozen-food outlet just because it looks promising. As for the miraculous new products like television, prefabricated housing, plastics and test-tube fabrics, the big corporations alone are able to market them through existing distribution channels. Likewise, it takes a lot of experience in hardware to sell the fancy light-metal gadgets currently pouring through the gates of reconverted factories.

Some of the lines which boomed during the war can count only on temporary prosperity for the next few years. A persistently rising sales-volume is being handled by some 250,000 fewer stores than in 1939. During the war, electrical appliance and radio shops declined by one-third, filling stations and butcher shops by a fourth, shoe stores, auto dealers and building-materials distributors by a fifth. Conversely, more money in more pockets should mean good business today for home furnishings, drugstores, restaurants and liquor shops.

But the jingle of the cash register has fooled many retailers. Soon they will have to relearn the lost art of competing for the consumer's dollar instead of letting the dollars compete for the goods. There are signs, too, that the old competitive game will emerge with new rules.

It isn't clear yet, for instance, whether washing machines are going to be sold mostly by electrical-appliance shops, radio stores, house-to-house salesmen or department stores. With cars again clogging the roads, filling stations should renounce sidelines and return to selling gasoline. Yet the big oil companies, desiring fewer and better service stations, are planning new roadside palaces to drive the one-man shacks off the road.

IF YOU WANT to be your own boss, one of the first moves is to recheck your business history for bits of experience which fit into one of today's expanding fields. Suppose that your father ran a drugstore, you were an accountant before Pearl Harbor, and the Army taught you how to repair radios. Obviously you have some notion of store management, you aren't mystified by such inventory terms as "mark-up" and "valued cost or market," and you think you know a good radio when you see one. The chances for your success in the radio sales and service field are fairly good.

On the other hand, suppose that your only business experience was gained clerking in a chain grocery. You know how to handle food and people; but you don't know how to buy and keep turnover under control. Chances for success as an independent grocer are doubtful. Yet



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if your ex-boss in the chain is now a wholesale grocer's field man and is willing to back your credit, plus helping you on pricing and watching your counter and window displays, you might swing it with his help.

Because retailing is essentially merchandising, attitude plus experience is the prime requisite. Yet tragically enough, thousands of small enterprises die every year for lack of capital. Dun & Bradstreet, who have been watching the arrivals and departures in the business community for more than 100 years, estimated last fall that you need a minimum of $2,500 to start a millinery shop; $3,000 for a grocery; $3,500 for a shoe store; $4,000 for a butcher shop; $4,500 for a delicatessen, a grocery and meat store, a haberdashery, a hardware or women's apparel shop; $5,000 for a drugstore or frozen-food locker plant; and $7,500 for a furniture shop. But beware of such generalizations. Rent, equipment and inventory costs are mounting, and you and your family will still have to eat during the months you turn over your first stock.

Even if you are experienced in retail selling, hark to Dun & Bradstreet's hard-bitten adage: "Capital should be sufficient to allow for at least one serious blunder in judgment during the first year." If you are worried because your hoard is near the irreducible minimum, an experienced partner willing to risk money is one answer. But be sure he *is* experienced and really has the money. Recently a young New Orleans veteran parted with $750 for a chain of stamp-vending machines, only to discover that all of the profitable locations were taken.

In financial matters, your best bet is to consult a commercial bank. Its executives know better than you how much money you will need, and will advise you on business problems as a dividend. Right now, money is cheap, and steps are being considered to make it easier for red-taped banks to get accumulated capital into small new enterprises. If you are a veteran, the government will guarantee part of your loan.

Paradoxically, a business choice which requires seasoned judgment is one you will have to make before you begin. Where shall you locate? Of course you can buy a going business, but analyzing its prospects in terms of its history is almost as hard as finding a new spot of your own. You should look over its books for several years and examine the seller's motives critically. Two veterans on the Pacific Coast lost $8,500 by buying a store which rang with sales and bulged with inventory—the day they visited it.

Then, as a pioneer, there are other questions you must ask yourself. Where do your potential customers get their money? If it's a one-crop farm community, you may be paid once a year. If it's an industrial town, your sales may be subject to cyclical layoffs and strikes. If it's a college or resort town, you will have to keep pace with the seasons.

Look well at the people who are most likely to trade with you. Do they own homes and provide good markets for garden hose, or do they live in furnished rooms and provide poor markets for roast beef? Is there a settlement of Italian



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families who want olive oil, or a population of business girls always running out of stockings? Is there a concentration of babies who need extra diapers, or a brood of teenagers who want boogie-woogie with their cokes? Before you reach a decision, take an old-fashioned Sunday drive through the community and look at the houses, schools, churches, theaters, factories and shopping centers.

Detailed marketing maps, available from the U. S. Department of Commerce or your local Chamber of Commerce, will give the size of the trading area, population and buying power of your community. Your banker will be glad to help you check on how many shops in your proposed line are already in the field. For instance, a Long Island town of 20,000 can easily support six radio sales and service shops, while three might be too many for a town the same size in Mississippi.

When it comes to finding a store site, you have still other questions to consider. Is it a main thoroughfare with transient trade? How near are your competitors? If you are opening a specialty bakery, it makes sense to locate near a chain grocery. But don't add another drugstore to the block unless the neighborhood is expanding rapidly.

By the time you come to considering rent, you will already have drawn a tentative budget of what you can afford, both for opening up—advertising, fixtures, initial inventory—and continued business—rent, light, heat, labor. A friendly supplier will tell you what sales volume you can expect on the basis of your investment and what your turnover should be. From then on, you can figure your gross income and fixed expenses.

Retailers are suffering a housing shortage, too. You may find rents on desirable sites too high and banks cautious in advancing money at present inflationary real-estate levels. One solution is to consider rural areas, where rents are lower. Farmers are prosperous, and you may find small-town customers for such luxuries as household gadgets and stylish apparel.

If you have neither cash nor credit nor experience nor potential partners, you still have something that no one can take away from you—yourself. If you don't want to hire out to one man, why not hire out direct to the public? Perhaps you could operate a large family home or a "hotel" for children where youngsters can be cared for in their parents' absence. Or you can set up a rental service on play equipment, phonograph records, or infrequently used pieces of household equipment. Handymen can always make good wages doing small household jobs, while it

**Next Month**
It's back
to the classroom
for America's children.
See
**SCHOOL DAYS**
a delightful 15-page
pictorial feature
for young and old



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takes more culinary skill than cash to turn out casserole dinners which working folk can pick up en route from the office.

These enterprises need not all be dead ends. Take the radio-repair field. If you start in a favorable location with real skill and as little as $2,500, you can hope to gross as much as $10,000 the first year in services and sales, earning approximately $2,500 to $3,000 for yourself, or about $50 to $60 a week. If you are able to save something, you can start selling radios on consignment and augment your income with the sale of such low-inventory items as phonograph records. As new radios become more plentiful and the pinch on repairs loosens, you can switch from repairs to sales with an established clientele.

The persistence of the Horatio Alger myth has been deplored by sophisticates who like to assert that the tortuous road to fame and fortune is fit only for limited traffic. True, from today onward, there probably won't be many Rockefellerian successes. But a large number of Americans have already proved that their business judgment was every bit as good as the boss's. Backing their initial hunch was, of course, the first business decision they were required to make.

So, if after listening to what trade associations, bankers, suppliers, economists, psychiatrists, astrologers and magazine writers have to say, you still are determined to be your own boss, the procedure is simple: go right ahead. But if you don't think you measure up to the strict specifications required for a successful retail business, the procedure is equally simple: stay where you are.

Meantime, if you'd like to get into business but can't because of shortages or lack of capital, and somebody offers you a job in the field you like, by all means take it for the experience. It may prove the stepping-stone to a business of your own some day.

## Manhattan Vignette

I WAS LEANING up against the bar at my Diamond Horseshoe the other night, watching the show. A French sailor walked in, young, well-scrubbed, and sporting a sunburst of campaign ribbons. He was immediately adopted by a quartet of American bluejackets who bought him one drink after another. Pierre insisted on reciprocating—but he never had a chance. The Navy kept pushing his money back.

Finally Joan of Arc's nephew couldn't take it any more. I suppose it had something to do with the honor of *La Belle France*. "You will not let me buy you a drink?" he shouted. "Then I buy one for myself!"

The young Frenchman fiercely gestured to the barkeeper and decorated the mahogany with a dollar bill. The man behind the bar smiled an old bartender's smile and served his customer a Scotch-and-soda. "Here's your change, son," he said—and handed the sailor four quarters.

—BILLY ROSE



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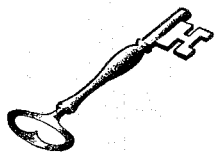
The poignant story of a man who fought with bitter courage to protect his family



# Greater Hath No Man

*by* ALLEN RANKIN

GEORGE ARNOLD is not listed among the great heroes of Texas. He made no last stands against Indians or Mexicans. He was a modest young farmer who had no greater ambition than to live quietly with his wife and children on an isolated ranch in Hill County.

Arnold did not go in search of danger. When it came to him without warning in the spring of 1880, he fought it with a bitter courage that made his ancestors' last stand at the Alamo look easy.

On a gusty March night, George Arnold came home visibly shaken, yet he soon recovered himself, smiled and bounced the children on his knee. For nights thereafter, he played with the children, told nursery rhymes. But after they had gone to bed, he brought out a grimmer story bound in leather covers, and read it painstakingly.

Weeks passed and George Arnold became visibly paler, more nervous. One night he was discovered taking to bed with him a kidney stone, removed from a deer he had slain. His wife's questions brought only smiles and reassurances.

Several months went by and then it was hot summer. Now was the time for action. At the general store Arnold bought a 12-foot chain and strong lock. Then he went to the woods. In the shade of a tree he sat down and wrote his wife a letter, pouring out his love for her and the children. He told how he had read about his symptoms in the big leather-bound book; now he knew what he must do.

He finished the letter in a firm hand. Then, according to contemporary newspaper account, "he ran the chain around a tree, drew it through the large ring at the end and then wound the other end around his ankle, so tight that it would not slip the foot, locked it and threw the key beyond his reach.

"The body was found two days after, still chained to the tree . . . The ground was torn up to the full length of the chain, the nails of the fingers wrenched off, and all his front teeth out, in biting. . . . He had judged rightly the consequences had he remained home."

George Arnold had been nipped by a passing mad dog. The kidney stone he had applied to his wound was the only known "cure" for hydrophobia at the time. Louis Pasteur found a better treatment in 1885—five years too late for an unsung but extraordinary hero.



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By improving your health and correcting bad habits, you can shift into high and know the real joy of life

# Are You Living in Second Gear?

*by* HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN, M. D.

DID YOU EVER drive your car a few blocks and then realize you were still in second gear? The moment you shifted into high, the wheels no longer felt as though they were grinding on concrete but seemed to float over the highway with unbelievable smoothness.

Most of us live in second gear, yet don't realize it until the time comes for a physical examination. During the war, millions of people benefited from compulsory examinations for military duty. Many industries demand pre-employment examinations before applicants are given jobs, while insurance companies are ever on the lookout for policyholders who are dragging in second gear. Such precautions pay big dividends, for though we may feel fine, doctors often correct minor conditions which bring a dramatic difference into our lives.

For example, there was a beautiful young girl who applied for a job as typist. When a medical examiner asked about her health, she said it was perfect. During the routine examination he checked her ears with an otoscope, but could not see the eardrums because the ear canals were plugged. It took only a few minutes to irrigate them. The girl was bewildered.

"Everything sounds *different!* I always thought my hearing was perfect. But now I feel as though the world around me is full of new activities."

Many people go through life a trifle on the deaf side, when all they need is a ten-minute visit to the doctor who can perform miracles with water and a syringe.

A husky young fellow claimed his health was excellent, but the examining physician was not impressed. "You may think you feel all right," the doctor said, "but you tire more quickly than you should, you don't enjoy a keen appetite, your eyes are weak, you are inclined to be nervous and depressed, you don't know what it means to sleep like a log, you——"

The applicant became suspicious. "How do you know all these things?"

"Just by looking at you—your general behavior, your bloodshot eyes, those little sores at the cor-



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ners of your mouth, the color and thinness of your lips—these are just a few of the clues."

"Look, doc," the man protested, "are you trying to convince me I have a disease?"

"No," replied the physician. "All I'm trying to say is that you don't know what it means to be full of health and pep. You have a vitamin deficiency that could be corrected easily by diet. It's as simple as that."

Defective teeth top the list of reasons why inductees were disqualified for military service. From a medical viewpoint, no man is stronger than his weakest tooth. A bad tooth may be a nest of infection poisoning the body drop by drop, its ill effects hardly noticeable until sufficient damage has piled up. So if there is a diseased tooth in your mouth, have it repaired or replaced promptly.

Eye defects were the second leading cause of rejection in the armed services. Headaches, inability to read or do close work, poor grades in school, frequent accidents—these are just a few of the penalties people pay for not wearing glasses. When a large pharmaceutical company near Chicago offered free examinations to all employees, it was found that almost half suffered from eye defects.

The old excuse that glasses are unsightly is no longer valid. The newer types actually add glamour, particularly those lenses which are sage-green. Not only are they ground to correct vision but they are restful, shutting out harmful ultraviolet rays and glare. Objects appear crystal-clear, colors are not distorted. Everyone who wears ordinary glasses should have his eyes rechecked and purchase a spare pair of the new type. Soon the spares will be worn regularly, for they literally lift you out of "second-gear" vision.

Overweight people are not enjoying the best of health, no matter how much they may think so. Every pound of overweight reduces the number of years they may expect to live. For instance, if a man is only 25 pounds overweight, his life may be cut short by as much as 25 per cent.

In calculating your correct weight, however, disregard the so-called "normal" weight tables in books and on scales. Ask your physician what your *heaviest* weight should be. He will take into consideration many individual factors, such as the way you are built and your racial origin. After your top weight limit is established, don't step over that line. It might be the same as stepping over a cliff. Someone has aptly said that people don't die—they kill themselves.

MANY OF OUR daily habits keep us from enjoying life to the brim. Some people smoke a carton of cigarettes a week and claim they feel fine. Others cannot smoke a couple of cigarettes without such ill effects as shortness of breath, palpitation, heartburn and nervousness.

So far as longevity is concerned, consider the group of 5,000 policyholders analyzed by an insurance company. Figuring non-smokers as having a normal mortality of 100 per cent, among light smokers the mortality increased to 107 per cent, while among heavy smokers it



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jumped to 126! In another study it was found that among smokers up to the age of 50 the mortality rate of heavy smokers compared to non-smokers was nearly double.

Everything that has been said about smoking applies to drinking —only more so (except for the occasional cocktail).

For smooth driving through life, establish certain habits and, within reason, see that nothing interferes with their performance. Go to bed at a certain hour to insure adequate rest. Take enough time over your meals to enjoy them without gulping. Visit the bathroom at exactly the same time every day. Take refreshing baths or showers regularly. Stop drugging yourself with antiacids, physics, sedatives and other medicines, unless they are being taken at doctor's orders.

Don't try to do too much. Some overly busy people give the impression they are speeding along gracefully in high gear. Actually, they are burdening themselves with such heavy loads that they are forced to live in second gear to stand the strain. Sooner or later they are bound to crack up.

One man prided himself because he helped to organize one Legion Post after another, even though this took his time several nights a week after a full day's work in a factory. His friends called him a wizard but his doctor called him a fool. The man, expending more energy than he had in reserve, finally had to quit all activity except his job. Now, for the first time in months, he walks with a springy step and feels so well that he smiles to himself as he goes about his work.

Another essential to high-gear living is a happy, healthy philosophy. This does not mean that you should be irresponsible. It does mean knowing how to shoulder your duties and responsibilities without making life miserable for yourself and others. One famous business executive acts as if he didn't have a worry in the world. He turns the calendar pad on his desk to exactly the same date of the following month and writes down what he is worrying about. Then he feels better.

He knows from experience that if he does everything he can to remedy the current situation, the "worry" will seem silly 30 days hence. That simple psychological stunt keeps him from slipping back into second gear.

A happy philosophy of life means thanking God that your children are so healthy they are able to upset the house, instead of scolding them bitterly. It means calling up your wife occasionally and making a date with her even though you have been married for years. It means being as pleasant to the ones you love as you generally are to strangers. It means being intelligent without being an intellectual bore. It means being human, honest, considerate and sincere with down-to-earth simplicity. It means that home is the most important place in the world and that everything you do is only a means to make that place a happy one.

SOME DAY THIS nation may wisely evolve a law requiring everyone to take a physical examination once a year. Meantime it is not necessary to wait for an Act of Congress. When you finish reading this article



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pick up the phone and make an appointment with your doctor. Have a heart-to-heart talk with him, tell him your troubles, ask for a complete check-up, mentally and physically. He may find nothing wrong except a minor condition. Yet adjusting this "minor" condition by raising your basal metabolism, increasing the hemoglobin percentage of your blood, adding foods to your diet or correcting a glandular maladjustment may prove to be one of the most thrilling experiences in your life.

If you think you feel well now, you may be in for a happy surprise after the doctor goes over you. For there's no sensation in the world to equal the stimulation that comes after you've shifted your life from second to high gear.

## Dinner Table Talk

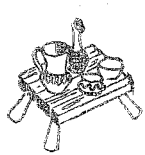
CHOPIN allowed his barber to shave only one side of his face on a number of occasions. He allowed whiskers to grow on the other side—the side he showed to his audience when giving a concert.

ITALIAN BARBERS of the sixth century served food tid bits to waiting customers. A patron who received a razor cut was given his shave free, plus a small flask of wine to console him. In modern Turkey many barber shops feature food concessions operated by cooks who prepare snacks for customers.

SHAVING COLOGNE, it is claimed, has been made by the French since the year 1200. Napoleon was a sweet-scented warrior after a shave. He favored aloe wood and eau de cologne, and used as many as sixty bottles of the shaving perfume a month! —JAMES E. HUNGERFORD

## In Case You Didn't Know

HEPSIBAH METON, a Puritan lady, made a habit of baking two or three dozen apple pies each Saturday. She placed them on shelves in her pantry, labeling each as to when it was to be used. The pantry thus arranged was said to be in "apple pie order." —GLADYS BOSWELL MAY



MEDIEVAL ITALIAN merchants once displayed their wares on benches. When one of their number failed, the others drove him away and broke his bench, signifying that he was "banco rotto," or unable to pay his debts. From this came the word "bankrupt."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON



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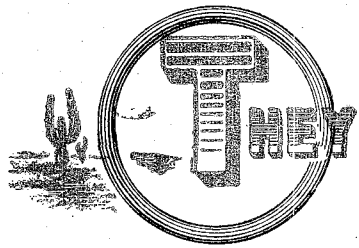

# THEY RODE TO GLORY

BANDS PLAYED and streets were gay with flags in St. Joseph, Missouri. Excited citizens were betting large sums on whether the young horseman—little more than a boy—could conquer the windswept plains and snow-capped mountains on his route.

The day was April 3, 1860, a time of national crisis. It was also the day that marked the start of America's fabulous Pony Express. The country seemed on the verge of civil war; swift communication with the West was vital, for if hostilities started the Southern route was sure to be cut.

The rider in St. Joe had taken the oath required of all who were to carry mail on the new route: "I do hereby swear before the great and living God that . . . I will under no circumstances use profane language; that I will drink no intoxicating liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with other employees . . . and that in every respect I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and so direct all my acts as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God!"

Now he was ready for the grueling ride to California. Clad in a red shirt topped by buckskin jacket, blue trousers stuffed into boot tops, he carried a Spencer rifle over his shoulder and a pair of Colt revolvers on his hips. His mount was a California mustang picked for speed and endurance.

The rider knew the trail was rife with danger. Indians were on the warpath, blizzards ripped the plains, deep snow filled mountain passes. But the youthful courier rode hard and fearlessly, averaging 75 miles a day and changing horses every ten miles.

He rode through blinding snow for 24 hours, keeping to the trail only by following the weeds which stuck through the drifts. When attacked by roving Sioux, he grimly outrode them. If his mount stumbled into a buffalo wallow in the dark and was lost, the horseman grabbed his saddle bag and mail pouch and started for the next station on foot.

The rider out of St. Joe was only the first in a gallant parade of brave men who joined East and West—men who carried the stirring headlines: "Lincoln Elected!" "South Carolina Secedes!" "Fort Sumter Fired Upon!"

The colorful Pony Express had a brief existence, as we reckon time. After 16 months it was supplanted by a telegraph line. But in those fateful months its brave young couriers rode to glory. Today they are an imperishable part of the glorious legend of America. —EARL MERCER



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was the electron microscope, that magic lantern which sees by electricity instead of visible light.

Even Hillier with his great dreams could not have seen far enough into the future on that day in 1937 to realize the full impact his electron microscope was destined to have upon civilization. In a way, he was like Anton von Leeuwenhoek of Delft, who peered through a little hand lens and saw "wretched beasties" in a drop of water and so opened up the entire world of microscopic life to unbelieving scientists.

Within a few years of the time Hillier perched on the stepladder, his electron microscope would be at work improving the quality of face powder, paper, cloth and photographic negative; creating better soil; helping to make metals and automobiles stronger and safer. It would mark an important turning point in science's endless struggle for progress.

As far as Hillier is concerned, his work on that microscope started at the age of eleven in his home town of Brantford, Ontario, when his father gave him a telescope. Jim removed the lenses and from them evolved a microscope for seeing *small* rather than *large* things.

"Seeing small" has gripped man's imagination since ancient artisans strained their eyes looking at engravings on rings and brooches through bottles of water, which so enlarged the engravings that the craftsmen could do finer work. But only during the past few decades has the optical microscope—a microscope using a beam of *visible* light—been able to enlarge things some 2,500 times.

One step beyond the optical microscope was the ultra-microscope, which used waves of ultra-violet light. But even that was not enough. Scientists dreamed of waves still smaller. How about the electron itself? Thus, by the time Hillier began his project, he had at least a foundation of theory and experiment.

About five years previously, two German savants had constructed the forerunner of all electron microscopes. Characteristically they labelled it the "super-microscope." But the images on their view plates quickly blurred and faded.

Then, one red-letter day in the history of science, Hillier got a call from Professor Burton, who had just returned from Europe. He spoke with an air of suppressed excitement.

"Jim, I got hold of something big on the Continent. I want you to work with me on it."

Hillier listened eagerly. Burton had seen the crude electron microscope of the Germans. Somehow he believed that a better one could be made. One that would *work*. What did Hillier think? The young physics instructor grinned. "When do we start?"

Maybe the German scientists had been stopped cold. Perhaps the electron microscope wouldn't work. Maybe a microscope capable of magnifying 50,000 times was impossible. But Hillier didn't care. *This* was what he had been looking for. His dark eyes began to snap with determination.

"Think you can manage it?" Burton asked. The professor knew



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the young scientist was carrying a backbreaking schedule of teaching. He also knew that Hillier, with a new bride, was trying hard to live on his salary of $1,100 a year.

But Jim Hillier found the energy and time, although he took a terrific beating. Many a day, when faced with an unusually baffling problem, Hillier and his co-worker Prebus reeled home at five in the morning. Both men were in the last stages of exhaustion, yet they worked on.

Experimenting with 30,000 volts needed to operate an electron microscope was not the safest work in the world. Both scientists endured many a burn and lots of tortured moments from contacts with unprotected circuits. Once Jim was knocked the length of the room when his screw driver touched a connection.

Then, too, there were other hardships. Neither researcher into the unknown world of smallness had much money. The university could give them little more. There were no "standard parts" for the instrument they were building. Nearly every bit of equipment represented the culmination of an exhaustive search.

Two condensers were bought in Sweden. Two more were borrowed from the University of Alberta. Discarded X-ray transformers came from the General Hospital in Toronto. But they had to machine the brass tubing they needed in their university's machine shop. And Hillier was thankful that the school's glassblower contributed his skill in making intricate glass tubing for the new device.

It would have been discouraging even 200 years ago when most scientists knew nothing but poverty and were scoffed at for being charlatans. Yet *this* work went on in 1937. These men were making an instrument destined to bring science to the verge of its dream of seeing molecules and atoms, yet they were forced to work with scraps and improvised equipment.

EVENTUALLY, UNDER Burton's inspiration, Hillier and Prebus completed the first high-powered electron microscope ever made in America. Then came the day that Hillier climbed the ladder and looked into a new world. The fabulous device worked! It gave sharp, clearly defined photomicrographs which could be studied at leisure.

Reports of the triumph brought a flood of such widely varied samples as bacteria, pigments and carbon soot for Hillier and Prebus to examine. Yet while Jim was perfecting his skill and technique, events taking place in the great laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America at Camden were destined to present him with a new and inspiring challenge.

In 1937, Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, RCA's associate director of electronic research, had also tackled the job of building an electron microscope. Later, Zworykin brought Ladislaus Marton from the University of Brussels to help. Marton had already built such a microscope but had been unable to keep the image from fading. Zworykin was confident that RCA's great research staff would be able to overcome the problem.

Marton produced a new electron



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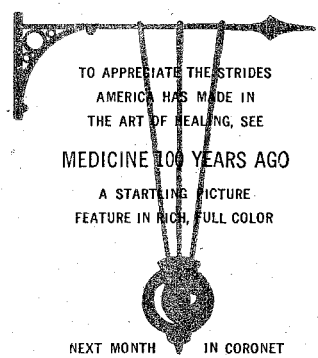
microscope all right, but when he peered through the peephole the images still blurred and faded. One after another, members of RCA's staff made intricate calculations; they sweated and worked over the device as they altered this and substituted that. But nothing happened. What would he do about it, Zworykin was asked.

"Do?" he answered. "Why, I'll get the one man in the world who can handle this thing!"

At the University of Toronto, young Dr. Hillier was becoming bored. He wanted to do more than make photographs with his new instrument. Then he received a communication. Would he come down to RCA and look over their electron microscope? The offer was tempting. It meant working where he wouldn't have to waste time improvising apparatus. Hillier decided to take a chance and went to the RCA laboratories, which were then located in Princeton.



TO APPRECIATE THE STRIDES
AMERICA HAS MADE IN
THE ART OF HEALING, SEE
MEDICINE 100 YEARS AGO
A STARTLING PICTURE
FEATURE IN RICH, FULL COLOR
NEXT MONTH IN CORONET


In such opulent surroundings, Hillier, ably seconded by A. W. Vance and Perry Smith, really hit his stride. Under his gifted touch the bulky and awkward lines of Marton's electron microscope disappeared, to be replaced by a streamlined instrument compact and easy to operate. Like the device in Toronto, it worked. At last American scientists had an electron microscope that enlarged objects 100,000 times!

Industry, as well as science, was quick to acclaim Hillier's triumph at RCA. Numerous laboratories invested in models of the "steel eye" which the young wizard from Toronto had perfected. Soon the microscope's beam of electrons was turned on the heretofore unseen virus which causes influenza. This virus, so tiny it makes ordinary bacteria seem huge, was identified and studied with the aid of Hillier's instrument. Today, as a result of that pioneering work, a serum is being evolved for combating flu.

Later, the electron stream was focused upon those permeating bodies known to medical science as "bacteriophages." For the first time, doctors were able to watch bacteriophages at their work of destroying harmful germs. Photomicrographs were taken, showing bacteriophages attacking an enemy bacterium, penetrating the germ's protective covering. Finally the pictures showed the death and destruction of the harmful bacterium. Since many kinds of infectious organisms can be destroyed by bacteriophages, studies of this kind will help immeasurably in the world's unceasing war on disease.

THERE WERE other applications of Hillier's first electron microscope. For example, it enabled rubber technicians to determine the true shape and size of lamp-black particles—the material that adds so much strength and toughness to rubber that tires now last 40,000



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miles instead of 5,000. Yet there was still one thing wrong with Hillier's device—something which kept it from serving mankind as he knew it could. That was cost.

The sum of $10,500 was too much for most laboratories and hospitals, yet this seemed to be the rock-bottom minimum for which the delicate instrument could be produced. Hillier brooded over this. He had slaved to give science a wonderful new tool. Now was the world to be deprived of the microscope's benefits merely because it cost too much?

Not if Hillier could help it! He'd make it smaller and cheaper! It seemed impossible that he could again reduce the instrument's bulk and still keep the miraculous powers of the large model. Engineers were dubious about Hillier's ideas for cutting costs, but RCA officials thought the job was worth trying. So Hillier shed his coat and went to work.

He eliminated all features not essential. He cut down the number of magnetic lenses and, in so doing, reduced the instrument's height from six feet to sixteen inches! Yet the small model had just as much resolving power as the large one. And it sold for only $5,000.

Day by day reports poured in from dozens of industries, laboratories and research centers. Hillier himself had an opportunity to play a role in some of the discoveries, for his Princeton laboratories became a Mecca for researchers in many fields. They brought their problems to Hillier asking him to teach them the best ways to use the instrument he had created.

A soup manufacturer wanted to know which bacteria would increase the fertility of the soil, thereby enabling farmers to grow better vegetables for his soups. A maker of lime wanted to know about the structure of his product in order to make a smoother plaster. Photographic-equipment makers discovered for the first time what the silver grains in emulsions looked like. Plastic manufacturers learned secrets that chemistry had been unable to tell them. Drug manufacturers witnessed the exact manner in which their products attacked germs.

And so the big job was done. Throughout the world of science, Hillier's microscope pushed back curtains of darkness. It was a supreme accomplishment, yet Hillier himself could not rest. His eager mind had a vision of a new task that could be accomplished by his controlled streams of electrons—something that was just on the borderland of possibility.

One day, Dr. Zworykin stopped for one of his frequent consultations with the gifted young scientist. Jim could contain himself no longer. He started talking. Dr. Zworykin listened, nodding in agreement. When Hillier finished, Dr. Zworykin said, "Go ahead, if you really want to work at it in your spare time. I don't know what it will all come to, but it might turn out all right."

That was all Hillier wanted. He plunged into his new project with all the verve he had displayed back in the old days when he and Al Prebus were working their hearts out. Now, under Jim's skillful hands, another strange device took



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shape—a device that would give still broader scope to the work of the electron microscope. Hillier called it a "micro-analyzer."

Eventually the new instrument was finished. The result—another smashing triumph for the young scientist. With his new marvel, Hillier can identify the chemical elements of certain substances by passing a stream of electrons through the material. It may eventually be possible to determine quickly and accurately the make-up of any unknown substance that is brought to the laboratory.

Striking as its achievements have already been, Jim Hillier feels that the electron microscope has only begun its conquest of the unseen. And those who know Jim Hillier feel that he has only begun his conquests in the world of science. They see a big future for Hillier, the pioneer in seeing small. They are confident that when newer and better devices are required for research into the fantastic world of the infinitesimal, the young man who climbed a ladder in Toronto in 1937 will be on hand to deliver the goods.

## Conversation Stoppers

THE TEACHER insisted she could not enroll any child who was less than six years old. The mother was just as insistent on having her five-year-old daughter accepted as a pupil.

"She can easily pass the six-year-old test," the mother boasted.

The teacher was skeptical. Turning to the little girl, she said, "Speak some words!"

The child looked at the teacher in amazement; then, with all the dignity of her five years, she asked: "Purely irrelevant words?"

—*Kablegram*

A WOMAN PHONED her bank to arrange for the disposal of a thousand-dollar bond.

"Is the bond for redemption or conversion?" a clerk inquired.

There was a long pause, then the woman asked: "Am I talking to the First National Bank, or the First Baptist Church?"

—RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

THE PRETTY young lady traveler took the pen from its holder on the hotel's front desk. But before she could use it, the young and harried clerk shook his head sadly and said, "I'm sorry."

"Don't I register with you?" she asked.

"Lady, you sure do," he replied with a gaze of frank admiration, "but it doesn't matter how I feel. There's still no room."

—T. R. NATHAN



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The penalty is high and the chances of collecting are 1,000 to 1 against you

# Don't Try Insurance Frauds

*by* MURIEL PATCHEN

IT WAS MR. AND MRS. Smith's 15th wedding anniversary and they decided to celebrate with a dinner party. Choosing a small but reputable restaurant, they invited eight close friends and spent a gay evening. But next morning a hurried call brought a physician to the Smith home. There, after careful examination, he filled out certificates stating that Mr. and Mrs. Smith were suffering from ptomaine poisoning.

Solicitous of the guests' comfort, Smith called each in turn to discover they, too, were suffering from ptomaine. En masse they brought suit against the baffled restaurateur, who was insured against just such unfortunate occurrences as a "ptomaine" dinner.

As routine procedure an insurance investigator was sent to check. Members of the party lived in widely separated sections of the city; each had his own physician with an unimpeachable reputation. The investigator then examined the restaurant fare and discovered that the food served to the Smith party was the same served to other customers the same night. About a dozen patrons were called, but they reported no ill effects. The investigator promptly charged a fraud, claiming that the "ptomaine" was self-induced.

Later, Smith confessed that he, his wife and four married couples had planned the fraud. After the celebration they applied lye soap under the arms, where it reacted on blood vessels. This brought on nausea and a sharp rise in temperature which the unsuspecting physicians diagnosed as ptomaine.

"Insurance companies can afford the money," Smith explained, "and the plan looked foolproof to us. I was sure it would work." But his fate is similar to that suffered by many who try to defraud insured people or insurance companies.

When 1936 brought almost 100,000 personal-injury claims, the Accident Fraud Bureau was organized and functioned until 1937. Today the central investigating bureau for insurance frauds is the Claims Bureau of the Association of Casualty



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and Surety Executives in New York City, with offices strategically located throughout the U. S. The work of the bureau has saved insurance companies millions in fraudulent claims, yet the lure of easy money still proves too great a temptation for many people, who have gone to unbelievable lengths to substantiate bogus claims.

A typical case is that of a man who had a peculiar ability to throw out his joints at will. He discovered his talent as a young man and decided to put it to immediate and profitable use. A few weeks later he was encased in a plaster cast with a "dislocated" hip, acquired by falling down poorly illuminated steps. For this he collected $4,000. Four more times he used a similar routine in various parts of the country, but his lack of imagination proved his undoing. Finally he was caught and sentenced.

There was another fellow who couldn't throw his hips out of joint but who had had an appendectomy. He never talked of this operation, for it was his secret and a valuable one. While working for an oil company he sued, claiming he had sustained injuries while carrying a battery charger. He showed the wound and was awarded $2,800. But a few months later, he was doing physical labor. Brought into court, moving pictures showed him working and he was sentenced.

Another man after easy money was also exposed by a screen test. In 12 years he took out five $10,000 policies, giving him $500 a month indemnity for total disability. Eventually he developed an alleged encephalitic condition, manifesting all the symptoms faithfully.

For a few years he limped about, collecting $500 a month, until an investigator spotted him walking gaily down the street. He was shadowed to a resort hotel where he proved to be a leading social light. When he returned a summons haled him to court. Confronted with his fraud, he jumped up and heatedly denied the charge. Next day, dragging his leg in a painful manner, he brought a cabbie to testify to his disability. But a screen was brought in, the lights lowered. Then a film was projected; it showed the "disabled" man at active play. The terrified cabbie confessed immediately and the "star" of the film followed suit.

A DOCTOR of Paterson, N. J., was another who planned his coup far in advance. He had always been a respected citizen of New Jersey, so when Jersey papers carried headlines about his kidnaping in June, 1934, it was front page news.

The doctor's wife was first to reveal the kidnaping when she ran sobbing to the police station and explained: "Two men awakened us at 3 o'clock this morning and said the chief of police wanted to talk to my husband." When he didn't call or return, the wife became frightened. Police records showed no arrest, and while half the community hunted for him, the doctor was at police headquarters, being questioned about an auto accident of the year before.

The doctor was riding with a friend when the car was struck from behind. The impact of the collision threw him to the road where he was found with ugly head cuts. Quickly he was taken to a doctor of his own



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choice. Being heavily insured, as was the driver of the other car, he entered a claim stating he had suffered a skull fracture and partial loss of eyesight. When investigators visited his home, they found him groping about in a state of semi-blindness. The doctor was awarded $1,800 by one insurance company, $1,500 by another and was about to make a third collection when arrested. In all, he had filed claims against five companies.

Investigators noted that the badly hurt doctor had asked to be driven to a physician six miles from the accident; that, while he sustained serious injuries, neither the driver of his car nor the other motorist was injured. Detectives then tried to establish a thread of conspiracy between the injured doctor and the man in the first car and the driver of the second. Finally it was discovered that all three belonged to the same golf club. Further investigation revealed several previous entanglements with the law.

At the county jail the doctor stuck stubbornly to his story. He seemed mostly annoyed by the fact that the investigators had not given him sufficient time to dress, and peevishly asked that a policeman buy him a pair of garters. When the officer returned he held up the white box and sneered, "Here's a box as pure as your soul."

"Yes," the injured man replied, "except for that thin blue border."

Right there, he gave himself away. The investigator cried: "O. K., doctor, the jig's up. Any man who can see that thin line at 50 feet has nothing wrong with his eyes!"

The accident "victim" then confessed that for several years his practice had been falling off so he began accumulating accident policies and enlisted the aid of two conspirators. They drove to Clifton and in sight of oncoming cars the "accident" was staged. At the slight impact the doctor grabbed a tire iron, smashed the door, threw himself out and gashed his skull before witnesses reached his side. He drew three years in prison.

Men of his ilk, however, are small-time operators. The most serious perpetrators of injury frauds are organized rings involving doctors, lawyers, runners and sub-runners. Thousands of janitors, hospital attachés, undertakers, taxi-drivers, policemen and insurance agents are on the payroll. These rings seldom indulge in actual physical injury to "claimants"; their specialty is faked accidents.

A typical ring was headed by an insurance broker who used that occupation as a blind for more lucrative activities. His band consisted of about 200 professional and semi-professional claimants or witnesses, four rooming-house owners and several doctors and lawyers. When preparing a claim he bought a second-hand car and insured it in the name—fictitious or otherwise—of a member of the ring. Then he selected the participants in the proposed accident with the care of a casting director.

The insured mailed a report, drawn by the broker, to the insurance company describing the "accident" and indicating that he himself was at fault. He furnished names and addresses of accomplice-witnesses—the addresses belonging to rooming-house keepers on the ringleader's payroll. When an in-



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surance investigator called, he was told that the witness had just stepped out, so an appointment was made for the next day. Meantime, the landlord contacted the witness so that he would be home at the appointed time.

Coincident with this, doctors employed by the broker certified to severe injuries, so severe that the claimant was not available for examination until the wounds healed.

When the case was settled, the ringleader paid off the participants, cancelled the policy and traded in the car. The ring's downfall came when claimants and witnesses became too familiar to various insurance companies. The broker was sent to prison and so were 14 members of his band. But their profits were estimated at $200,000 a year.

The success of the accident-fraud ring can be traced to public tolerance. Somehow, the average person doesn't regard stealing from an insurance company or a wealthy defendant as a crime. The man who will run to the nearest policeman to report a theft chuckles at those who perpetrate injury frauds. Yet the public foots the bill in higher insurance rates.

In many cases, individuals work out simple schemes in an effort to get easy money. For example, a man buys an expensive suit, removes the label, puts it on a cheap suit and carefully sits on a greasy newspaper. He sues the subway company for ruining his suit, showing as evidence the newspaper and the suit with its expensive label.

A woman buys a compact in a department store, receives a purchase slip and leaves. Later in the day she returns, puts her compact on the same counter and then, when she is certain the store detective has spotted her, takes her compact and heads for the door. On being stopped she produces the sales slip and sues for false arrest.

A well-dressed woman enters an apartment house, followed by a male accomplice who goes to the basement. She steps into a self-operating elevator and presses the starting button. Her accomplice jimmies the elevator so that it stops between floors. The woman sets up an hysterical cry. The elevator is fixed and set in motion—the woman released and treated for shock. She receives a certificate from an unsuspecting physician and sues.

A man registers at a hotel, takes a shower and claims to have been scalded by hot water. An examining physician has no way of determining that the scarlet markings, self-inflicted by painless infra-red treatments, are not genuine burns. The "scalded" hotel guest sues for negligence.

While many of the subterfuges sound foolproof, few escape detection by the Claims Bureau. The stakes in many cases are extremely low and the penalty always high. So don't allow yourself to be duped into fake claims and don't attempt them yourself. The chances are 1,000 to 1 against success.

Fame is chiefly a matter of dying at the right moment.
—Bud Walters



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# Heifetz:

# Genius of the Violin

**"The world's greatest violinist" is a perfectionist to his fingertips**

*by* SUSANNE MCCONNAUGHEY

JASCHA HEIFETZ had achieved the stunning age of seven when he gave his first public violin recital in Kovno, Russia. He was to play the Mendelssohn *Concerto* and the last whispered injunction from his parents before they steered him onto the stage was to keep on playing, no matter what happened.

Something happened, all right. His adult accompanist lost her place in the piano part shortly after they had begun the *Concerto*. Jascha, with the same self-contained poise that distinguishes his appearances today, continued doggedly to play until his accompanist caught up. In recalling the incident, Heifetz says wryly that he supposes it was the beginning of his independence.

It was also the beginning of one of the most dazzling musical careers of our time. There is the now-famous story of Heifetz's American debut, at the age of 16, when Mischa Elman and the pianist, Leopold Godowsky, were in Carnegie Hall. As a storm of approval swept the hall, Elman turned to Godowsky, wiped his forehead and whispered, "It's getting rather warm in here."

"For violinists, perhaps," said Godowsky. "But not for pianists!"

Almost equally well-known is Fritz Kreisler's superb tribute when he told his friend, Efrem Zimbalist, about hearing a Heifetz recital in Berlin when Jascha was 11 years old. "You and I," said Kreisler, "might as well take our fiddles and break them across our knees."

Heifetz has been called "a modern miracle," "the greatest violinist who ever lived," "overwhelming," and other worshipful adjectives. The public has shown its own enthusiasm by crowding to Heifetz concerts through the years. His fees range from $2,500 up—and up. And his income from royalties on phonograph recordings would doubtless support him in comfort if he never played another note.

Yet to Heifetz himself there is a flaw in this picture of success.



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Oddly enough it stems from his very perfection, from the apparent ease of his playing, from the priceless economy of motion he uses on stage, and most of all from the seeming mask that shutters his face while playing. Certain listeners who like their music seasoned with a pinch of "Schmalz" complain that he is "cold." The word has hounded him for years, yet some who have heard him only on records or the radio have found his playing almost overly warm.

Although realizing that the public is often prone to listen with its eyes rather than its ears, Heifetz refuses to throw out the bait of a forced smile to evoke what he thinks should come through music alone. It was his father Ruvin, himself a violinist and Heifetz's first teacher, who drilled him from infancy to display no emotion except in his music. Heifetz may be laughing with friends backstage just before his entrance, but the mask of concentration slips over his face automatically as he appears before the audience.

Heifetz's long-time manager, Arthur Judson, says he has never heard Heifetz make a musical mistake, and adds wistfully that he wishes he would play just one wrong note to prove he is human. Heifetz, resentfully aware of his own reputation for infallibility, insists that he *does* make mistakes, and that furthermore he sometimes makes them deliberately just to show that he can!

LIKE MANY GENIUSES, Heifetz is a complex and paradoxical personality. Accustomed since childhood to fame, he is nonetheless sincerely modest and unassuming. Among his friends the well-placed jibe is far more common than the word of praise; he is told that he "plays like a pig," and is teased without mercy. Heifetz submits equably to such baiting, yet he frankly admits the necessity of praise, which he thinks goes far to inspire brilliant performance.

Heifetz's attitude toward his own gifts is unique. He never refers to himself as a violinist, and rarely discusses his music. It is as if the violin were such a part of him that he accepts it as matter-of-factly as the ordinary mortal does his arms or legs. The beginning of this integration of man and instrument goes back to a time beyond his memory.

Heifetz was born in 1901 in a Vilna ghetto. His father, a professional violinist, played to his son from babyhood, watching eagerly for signs of musical ability. Before Jascha was old enough to talk, his father noticed that if he deliberately played a wrong note, the boy would pull his coat-tails. From then on the Heifetz family was dedicated to Jascha's career.

When he was three years old his father bought a tiny quarter-size violin and began his daily lessons. By the time he was seven, Jascha was ready for public appearance. It was then that his mother took over the practical management of the family. With an eye to the future, she permitted the boy to play only four or five concerts a year—just enough to accustom him to the stage—and turned down fabulous offers to bring him to America.

In 1909 the family moved to St. Petersburg so that the boy could study at the Imperial Conservatory



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under the great Leopold Auer. Professor Auer loathed so-called child prodigies and refused to take them as pupils. Finally, however, he was forced to listen to Heifetz, along with other students, at the May examinations. The board of judges, headed by Auer, graded him with a show of fingers—one finger was the lowest mark, five the highest. Professor Auer held up all ten fingers.

Auer, teacher of Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist and Nathan Milstein, to name but a few, stated later in life that such a genius as Heifetz is born only once in 200 years. Long after Heifetz was securely established he would visit at Auer's house (the great teacher spent his last years in America), often playing for him the entire program of a forthcoming concert.

JASCHA MADE HIS American debut at Carnegie Hall on October 27, 1917. At the first perfect notes a rapt tension settled on the listeners, and their tumultuous enthusiasm was echoed next day by the critics. It has been called the most sensational musical debut of our time.

The only apparently unmoved person in Carnegie Hall was the violinist himself. At 16, Jascha was already disciplined to present a perfectly poised appearance. With his blond hair combed into waves by his mother before he went onstage, with his elegance and grace of bearing, he made a striking impression. But already there were the first murmurings that the excitement of the public was reflected more obviously by the artist.

Actually, the young artist knew nothing about the public's excitement. He was still sheltered from the world, still dedicated to hours of daily practice, still not permitted to see the critical notices that had been praising him extravagantly for years.

Even now, Heifetz hates to talk about his extraordinarily guarded childhood. But silence is not permitted him. During his triumphal return to Russia in 1934, he was besieged by people who plied him with anecdotes of his boyhood and showed him pictures of the infant Heifetz, which his mother had apparently broadcast. His only escape was behind locked doors.

"Why should I, the father of a 15-year-old daughter," he demands heatedly, "always be asked about my childhood? It's—rewolting!" The slip in accent is a sure sign that Heifetz is aroused.

In his early twenties, Heifetz was a curious mixture of the modest artist and a young man with love of gaiety. When he was 21 he moved into an apartment of his own on 57th Street that soon became honeycombed with traps to play practical jokes on unwary guests. Later he moved to a Park Avenue penthouse with a vast living room. In this baronial setting there would be parties for 200—among them such prominent friends as Ina Claire, Ethel Barrymore, George Gershwin and Vladimir Horowitz —as well as scores of people he scarcely knew.

In 1928 he married Florence Vidor, former screen star. Two children were born to them—a son, Robert, now 13, and a daughter, Josepha, now 15. In the course of time a Connecticut farmhouse and a house in California replaced the



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New York apartments and gave Heifetz a chance to indulge in such simple but satisfying hobbies as puttering about with tools and boats.

Heifetz has been an American citizen since 1925. When he arrived in this country his English was limited to "Thank you," "How do you do" and "Willoughby"—the latter being the name of an American he had met in Russia. Today his English is flexible and colloquial, embracing a vocabulary that a native son might envy.

Probably no one who knows him has ever tried to describe Jascha Heifetz without using the word "perfectionist." It is a trait that he displays not only toward his music but toward the whole business of living. He will carefully deliberate the merits of different types of soft drinks, beers or cigarettes, and once having made his choice will go to great lengths to get the particular brand he wants.

On his wartime travels for the USO he acquired an inexpensive cigarette lighter. Offended by its leather covering he spent an entire evening removing it with a nail-file, and now displays the naked metal case with naïve pride. "It looks just like pewter," he says contentedly.

Today, at 45, Heifetz is still maturing as a person and as an artist. He can, and often does, exercise the prerogative of genius by giving strangers the impression of arrogance. But he has learned humility. It is an important lesson, Heifetz says, helping him to discover his ultimate sets of values—a process long postponed by his delayed chance at youth.

Heifetz's foibles and stubbornness have an engaging quality. There was the time he decided to master the piano accordion. The keyboard was easy (Heifetz plays the piano extraordinarily well) but the array of 120 bass stops was unfathomable. Doggedly he refused to take any lessons, preferring to battle it out for himself.

The Heifetz memory occasionally startles his friends. He will wander into a living-room he has not visited in months and note the change of a lamp from one table to another. He never forgets a birthday or other anniversary, and one of his friends was moved to tears when he received, in New York, a phone call from California and heard floating across the wire the strains of *Happy Birthday to You*, dulcetly rendered by the violin of Jascha Heifetz.

Recently he spent a week end with friends in the country, just before a nation-wide broadcast. Each morning he retired dutifully to his bedroom to practice for half an hour. He could be heard playing scales over and over again, and then a hideous, off-key rendition of *Pop Goes the Weasel* floated through the house, followed by silence as he waited for laughter.

His tremendous vitality finds an outlet in sports. He plays ping-pong, tennis, loves to swim and sail. He used to play golf, but gave up the game after achieving a hole-in-one. Fiercely competitive in card games, he would rather win 50 cents at gin rummy than pocket a $2,500 concert fee.

Gay and relaxed among intimates, Heifetz, at the advent of a stranger, becomes stiff and reserved. The same trait is apparent



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in his attitude towards publicity. He recognizes the necessity of a certain amount of publicity, but fumes at the idea of an artist "belonging to his public." He will usually conceal the best stories from his publicists—and yet occasionally enter wholeheartedly into a wacky stunt.

Before one of his Lewisohn Stadium concerts in New York he was the judge of a freckle contest. He brought along a large magnifying glass—his own idea—to discharge his responsibilities as honestly as possible. And he agreed with lamblike docility when Constance Hope, who was handling his publicity at the time, nervously offered for his approval the title of a chapter dealing with him in a book she had just completed. The title, wrung from Miss Hope's heart, was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Heifetz."

AS A BUSINESSMAN and a perfectionist, Heifetz does not indulge in temperament. He plans his concert schedules carefully and never changes them later. On matters of principle he is adamant too. He was scheduled to play in Detroit at a time when Petrillo had laid a ban on non-union soloists appearing with an orchestra. Heifetz has always refused to join the American Federation of Musicians because he feels that in his position it is unnecessary. He showed up for rehearsals and met objections by asking, "What are you going to do about it?"

When union officials became convinced that if they made an issue of it the violinist would be only too happy to air his views, they backed down. It is typical of Heifetz that during this squabble he didn't mention that he had for some years held an honorary AFM card, given him after he had played a benefit for the Hollywood Bowl and orchestra pension fund.

Criticism does not disturb Heifetz, for he is his own severest critic. Musicians know there is only a hair's breadth of difference between a good performance and a great one, and that shade of difference is something that is unfathomable to Heifetz. Always in his playing he strives to surpass himself, and it is this constant struggle that makes music fascinating to him.

Understandably, he becomes outraged when anyone hints that he has reached perfection. How can anyone know, he demands, when perfection is reached? There is no top in music. Sometimes, after playing a passage a certain way for 15 years, he discovers something new in it which suggests a better interpretation—the mere process of living having deepened his understanding.

Except for a couple of cadenzas, Heifetz has done no composing, but he has made more than 100 transcriptions for the violin of music written for other instruments. When adding a new piece to his repertoire, he works intensively, hours upon hours. "You have to get it in your blood," he explains. At the end of two or three months he has absorbed the music so thoroughly that it is indelibly stamped in his mind. Thus he can play from memory every piece of music he has ever seriously studied, while his repertoire has sufficient scope to allow him to play 40 recitals



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## Good Reason for Uneasiness

HEIFETZ'S BROTHER-IN-LAW, Samuel Chotzinoff, head of the NBC music department, was Jascha's accompanist years ago, and still remembers vividly Heifetz's debut in London. The Londoners had already had advance notices of Heifetz's triumphs in America and he was dined and wined for a week before the concert. During that time he didn't touch his violin.

As the days passed, Chotzinoff began to feel somewhat nervous. Ten minutes before the recital, as they waited in the wings, he was amazed and rather gratified to discover signs of uneasiness in Jascha too. At last, he thought, the iron poise was breaking.

Heifetz put an end to this speculation by turning and whispering anxiously, "Chotzie, do my trousers hang straight?"

without once repeating a number.

Aside from his work on new music, Heifetz does astonishingly little practicing. Long years of study, plus a God-given virtuosity, have made it no longer necessary. At the end of a concert season he puts aside his violin for six or eight weeks. These layoffs are necessary to preserve his enthusiasm for playing; loss of that enthusiasm would be deadly to his musicianship.

One year Heifetz finished his tour in May and spent the summer blandly neglecting his violin. His family, knowing that he was to play in New York in August, became anxious as the weeks passed, and suggested that he practice a bit. Heifetz never got around to it. He arrived in New York by plane the morning of the concert, went to the stadium and played the Beethoven *Concerto* in rehearsal so magnificently that the orchestra thought he had been working on it all summer.

In spite of his reputation for nerves of iron, Heifetz loses two or three pounds during a performance because of emotional strain. Every appearance is like a debut for him. Immediately after a concert Heifetz reaches his lowest point. Spent with the effort of giving himself, he can think of nothing but the next hurdle, and the next, and the unending struggle to keep surpassing himself. It is this artistic integrity that makes Heifetz the answer to the prayers of musical purveyors in all fields.

In playing with small-town orchestras, Heifetz has occasionally run into situations requiring something firmer than diplomacy. Once, as tactfully as possible, he suggested to the local maestro that a certain passage be played *piano* (softly) instead of *forte* (loudly). The conductor turned to his men and said: "Mr. Heifetz thinks this passage should be played *piano*."

"Excuse me," said Heifetz, "but if you look at your music you'll see that it is the composer, not Heifetz, who wishes it played *piano*."

Heifetz's debut before troops—the first of 300 concerts that took him to three World War II



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theaters — constituted the most nervous moment of his career. GI audiences were too close to the fundamentals of life and death to feel any necessity for politeness, and he had seen them walk out on other performers. But he declined to "play down" to the troops.

Heifetz, as his own master-of-ceremonies at these concerts, would say: "Whether you like it or not you're going to get some Bach." The ever-popular *Hora Staccato* he always announced as the "Horrible Staccato," and was repaid by laughter and the number of times he had to play it. Although he had prided himself on never having repeated a number in concert for three years, the important thing to him overseas was to play what the men wanted. Naturally, they all wanted to hear his interpretation of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, and during his last 65 concerts the composition was requested 63 times.

Heifetz also complied with requests for everything—except the *Flight of the Bumblebee*—and once, after he had got in the groove with a hot number, he received the ultimate tribute from GI critics. Not even Rubinoff, they said, could have played it any better.

Jascha Heifetz supposes he is a success—at least he has been told so. But if he is, he says with a touch of bitterness, he does not understand it because he is accused of being everything that people most dislike. Highbrow, snooty, cold—the labels cling like leeches. Those who know him find the charges absurd. To those who do not, his violin speaks in his defense—eloquently, with heart and soul and meaning.

## Easy . . . When You Know How

In a court in Chicago are a judge, a prosecutor and a clerk. They are named Robinson, Smith and Jones, but not respectively. Three lawyers appearing in this court are also named Mr. Robinson, Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones.

The following information is sufficient to answer the question: What is the judge's name?

1. The clerk has the same name as the lawyer living in Chicago.
2. The clerk earns three times as much as his nearest neighbor, one of the lawyers.
3. Smith (not the lawyer) beat the prosecutor at squash racquets.
4. One of the lawyers, Mr. Robinson, lives in Barrington.
5. The clerk earns $15,000 per year.
6. The clerk lives halfway between Chicago and Barrington.
7. The lawyer, Mr. Jones, earns $6,000 per year.

For solution, see page 135.



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# May We Help You, Senor

**How New Orleans is creating good will for America**

by JOHN WATTS

A SWARTHY, HEAVY-SET man eased through the doors of an imposing building in downtown New Orleans, puffing under the weight of a bulging valise and briefcase. At a reception counter he introduced himself as a buyer representing a number of South American firms.

"I have no business stopping in New Orleans," he said in heavily accented English. "Usually I do all my buying in New York. But I heard about this place in Rio. So if you can help—"

The receptionist smiled. "Helping is our business, Senor," he said. "Welcome to International House!"

Then smoothly, quietly, things began to happen to the South American visitor. A smiling man appeared, shook his hand, chatted in Portuguese about trade conditions in Rio, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Then an elevator whisked the stranger and his guide to a private office on the floor above. The office contained desk, lounging chairs, writing equipment and phone. A smiling young lady appeared, stenographic notebook in hand, to converse with the astonished visitor in English, Spanish and Portuguese.

The visitor learned that the office and secretary were his while he stayed at International House. But more wonders were to come. Back on the main floor again, the visitor was shepherded to an attractive bar crowded with businessmen. The Brazilian was introduced to a group of Latin Americans, including two business friends from Rio. After cocktails, they all moved to a sumptuous dining room.

As the stranger and his host sampled famed Creole dishes, things were happening in the smooth-running offices. In the private suite he had been questioned about his business plans. Now, while he lunched, International House's aides got busy, phone calls were made, telegrams were sent.

When the Brazilian returned to the private office, an American businessman was waiting to see him. Then for the rest of the afternoon, at 15-minute intervals, representatives of other concerns appeared on schedule. That night the grateful visitor stayed at one of New Or-



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leans' best hotels. Early next morning he was back dictating to his newfound secretary and seeing more businessmen.

In the afternoon, the visitor who had no business stopping in New Orleans was touring factories and dealer-displays, inspecting sample merchandise ranging from wheelbarrows to tractors, cradles to automobiles. That evening, when he left by plane for New York—an accommodation also arranged by International House—his gratitude was almost tearful. But he had demonstrated his gratitude by ordering thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise.

The experience of this Brazilian traveler is not unique; in fact, it is being re-enacted with variations every day. When a visitor from Costa Rica sought a manufacturer of lime kilns, International House produced not one but seven. An Argentine paint man, interested in tung oil, was delighted to learn that New Orleans is the capital of the American tung-oil industry. An auto dealer from Cuidad Trujillo, who for years had been importing cars by way of New York, ordered all future shipments through New Orleans when he found out that a freight-rate differential and an added ad valorem tax were increasing his costs $94 per car.

Breaking down this automatic habit of saying "Ship Via New York" is one of the main objectives of International House. It is not only cheaper but also easier to ship Midwest products by way of New Orleans, and International House has the figures to prove it. Although other cities, notably New York and Miami, have talked for years of establishing Pan-American or world-trade centers, New Orleans is first to transform dream into reality. International House, in fact, is the only organization of its kind in the world.

The purpose of this unique enterprise, as described by the U.S. *Foreign Commerce Weekly*, is to "welcome the citizens of all lands to our shores, transform them as quickly as possible from strangers into friends, and help them with their missions. Centralized here are activities to create greater friendliness between the U.S. and other countries. Here is a clearing house for programs that will promote trade and develop new markets."

THE IDEA OF INTERNATIONAL House was conceived at a meeting of New Orleans businessmen in 1943. The city was doing a stupendous wartime shipping job, handling more than 21,000,000 tons. But the city's leaders were concerned about how to retain that traffic when the war ended. Out of a preliminary conference grew the idea for International House.

The plan was a success from the start. Contributions came pouring in from business leaders, memberships were sold. Then architects and decorators began to remodel a 9-

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**John Watts was born in Kingston, Jamaica, and began his writing career in 1921 as a reporter for the Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune*. Now a special writer for the Miami *Daily News*, he collaborated with his wife on a series of stories and investigations which were instrumental in ending a milk shortage and improving Navy housing conditions in Miami. Watts is the author of more than 50 short stories and five plays.**



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story building, one floor at a time.

Visitors from other cities and countries are welcome to all the facilities of International House when introduced by a member. Originally the membership was set at 500. Within a few months it had to be raised to 600. Later it was boosted to 700. Now the steering committee, headed by W. G. Zetzmann, soft-drink manufacturer, is considering fixing the total at 1,000.

Although this remarkably successful organization is founded on the ideals of cooperation and good will, there is little pure altruism in International House. It is designed not for the general exploitation of America's foreign trade but primarily for the development of commerce passing through the port of New Orleans. Its immediate objective is to sell the Mississippi Valley, its products and its potentialities to Central and South America, and to the rest of the world.

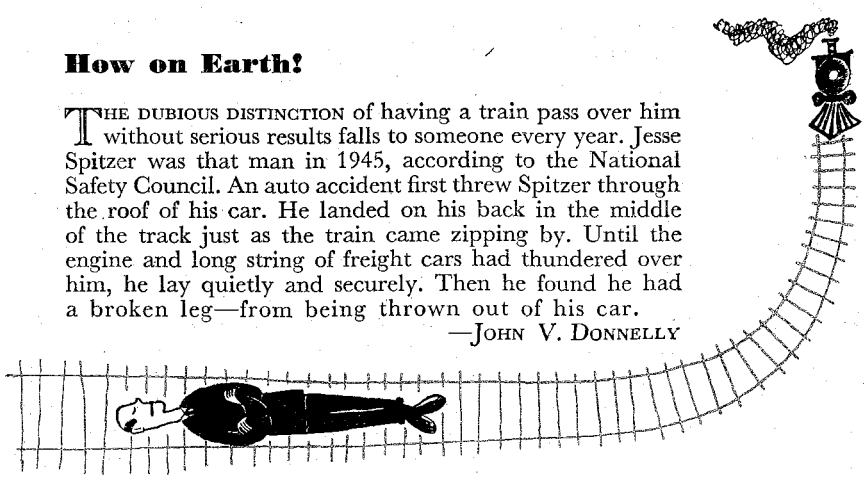
Plans for an international trade mart in New Orleans grew naturally out of the establishment of International House. Originally it was intended to provide showroom space in the House to display American and foreign goods as an incentive to trade. But so keen was demand for space that separate facilities had to be arranged. Another six-story building a block away was acquired with a $500,000 bond issue, and the international mart will be housed there.

International House is an investment in such foreign-trade intangibles as friendliness, cooperation and extra-curricular service; in personal, social and cultural exchanges. The canny men behind the idea know that foreign businessmen, particularly those from countries to the south, prefer to do business in a friendly, informal atmosphere. That's why International House is paying off. It is a Good Neighbor experiment that produces concrete and practical results.

## How on Earth!

THE DUBIOUS DISTINCTION of having a train pass over him without serious results falls to someone every year. Jesse Spitzer was that man in 1945, according to the National Safety Council. An auto accident first threw Spitzer through the roof of his car. He landed on his back in the middle of the track just as the train came zipping by. Until the engine and long string of freight cars had thundered over him, he lay quietly and securely. Then he found he had a broken leg—from being thrown out of his car.

—JOHN V. DONNELLY





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# Every Man's Lawyer

**He's a one-man bureau for keeping Mr. Average American out of trouble**

by NORMAN M. LOBSENZ

HELPING PEOPLE out of trouble—and trying to teach them to avoid trouble in the first place—is the job to which William S. Weiss, New York's one-man Legal Assistance bureau, has devoted the past dozen years of his life.

Although paralyzed from the waist down and having little use of his hands, this 58-year-old legal samaritan has helped more than 10,000 men and women who would not ordinarily have consulted a lawyer. He has saved them time and trouble; he has relieved them of fear and anxiety; he has straightened out their public and domestic tangles. More than that, William Weiss has put the resources of the law within the financial reach of the average man.

Legal Assistance was organized as a result of talks with a taxi driver who used to drive the lawyer to a hospital for treatments. Weiss was for twenty years a partner in a busy New York law firm. In 1916 appeared the early symptoms of the disease that was to cripple him. At first he managed to get around with a cane. But by 1931 he was confined to his home, except for visits to doctors.

During the next three years he pondered the idea of a legal assistance office, but it was the taxi driver who crystallized the plan. Knowing his passenger was a lawyer, the cabbie asked advice on such matters as accident insurance, an apartment lease, the collection of an old debt.

So large grew the variety of questions that Weiss said one day: "How can a man like you, with only one wife and one child, get into so much trouble?"

"To tell the truth," the driver answered, "most of them are my friends' worries. They ask me, and I ask you. Then I relay your advice to them."

This confirmed Weiss' belief that the bar was not adequately serving the great mass of people who are either "afraid of lawyers" or can't afford legal fees.

Weiss characteristically wasted no time. After talking with Dr. Karl N. Llewellyn, a Columbia law



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professor, he decided to open an office devoted solely to legal advice. This decision—and the work he has done since—constitute a triumph over sickness and despair. What to some men would have been defeat, Weiss turned into a victory for himself and thousands of his fellow men.

Opening his office was simple: it merely meant that Weiss' study was now his office. As he says: "To convert my living quarters into my office required nothing more than a change in my state of mind."

Originally, he planned to advise people without charge, but it soon became evident that clients were suspicious of "something for nothing." So Weiss decided to charge a one-dollar fee. If a client feels the services are worth more, he may pay any fee up to ten dollars. But that is the maximum.

At first, clients were few—mostly the taxi driver's friends and maintenance men in the building where the lawyer lived. But soon, word of the Legal Assistance office spread, and before long hundreds were calling, telephoning or writing from all parts of the country.

"Their problems proved that Legal Assistance had uncovered a whole new class of clients," says Weiss. "Those who can afford usual legal fees are not likely to be concerned, ordinarily, with recapturing a radio bought on the installment plan, or with loan problems, or with making a will to dispose of a thousand-dollar estate."

LEGAL ASSISTANCE mostly handles wills and insurance, installment sales and similar contracts, leases and domestic difficulties. One cold February day a frantic young man come running into Weiss' study to announce that his wife, who two weeks before had given birth to a daughter, had been told neither she nor the baby could leave the hospital until the bill was paid. And although the young father had already drawn a wage advance, it still wasn't sufficient.

"What can I do?" he cried.

Weiss, a friendly, round-faced man who inspires confidence, replied: "Go back to the hospital and ask to use the office phone. Make sure they can hear you, then call the police. Say: 'My wife and baby are being held for ransom!' "

Half an hour later the lawyer's own phone rang. "It worked!" shouted an exultant voice. "They put us out in a hurry!"

"Of course they did," Weiss explains. "In America no person may be held in hostage for a debt."

Many difficulties brought to Legal Assistance concern installment purchases. In a typical case a middle-aged couple decided to buy a living room suite on the time-payment plan. They signed a contract filled with legal phraseology and small type. The couple didn't bother to read all of it.

Four months later the husband became ill and had to quit his job. So they were forced to default on a payment. When the company threatened to repossess, the couple came to Legal Assistance.

Reading the contract, Weiss discovered (in small type) the "joker" carried by many such contracts: that even if the goods are repossessed, the purchaser remains liable. He told the couple to borrow enough from a recognized financial



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institution to pay in full the installment debt. This gave them ownership of the furniture and, in the long run, saved them money, for the interest on a bank loan is lower than that charged by installment houses, and no carrying charges are involved.

Another client told Weiss of being evicted for non-payment of one month's rent after having occupied her flat for two years. "And I used to think the landlord was so nice," she added. "He knew it was hard for me to save $18 a month, so he collected $9 every two weeks."

Weiss explained there were more than four weeks in a month, and that the "nice" landlord in two years had collected 26 months' rent and legally owed the tenant two months' occupancy. At the end of that time the woman was financially able to continue occupying her flat, and thereafter paid her rent once a month.

Because of his illness, Weiss engages in no litigation. If he gets a case which requires court action, he refers the client to one of a group of attorneys who work with Legal Assistance on a minimum-fee basis.

In the past few years there has been a trend toward establishing Legal Assistance offices elsewhere. Lawyers in California, Illinois and Pennsylvania have devised plans whereby panels of volunteer lawyers—all registered by the group—agree to advise people in the lower-income brackets for a reasonable fee. And in many localities where Legal Assistance does not yet exist, standard fee schedules have been established.

For the present, however, William Weiss is satisfied that he and Legal Assistance have helped many people. Symbolic of his achievement is a fee check for one dollar, mailed to him by a poor, elderly farm woman in Missouri.

The title to a cattle herd was in doubt and she had written to Weiss. After several letters the woman's right to the cattle was affirmed. On the check she sent was written:

"For getting back my cows."

## Farming Made Easy

A RURAL CONNECTICUT pastor called on one of his poorer parishioners, to find him wasting a perfectly fine day. The man sat smoking an old corncob pipe in the doorway.

"Got your string beans in yet, Sam?" the pastor asked.

"Nope. Too many Mexican beetles last summer."

"What corn will you plant, white or yellow?"

"Neither! Too darn many corn borers last year."

Next the pastor asked if Sam had bought his seed potatoes yet.

"Nope. Last year I spent too darn much on arsenate of lead for potato bugs."

"What on earth are you going to plant, Sam?"

"Nothin', Reverend. This year I'm going to play safe!"

—REV. P. J. CLEVELAND



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# Reflections on my Childhood

**Many years ago, on his eighteenth birthday, a young man made the following notes in his diary. Found among old papers and sent to us by a reader who could not trace their origin, they make their first public appearance in Coronet. The four lovely paintings by Frances Hook which accompany these notes originally appeared in the Steinway Collection.**

**—THE EDITORS**

TODAY IS my birthday. I am eighteen years old. I have a slow, full, dreamlike feeling in my stomach and my heart seems about to burst. I want to be a man, yet somehow I do not want to stop being a child, for childhood was sweet. Looking back now as I begin to



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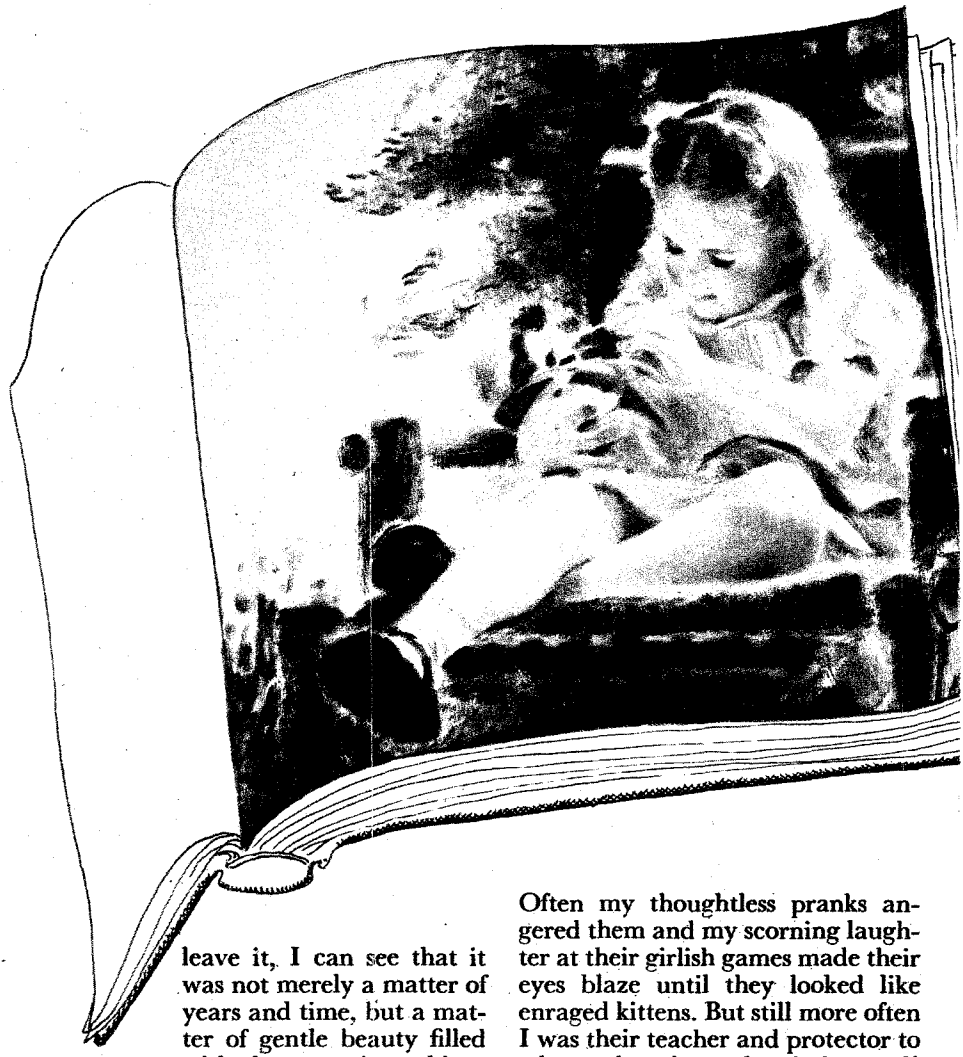

leave it, I can see that it was not merely a matter of years and time, but a matter of gentle beauty filled with those precious things which I want never to lose. I want to keep forever the childhood picture of my two sisters—Elizabeth, glowing and soft as a flower in the garden; and Sarah, younger and golden and bright as a summer morning. Both of them seemed to me to fit the description of angels. Often my thoughtless pranks angered them and my scorning laughter at their girlish games made their eyes blaze until they looked like enraged kittens. But still more often I was their teacher and protector to whom they brought their small troubles for comfort. Yet my dearest memories are of those evenings when they sat curled at my feet while I read to them until Mother came to say it was time for bed. Soon Sarah and Elizabeth, too, will be grown-up, but I think we shall never forget our happy childhood.



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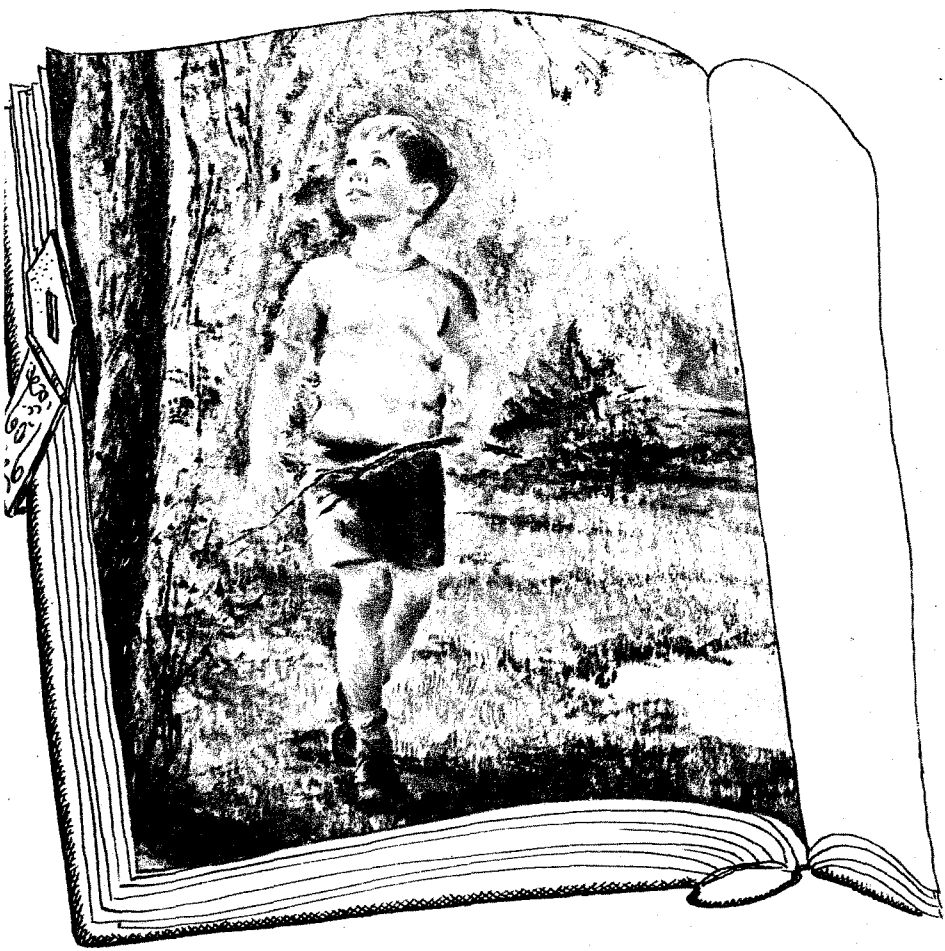
I saw my truest and first friend a year ago for the last time. He too would have been eighteen, but something touched his heart and he was gone. It was the first I knew of death and it was strange, and I wept and saw him over and over again looking unforgettably as he did on the first day I met him in the woods near Grandpa's farm. He showed me where the pink salamanders walk after a summer rain. He showed me how to hold a brown snake with a small, notched stick and how to look into the cool, green maze of trees to find the sudden flick of the cardinal. I remember his eyes were small and quick and missed nothing. His seventeen years were full, and when he was gone I found the note he left me which said: "Dear friend, use my years too." I have this note before me now. It is a priceless inheritance.





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THERE ARE many things crowding my memory tonight as I write this. And there are many dreams, echoing and singing and turning in my head and heart. I like to think that my childhood was rare and unusual. I would like to feel that the things I have seen and done and dreamed are new and solely mine. But at dinner tonight Father made a little speech welcoming me into the world of adults. He said that though my childhood was my own and could belong to no one else, it was not really a private possession, because all men share all things and no man is alone in the world. He told me that each man must have an interest in his neighbors, otherwise the world would soon be a savage jungle. And then he said something fine and clear and memorable. He said: "Life is a vast seashell murmuring marvelously with the music of God's creatures. You must listen to it carefully and you must always remember that the small noise you make yourself is but a part of that music." And he added solemnly: "Now go and live." It was then that I felt ready to be a man.



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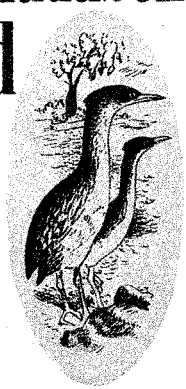
**There's thrilling drama and rare beauty in the flight of the great white heron over its island sanctuary**

# Return to Audubon's Island



*by* EDWIN WAY TEALE

PALE-GREEN WATER sliced back along the bow of the *Spoonbill* with a diminishing hiss. Arthur Eifler, weatherbeaten warden of the National Audubon Society, cut the switch. The lash of the patrol boat's propeller ceased. Before us, under a sunset sky, lay a low island, shaped like a mile-long "L." Beyond, to the west, the Gulf of Mexico stretched away for a thousand miles. The island was Sandy Key at the mouth of Florida Bay.

More than 100 years before, a heavy rowboat, manned by sunburned oarsmen, had ground to a stop on this same beach. It was at Sandy Key that John James Audubon, naturalist and bird-hunter extraordinary, first saw that stately bird, the great white heron. It was at Sandy Key that he collected three specimens of the European greenshanks, the only record for this bird on the North American continent. It was here that he observed—at one of its peaks—the incredibly rich bird-life of the 1830s.

"The flocks of birds," Audubon recorded in his journal, "so astonished us that we could scarcely believe our eyes. . . . The air was darkened by whistling wings."

Fittingly enough, this spot—so closely associated with the great days of Audubon's life—is now a sanctuary protected by the National Audubon Society. A century and a decade after Audubon, what are the changes on Sandy Key?

As I rowed the *Spoonbill's* dinghy to shore, I could see hurricane-blasted remnants of mangrove tangles, their roots and branches dry and bare. The spectacular bird flocks of Audubon's time had, of course, disappeared. Yet the bird-life of Sandy Key still provides a drama worth traveling far to see.

High above the keys and the expanse of sunset-lighted waters, I saw a graceful man-o'war bird coasting effortlessly on widespread wings. A sooty cloud of cormorants passed, flying low above the water. The air was filled with the wild, sunset clamor of terns.

The boat slid onto the beach, crunching among broken shells. I was alone on Sandy Key. At that moment the deserted island seemed as solitary, as remote from the world of men, as in Audubon's day. The only link with the present was a weathered railroad tie lying far above tideline, hurled there during the great hurricane of 1935.

From the dead top of a gumbo-

Excerpted from the book *The Lost Woods*, published at $4 by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, N.Y. Copyright 1945 by Edwin Way Teale

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limbo tree, where a great mass of dry sticks formed its nest, an osprey took wing. It sailed out over the island, a glint of silver in its talons. Beyond the railroad tie, black-crowned night herons flapped into the air with a chorus of alarmed "kraacks!" A moment later there came one of those sights that provide a lifetime memory.

Riding up over the gumbo-limbo trees on snow-white wings, seven feet from tip to tip, an apparition of beauty rose into view. Tinted by the rays of the sinking sun, my first great white heron burst upon me. For years I had heard of this largest of the heron family, this shy bird so restricted in its North American range that it is found normally only in a small area off the tip of Florida. Tilting steeply, it lifted into a climbing turn, slanted downward and was gone.

I walked on, sea-birds wheeling overhead. As I neared the northern tip of the island, I came upon the most breath-taking sight that present-day Sandy Key had to offer.

Spread out before me were mile after mile of sheltered shallows. All across these wide sea-pastures, herons of many kinds had alighted to fish on the ebbing tide. This vast area of stranded seaweed and sand bars forms one of the great feeding areas of the Florida Keys.

In the rays of the setting sun, the pure white, four-and-a-half-foot-high bodies of the great white herons seemed even larger than they are. I counted more than fifty of these rare and magnificent birds scattered across the shallows. One great white heron is a memorable sight; seeing half a hundred at once is an ornithological superlative.

Not so many years ago, when the Audubon Society was beginning to protect Florida Bay, this greatest of all herons seemed doomed to extinction. Sponge-fishermen, killing the young birds for food, had nearly wiped out the species. Now it is more than holding its own.

THE SUN WAS BELOW the horizon when I started down the beach once more. Already the clamor of the terns was dying down. By the time I had reached the *Spoonbill* and our evening meal was over, darkness had fallen and the white forms of the distant feeding herons had faded from sight.

It was 11 o'clock when Eifler called me on deck to witness one of the strangest, most ethereal sights I have ever seen. Above the boat, silent ghostly forms on wide white wings were climbing upward into a moonlit sky. The great white herons were leaving their rich feeding grounds, winging their way to mangrove roosts on other keys.

That vision of moonlight and silence, with the great white birds winging overhead, remains indelible in my mind. It symbolizes all that rich but perishable heritage of life and beauty—rare and irreplaceable—that still remains and that an aggressive program of bird-protection is dedicated to preserve.

Good will is the mightiest practical force in the universe.
—CHARLES FLETCHER DOLE



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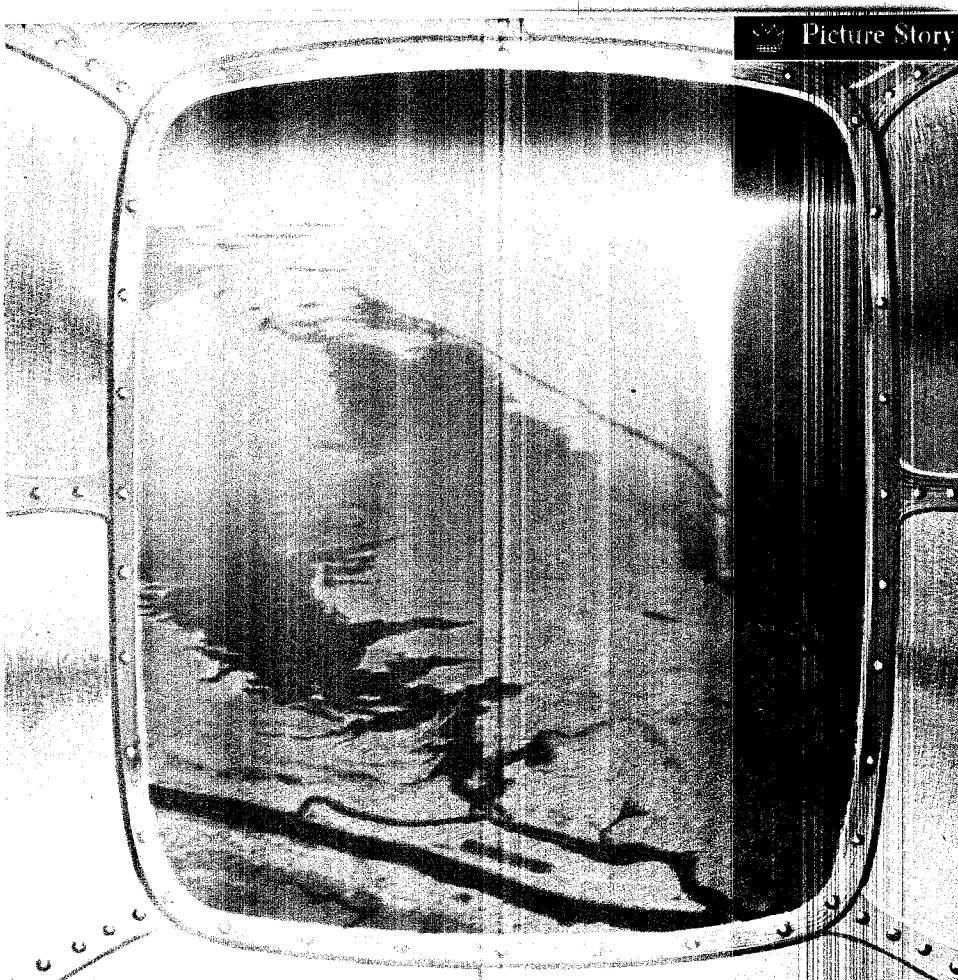

# By Rocket to Mars in 18 Days

WITH THE development of atomic power, man's dream of flight to the outer planets may well be realized in our lifetime. To portray such a flight, Coronet brings you the scientifically accurate paintings of Chesley Bonestell, artist and astronomer, and takes you on the thrilling adventure of man's first trip to Mars.

*It is 1986. Your atom-powered rocket ship roars up from the earth. Looking through your observation window you see the lights of New York, 25 miles below. Beyond lie the infinite mysteries of space . . .*

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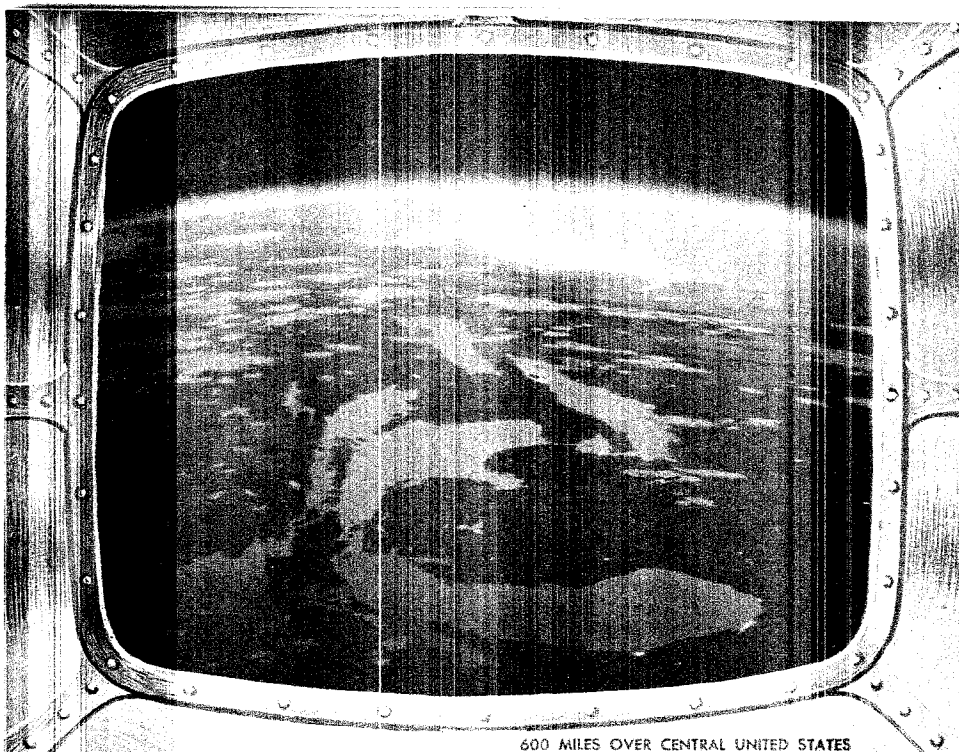

600 MILES OVER CENTRAL UNITED STATES

# The Challenge of Beckoning Space

THE BOUNDLESS space beyond the earth is man's last frontier, a challenge to his daring and ingenuity. You are moving forward to meet that challenge, hurtling through more than 36 million hazardous miles to reach Mars. Soaring from the rocket field in New York and cruising due east, you have circled the earth once, flying higher and higher, gaining momentum to overcome the gravitational pull of the earth, which strains with tremendous force to hold you back. Now hundreds of miles below you is the shimmering network of the Great Lakes. The bright dot to your right near the bottom of the window is Chicago by night at the southern tip of Lake Michigan. 2,250 miles away, beyond the wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, the horizon stretches and curves in a luminous arc.

*As the first passenger in a rocket bound for Mars, you are traveling at a speed so fast that your mind can scarcely grasp its meaning. You can only guess what lies ahead.*

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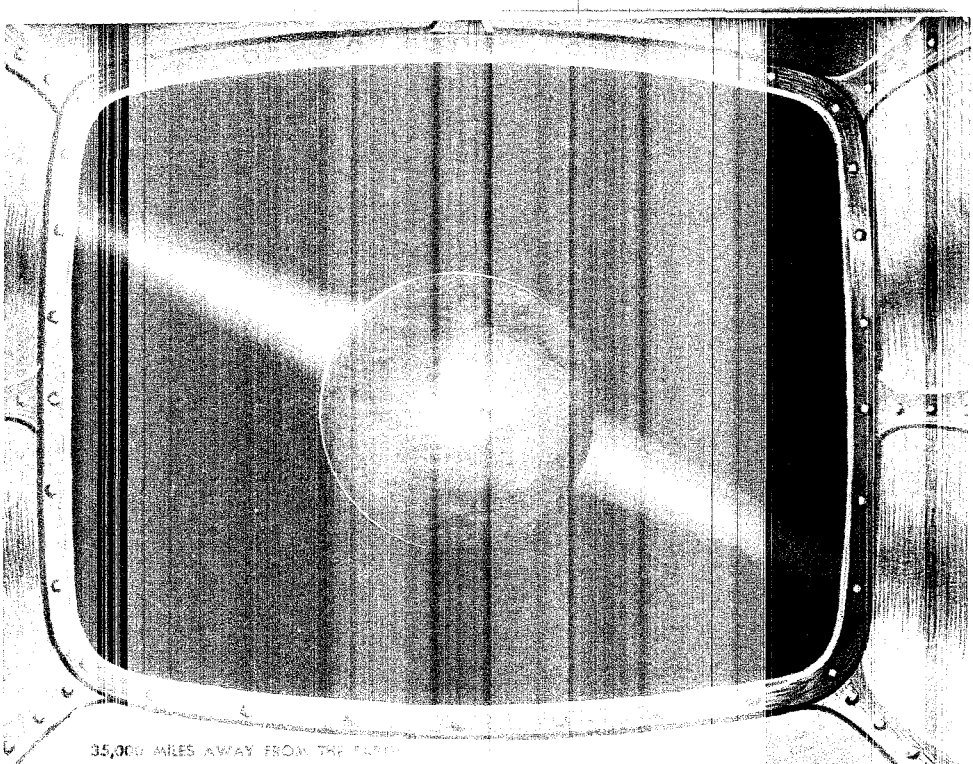


## Into the Realm of the Stars

TRAVELING MANY times faster than sound, you are now far enough from the earth to look back and see it hanging like a strange globe in space. The brilliant shaft which seems to bisect it is the zodiacal light, believed by astronomers to be caused by vast swarms of tiny meteors and dust particles revolving around the sun and reflecting its light. While you were still earth-bound you saw this light as a glow in the east before dawn or in the west after twilight. From your seat in the rocket you can see with dramatic clarity how the sun's light divides the earth into areas of day and night. In the Atlantic Ocean, you can see the reflection of the moon which is illuminating Africa; while to the west a thin red line shows you where the sun is setting. Beyond that line, in North America, it is broad daylight.

*The rocket is streaking toward the moon. You are breathing deeply of your helium-oxygen mixture. You have attained a speed of 235,800 miles per hour.*

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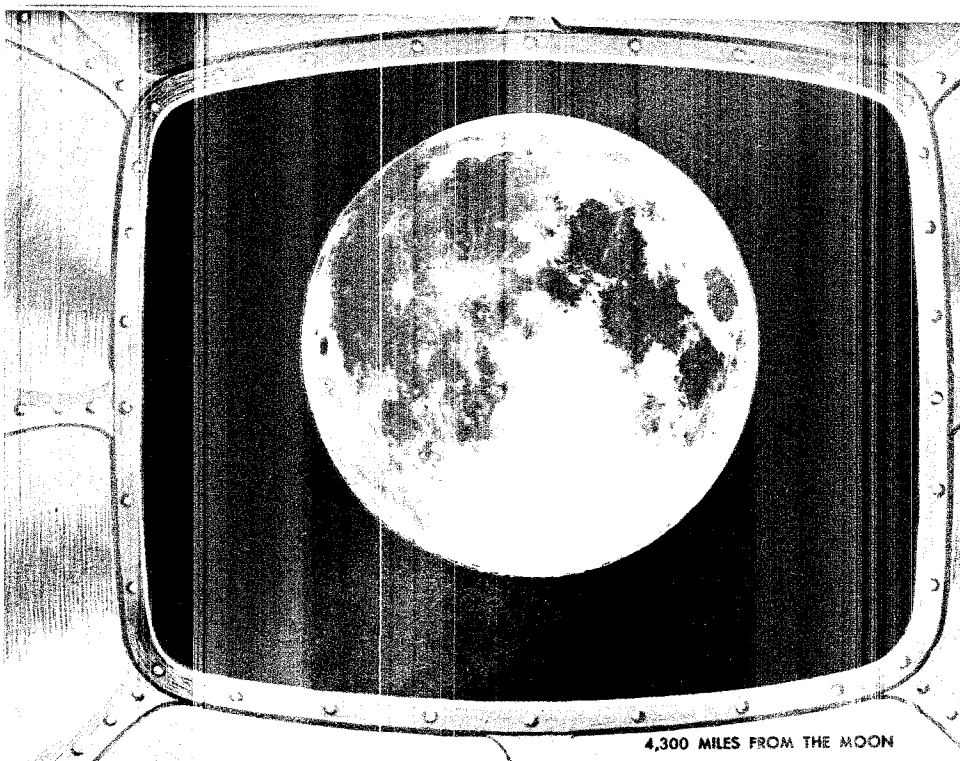

4,300 MILES FROM THE MOON

# The Face of the Man in the Moon

IN LESS than an hour you are quite near the moon. At this distance you can see the craters and plains which make the face of the "man in the moon." This is the only side of the moon men have ever seen before, for the motion of the huge, revolving mass is so timed that the same side is always facing the earth. The moon has no light of its own but reflects the sun's light by which you now see the arid plains which cover about half of its surface. In the lower left quarter of the desolate ball, near its south pole, you can see the white streaks which radiate from the crater of Tycho. Many astronomers believe these streaks to be powdered rock. Their origin is not clear and since there are few disturbances on the moon, they have been there for ages—and will probably remain for many more.

*You are coming closer to the moon. All about you in the strange darkness lies the Milky Way, a fascinating, glittering pathway of uncounted billions of stars.*

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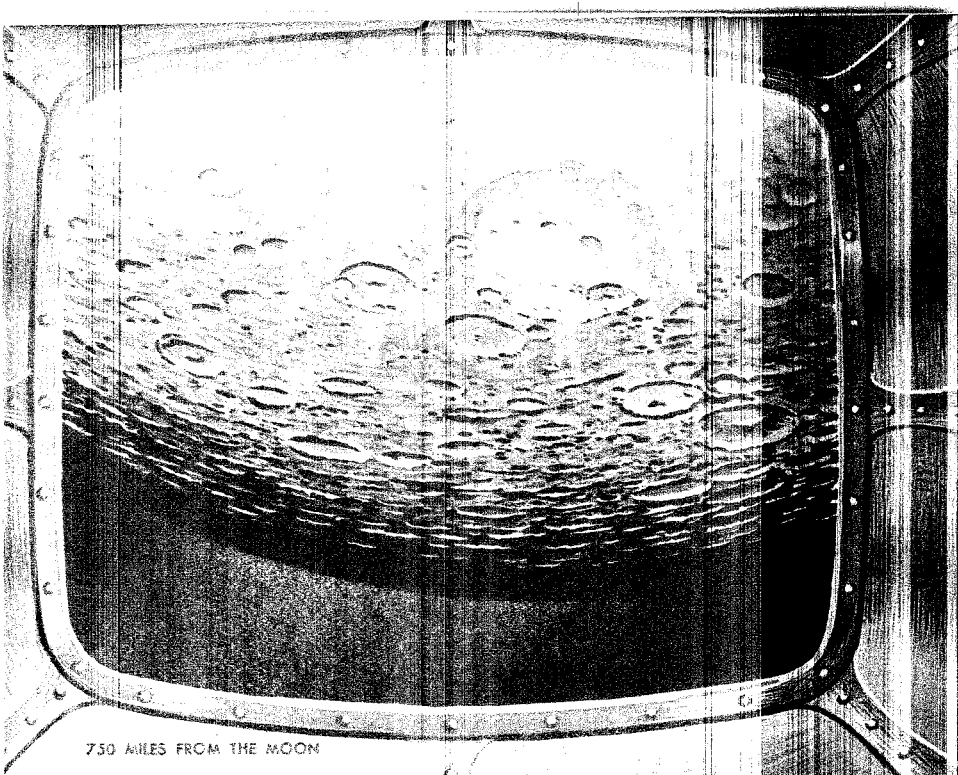

750 MILES FROM THE MOON

# Under the Moon into Darkness

NOW LOOMING large in your window is the roughest section of the moon, the area surrounding its south pole. You can see clearly the thousands of craters which pock and dimple its surface. You have a closer and fuller view of the mysterious streaks which radiate from Tycho. As you watch with breathless interest, you are struck by the depth of the craters, some of which have sides that rise higher than Mount Everest, the highest mountain peak on earth. You note that some seem to be mountain ranges circling about smooth, bright valleys, while others appear as tremendous holes sinking into hidden, fathomless depths. Like most things beyond the earth, the craters are mysteries. No one knows if they were caused by the eruptions of volcanoes or by huge meteors falling like rain on the moon.

*As you pass under the moon you realize that this is only the first step of your journey into space. Millions of miles remain yet to be conquered.*

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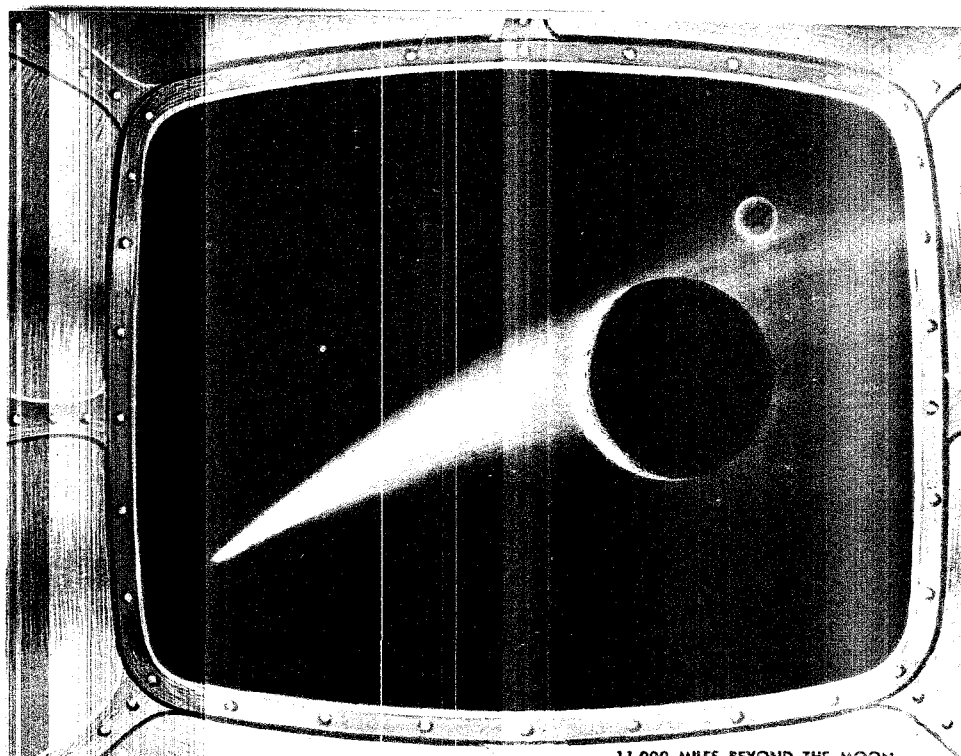

11,000 MILES BEYOND THE MOON

# The Silent Splendor of Infinity

HERE, ELEVEN thousand miles beyond the moon, you look back to see what no man has ever seen before—the moon's hidden face. In the darkness Halley's Comet appears before your startled eyes, its brilliant tail streaming across the sky for more than 20 million miles. The sun's rays cast a crescent of light on the moon, while far beyond, the earth, too, catches the sun's light and hangs like a smaller, less glamorous imitation. Now for the first time the pull of the earth has no meaning for you. The rocket's motor is shut off and you feel the eerie sensation of being completely without weight. With difficulty you keep from bumping against the rocket's ceiling. Food drifts away at the touch of your hand. Water will not pour. You are floating freely through millions of miles of space to Mars.

*You have the sudden, terrifying feeling that your own world has vanished, and that neither day nor night nor time nor space exists in this strange immensity.*

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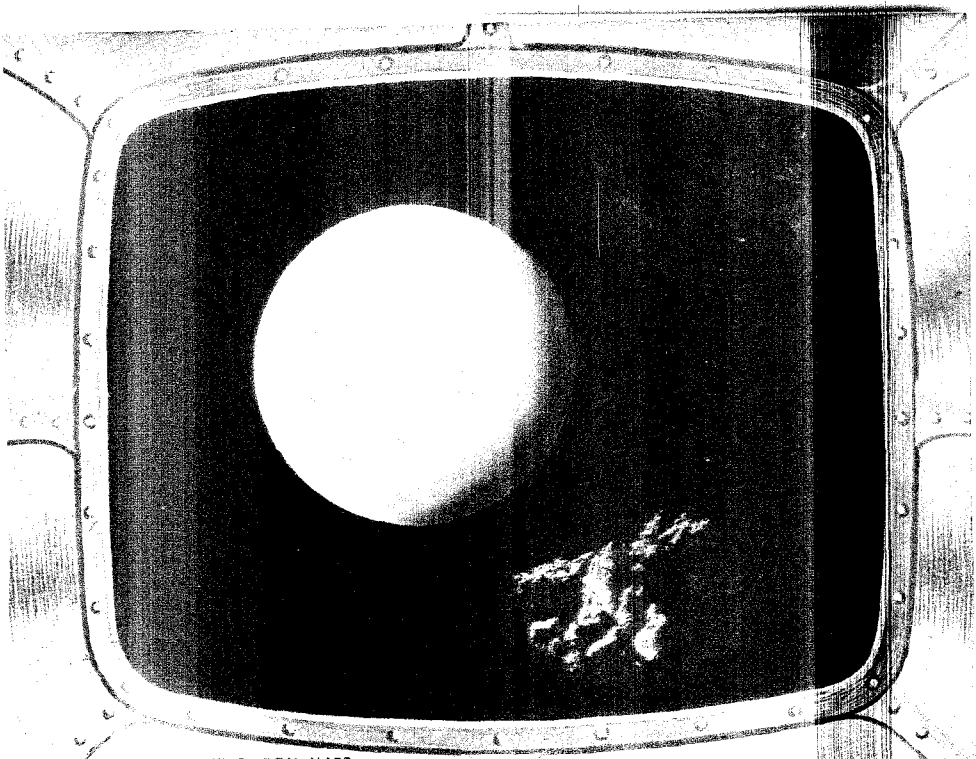

12,000 MILES FROM MARS

# At Mars' Shimmering Gates

As you come swiftly toward Mars it assumes breath-taking reality. It is lit by the sun whose light it shares with the earth and the moon. Through your window you can see the ruddy surface which covers three-fifths of its area. But made even more conspicuous by its dramatic contrast is the whiteness of the southern polar cap at the lower edge of the planet. Scientists believe that this white cap is composed of snow, for they know that Mars has seasons similar to the earth's, during which snow would probably fall. There are no oceans or seas on Mars, and the planet receives its scant water supply from the melting of its two polar caps. The jagged rock below Mars is Deimos, a satellite similar to our moon but much smaller than it, having a diameter of only eight miles. It circles Mars every thirty hours.

*In your race toward Mars, miles have shrunk to meaningless numbers, as the goal which has beckoned men for countless centuries seems to rush toward you.*

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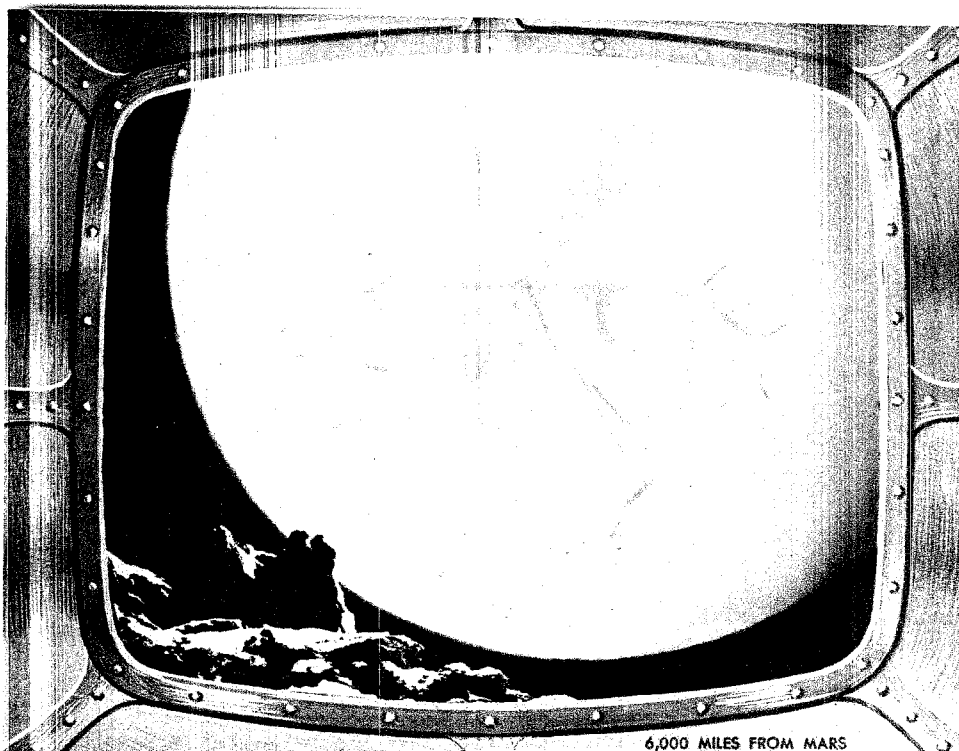

6,000 MILES FROM MARS

# The Dream Approaches Reality

THE MINUTE hand of your watch has scarcely moved when Mars and its inner satellite, Phobos, seem to fill your window. Phobos, which appears to be touching Mars, is in reality a greater distance from it than Los Angeles is from New York. It is the only satellite in the solar system to rise in the west and set in the east. As it revolves in space its rugged surface gives it the appearance of a flying mountain. The blue-green mass which you see near the top of the window is Syrtis Major, a large area of Mars' northern hemisphere. You are able to distinguish the faint streaks of the so-called Martian canals, at one time thought to be the work of intelligent creatures seeking to trap the water melting from the polar caps. It is now thought possible that they are actually strips of vegetation many miles wide.

*Now the drama of your flight nears its climax. Within the rocket, you begin to know the uneasiness of a lonely trespasser on alien, perhaps forbidden, ground.*

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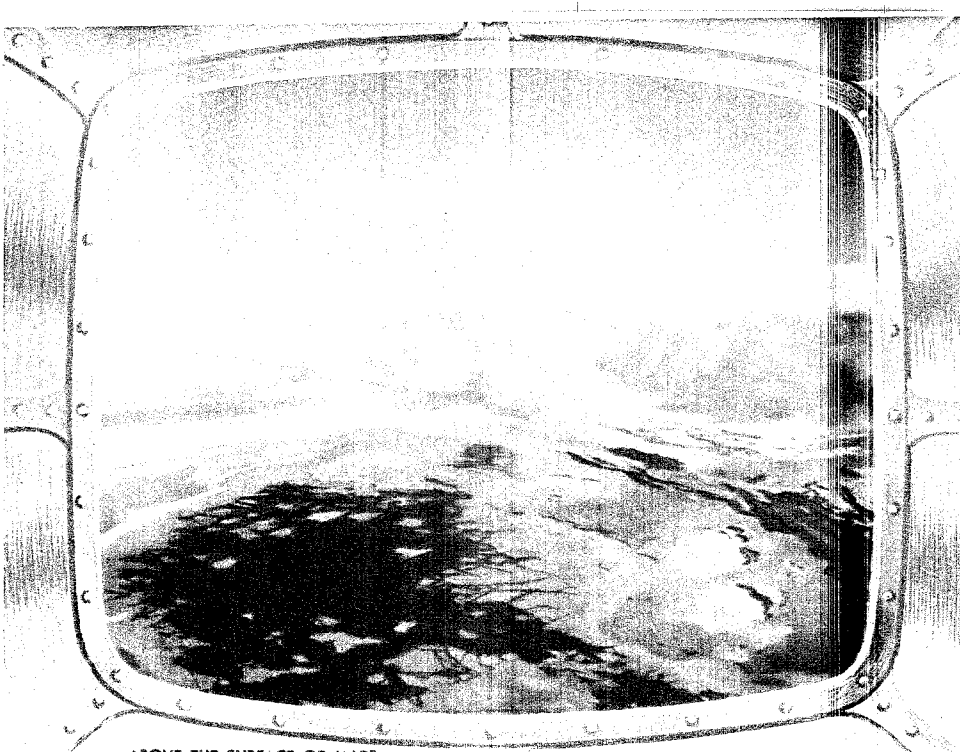

ABOVE THE SURFACE OF MARS

# On the Rim of a New World

AT LAST the great moment arrives. Below you, on Mars, an icy wind blows clouds of dust across the vast tracts of Martian desert and over the canals and frozen ponds. Most of Mars' surface seems arid and less rugged than either the earth or the moon. The piercingly cold air contains only a tiny fraction of the amount of oxygen you are accustomed to, and when you land you will need the constant aid of an oxygen mask in order to breathe easily. The surface gravity, too, will be much less than it is on earth, and you will be able to lift 250 pounds here as easily as you could lift 100 pounds back in New York. Now you adjust your pressure-proof space suit and prepare to land. Before you are the answers to the age-old riddles of mankind. Soon you will stand amid the wonders of a new-found world.

*You have reached Mars in eighteen days. And yet as the great adventure into space ends, you know that in reality it is only just beginning.*

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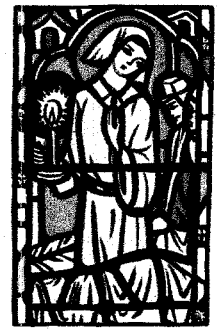
Florence Nightingale, mother of modern nursing, kindled a flame that will never die

# Lady with a Lamp



FLORENCE Nightingale was a woman with a strange and elusive dream. While most young women yearn for love and romance, for ease and gracious living, she dreamed of giving up these things for a lifetime of service to the sick and unfortunate.

Born to an enviable place in English society, she rebelled against a life of senseless pleasure; she had seen enough of London's hospitals and almshouses to dismay her. Yet her determination to become a nurse met with stubborn parental opposition.

The Nightingales' objection is easy to understand, in view of the times in which they lived. Most hospital nurses were coarse, ignorant, dirty, often brutal. But, Florence Nightingale argued, they did not have to be. Nursing could be made clean, efficient, respectable.

But her parents were firm and she dutifully accepted their dictate. Nevertheless she continued to visit the sick wherever she could. When at last her parents realized the dream would not die, they reluctantly broke with prejudices and conventions. In 1853, Florence Nightingale became the superintendent of a London nursing home.

Soon came her chance to prove her real mettle. When the Crimean War broke out in 1854, all England was stunned by reports from military hospitals at the front — thousands of wounded men were dying for lack of care. Florence Nightingale, volunteering for service, sailed with 38 nurses for the Crimea.

There she found conditions even worse than described. Barrack-hospitals were rotting from age, encrusted with filth. Florence Nightingale scoured and scrubbed and disinfected; fought army red tape to get supplies, to bring order out of confusion, to save lives. To her grateful patients she became what she now symbolizes to the world—an angel of mercy.

The Crimean War left Florence Nightingale an invalid, but she never forsook her calling. "The Lady With the Lamp" carried her lamp back to light England and all the world. Though ill and in pain, she established the Nightingale Training School for Nurses, birthplace of modern nursing. For its students she wrote the pledge—eloquent, simple and beautiful—which nurses everywhere repeat when they finish probational training and don their crisp white caps.

Florence Nightingale died in 1910, but her enduring spirit lives on. Today, her lamp shines more brightly than ever, its flame still clean and true. —BEN KARTMAN



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# PLEDGE

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly:

To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

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KODACHROME BY DR. C. O. SCHNEIDER

# Secrets of the Orchid

*by* KEITH HARRIS

IF YOU were to wander into a laboratory where orchids are bred, you might think you were in a spotless clinic. Like doctors and hospital attendants, orchid growers wear sterile caps, gowns and masks, and the instruments they use are hygienically clean. For orchid-raising is a science that requires absolute sanitation, meticulous care, constant study and—above all—patience.

That is why the commendable ideal of "orchids for everyone" is far from realization. Remember, it takes eight long years for most orchid plants to bloom, though some produce flowers in four years or even less. What's more, it is not uncommon for a grower to pay thousands of dollars for a single



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plant. Obviously, then, he can't sell the flowers at bargain prices.

True, you can occasionally pick up some sort of orchid for 75 cents to $2. The reason: during an unusually warm season, orchid growers get a great many blooms. Then the supply is greater than the demand. Gradually the flowers fade and the retailers cut the price lest a shipment go to waste. And there you are: a lovely splash of color pinned to your shoulder or in your hair—but a splash that is not guaranteed to last.

If you have the patience to spray and water, coddle and wet-nurse a plant daily for years; if you are willing to study about heat and light, breeding and transplanting and a dozen other intricate horticultural details, you *might* be able to grow your own orchids. But then again you might not, for the breeding of orchids remains a closely guarded secret.

Most growers will gladly sell their flowers but not their plants. As one experienced grower, Andrew Benson of Des Plaines, Illinois, puts it: "If I gave a plant away, then anyone could breed the same thing." For that reason, instead of recording his flowers on garden or seed-pedigree lists, he keeps a "stud book" locked in a safe. In the book he records the genealogy of each bloom, back to the Adam and Eve of the species.

In their tropical habitat, where orchids grow in riotous profusion, the bumblebee carries the pollen. In greenhouses, the grower of hybrids must do the work of the bee, pollenizing his flowers by a precise scientific formula. If he wants a plant that will produce blooms at Christmas time, he crosses a July plant with an October plant. Eight years later, if all goes well, the new breed should provide flowers for the holiday trade.

In pollenizing, the grower snaps off the little sac inside the flower, opens it and smears its sticky substance on the inside of the flower he is crossbreeding. In ten or twelve months the seed pod is opened, revealing hundreds of thousands of seeds finer than grains of sand. The pod is then put in a test tube containing a chemical and shaken vigorously. If the chemical turns yellow the seeds are probably good. But to make certain, they are examined under a microscope.

Next a flask is filled with a nutrient solution of nine chemicals and sugar. Over this base is poured a thin covering of sterile water. Then the seeds of the orchid plant are scattered evenly over the chemicals and the flask is sealed airtight.

When the tiny seeds begin to swell, they turn from yellow to green and start to grow infinitesimal roots. After the roots begin to show, water is poured into the flask and the germinated seeds are floated up and poured out on muslin. Then one man, working with tweezer-like instruments, puts the seeds one by one in a community pot containing peat, fiber and moss. The orchid is ready at last to begin life on its own, without benefit of artificial food.

Thus far, it has taken about a year for the seeds to develop, another year for them to germinate. Now they spend a third year in the large community pot. At the end of that time the tiny sprouts are placed in individual one-inch pots where



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they stay for three years. Finally they are transferred to larger pots, there to remain until at last they are ready to bloom.

ORCHIDS DEMAND ideal conditions to survive. The warm, moist days and cool nights of the jungle must be duplicated. But that's not all. Orchids in the tropics are tree plants, so the florist places the pots on tables, high off the ground; thus air can circulate beneath them. Then, too, orchids require shade—the hot sun shining through glass in summer would kill them—so part of the greenhouse roof is painted to diffuse the light. Because of all this painstaking care, the hybrid orchid is more beautifully colored, more resistant, and remains fresh longer than the wild variety.

The best orchid, say growers, is the one with the most ruffles and fluted edges; the most costly is the white orchid, a freak offspring of a dark lavender flower. By crossing certain yellow and lavender varieties, growers are now able to produce a white flower, or a white with yellow lips, about 50 per cent of the time. These varieties have a delicate beauty all their own, yet they are anything but fragile. They stay fresh for at least ten days and never turn brown.

If an orchid has been picked and is not being worn, the stem should be put in water, to keep air from getting at it and wilting the flower. And though there seem to be two schools of thought among the ladies on how to wear an orchid, there's really only one correct way: right side up, so you can look full into its lovely face.

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When death took the stage, a gay matinee became an afternoon of horror

# The Iroquois Theater Fire

*by* EDDIE FOY AND ALVIN F. HARLOW

THE MOST MEMORABLE engagement of my theatrical career, *Mr. Bluebeard*, opened the new Iroquois Theater in Chicago on November 23, 1903. The Iroquois was one of the finest in the country—a palace of marble and plate glass, plush and mahogany and gilding. It was also considered the last word in efficiency and safety. Instead, it proved to be a fire-dipped death trap.

We drew big crowds through Christmas week. On Wednesday afternoon, December 30, many were standing. Unable to get passes for my wife and youngsters, I decided to take only Bryan, age six, and stow him where I could. I tried to get a seat for him down front, but none were left so I put him on a stool at the right of the stage.

As I looked over the crowd during the first act, it struck me that I had never seen so many women and children in an audience—teachers and students on Christmas vacation. The house seated 1,600 but there were more than 2,000 that afternoon and 400 more backstage.

At the beginning of the second act, eight men and eight women had a pretty number called *In the Pale Moonlight*. The stage was flooded with bluish light while they sang and danced. It was then that the trouble began. One of the big lights blew its fuse and a bit of gauzy drapery caught fire at the right of the stage, about 15 feet above the floor.

The blowing of a fuse had already caused a fire during our Cleveland engagement, but it was quickly extinguished. Nevertheless the electricians continued to carry too much power on the wires in order to get the desired lighting effect.

I was to come on in a few minutes and was in my dressing room making up. Hearing a commotion outside, I opened the door. Instantly I knew something was deadly wrong; it could be nothing but fire. My first thought was for Bryan, so I ran into the wings. Not 40 seconds had elapsed since I heard the first commotion—but already terror was beginning.

When the blaze was first discovered, two stagehands tried to extinguish it. But flame spread through those tinder-like fabrics with terrible rapidity. Within a minute the fire was beyond control by anything but a hose.

If the house force had ever had fire drills, there was no evidence of it in their actions. The stage manager was absent at the moment, and several stagehands were across the street in a saloon. No one had even

Excerpted from the book *Clowning Through Life*, by Eddie Foy and Alvin F. Harlow, published at $3 by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York City; copyright by Dutton & Co.

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taken the trouble to locate an alarm box in or near the theater, and a stagehand ran several blocks to turn in the alarm.

MEANWHILE THE audience became frightened; somebody yelled "Fire!" I ran into the wings, shouting for Bryan. The lower borders on that side were aflame. I found my boy and started with him towards the rear. But all those women and children out in front haunted me—the hundreds of little ones who would be trodden underfoot in a panic. I must do what I could to save them!

I tossed Bryan into the arms of a stagehand, crying "Take my boy out!" Then I turned and ran on the stage, right through the singers, still doing their part though the scenery was blazing over them. I was a grotesque figure for such a tragic occasion—tights and comic shoes, a short smock, a wig with a ridiculous little pigtail.

The crowd, already showing signs of panic, was beginning to surge towards the doors. I shouted: "Don't get excited! There's no danger! Take it easy!" Then to Dillea, the orchestra leader: "Play! An overture—anything! But play!"

Some musicians were fleeing, but a few stuck nobly. "Take your time, folks! No danger!" And sidewise into the wings: "The asbestos curtain! For God's sake, doesn't anybody know how to lower it?"

Down came the curtain slowly, two-thirds of the way—then stopped, caught on the wire on which a ballet girl made her flight over the audience. Then a strong draft, coming through the back doors by which the company was fleeing, bellied the curtain out into the auditorium, letting flame through at the sides.

"Lower it! Cut the wire!" I yelled. "Don't be frightened, folks! Go slow! No danger! Play, Dillea!"

Below me, Dillea was still swinging his baton; a brave, fat little violinist was still fiddling furiously. But no one could hear him now, for the roar of the flames was added to the roar of the mob. In the upper tiers they were in a mad stampede—their screams, groans and snarls, the scuffle of thousands of feet and of bodies grinding against bodies merging into a half-wail, half-roar.

Then a cyclonic blast of fire burst outward from the stage into the auditorium—a flash and a roar as when a heap of loose powder is touched off. A huge billow of flame leaped past me and seemed to reach even to the balconies. A shower of blazing fragments fell, setting my wig to smoldering. A curtain fringe overhead was burning. The curtain itself was disintegrating. Thin and not wire-reinforced, it was another cheat!

Now the last of the musicians had fled. I could do nothing more and might as well go too. By this time the inferno behind me was so terrible that I had to grope through flame and smoke to reach the stage door, still jammed with our people getting out. Nearly all the actors and stage employees escaped—saved by the failure of the asbestos curtain to come down, which let the bulk of the death-carrying flame roll out into the auditorium.

As I left the stage the last of the ropes holding up the drops burned through, and the whole loft col-



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lapsed with a terrifying crash, bringing down tons of burning material. All the lights went out and another great balloon of flame leaped into the auditorium, licking the ceiling and killing scores in the gallery.

THE HORROR IN THE auditorium was beyond all description. There were 30 exits, but few were marked by lights, some even had heavy portieres, and many doors were locked or fastened with levers which no one knew how to work. Other doors leading from the upper tiers to the fire escapes seemed to be either rusted or frozen, and by the time they were burst open, precious lives had been lost.

The fire-escape ladders could not accommodate the crowd, and many fell or jumped to death on the pavement below. When one balcony exit was opened, those who surged onto the platform found they could not descend the steps because flames were leaping from the exit below. The iron platform was crowded with women and children. Some died there; others crawled over the railing and fell to the pavement.

But it was inside the theater that the greatest loss of life occurred, especially on the stairways leading from the balcony. Here most of the dead were trampled or smothered—in places bodies were piled eight feet deep. The heel prints on the dead faces testified mutely to the cruel fact that human animals stricken by terror are as mad and ruthless as stampeding cattle.

Never did a great fire disaster occur so quickly. From its start until all the audience had escaped or been killed took just eight minutes. Firemen arrived after the alarm and extinguished the flames so promptly that only the plush upholstery was burned off the seats.

Within ten minutes from the beginning of the fire, bodies were being laid in rows on the sidewalks, and all the ambulances and deadwagons in the city could not keep up with the ghastly harvest. Within 24 hours Chicago knew that at least 587 were dead, and many more injured.

The Iroquois horror brought about a country-wide investigation and house-cleaning. Stringent ordinances regarding exits were enforced; some theaters were compelled to make costly repairs; others were declared hopeless firetraps and permanently closed. So despite the horror and tragedy of the Chicago disaster, at least its aftermath brought safety to the millions of people who have attended shows and movies since that fateful December day in the "fireproof" Iroquois Theater.

## Supply and Demand

One man manufactured something the people needed. He made a living. Another manufactured something they wanted. He made a fortune. —*The Welchman*



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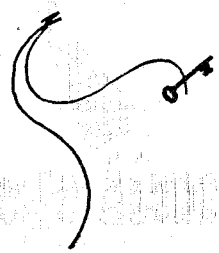
# JAIL

How the wisdom of its superintendent transformed a Reformatory for Women



*by* CAROL HUGHES

"WOMEN ARE NOT natural criminals or leaders," says Mrs. Marguerite Reilley, superintendent of the Ohio Reformatory for Women. "They'll get into robbery mixups for someone they love. They'll steal for them if necessary. That's why most of them are here."

Marguerite Reilley knows whereof she speaks. For 10 years she has associated with every type of female criminal, convicted for forgery, kidnaping, manslaughter, incest and murder. Yet the Reformatory at Marysville, Ohio, is a unique prison. If it were not for the white iron bars at windows it could easily be mistaken for a girls' private school. It has no guards, no fences; the girls walk in and out with every appearance of freedom.

The cells are not cells. They are attractive rooms, with single beds, vanities, rockers, white curtains and fancy spreads. The prison has a tennis court, ball field, playground, movie theater and chapel. Yet with all its appearance of freedom, there has never been a break engineered from outside, and only a few from inside. The prison motto is: "Before you is a green light. This road is not dead end."

The reformatory lives up to its motto. Any girl who enters is not only given every opportunity to start a new life but is taught by patient hands to be better equipped to lead it. This doesn't mean, however, that Marysville is inhabited by college prima donnas. On the contrary the girls probably work harder than girls in any other prison, for Mrs. Reilley thinks hard work is their salvation. But through her merit system a girl can learn to be a dental assistant, nurse, hospital attendant, beauty operator; can master the arts of cooking, sewing, chicken farming, dramatics or a dozen other courses from books and correspondence schools.

Tall, kind-faced, gray-haired Mrs. Reilley is a novelty in penal progress. She has a million-dollar personality—and heart. Most of her experience, prior to Marysville, had been of the "uplift type"—teaching incorrigible boys, serving



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as director of Cleveland's public playgrounds, practicing privately as a lawyer. "The pictures I had seen of hard-boiled matrons with guns strapped to their hips," she says, "convinced me that I wanted nothing to do with prison life."

After serving as assistant prosecuting attorney for Cuyahoga County for six years, she went into law for herself. She was doing well when one day the phone rang. "It's the Governor," said her secretary.

Governor Davey wasted no words. "Hello, Marguerite," he said. "I want you to take over the Ohio Reformatory."

Mrs. Reilley blurted: "What on earth would I want to do that for? The answer is *no!*"

But the Governor did not give up. He kept phoning. "Just go to Marysville and have a look," he pleaded. Next day Mrs. Reilley and her husband went up and had a look, but the answer still was no.

Then the Governor called again, calm and cordial. "Marguerite," he said, "do me a favor. Go up and take over Marysville for a month until I get someone."

Provoked now, Mrs. Reilley said: "All right, but you better have *someone in a month!*" The Governor chuckled and hung up. Mrs. Reilley went back to the Reformatory and set out on a tour. "It was a jail, all right," she says.

The place was filthy and disorganized. Matrons and attendants were indifferent, sullen. But it was the girls that shocked Marguerite Reilley. Bedraggled, lifeless, unkempt, they slunk against the wall when a person passed. This roused her Irish spirit. "Look here," she said again and again, "when I pass you, don't put your head down like a whipped dog. Look up!"

That was 10 years ago. Marguerite Reilley has been a permanent institution since—without a vacation. "That Governor!" she laughs. "He knew that one look at those lifeless, hopeless girls would do me in. I could think only of the endless procession to come and go, hating law, order and society. But—how wonderful for me that I thought of that and decided to stay."

IT HAS BEEN wonderful for Marysville too. From that first day the Reformatory began a reformation of its own. Every girl was put into a bright, clean uniform. Daily baths became mandatory. All girls were told to hold their heads up, look squarely at people when talking. Cleanliness became the rule. A beauty shop was installed, and time was allowed for haircuts, waves and permanents. Lipstick and cosmetics were permitted. Flowers for the hair and jewelry for dresses won Mrs. Reilley's approval.

Kindness was her intent but firmness was her manner. The girls were told certain rules: to say "thank you," to stand when officials entered the room, to be clean and neat at all times, to do whatever job was assigned them. When one girl was resentful, Mrs. Reilley said: "Give her so much work she won't have enough energy left to explode." But while rigid discipline was applied where needed, Mrs. Reilley was going around talking to the girls, asking "How is your work?" and "How are you getting along?"

The girls began to react like a sponge to water. Gloomy rooms



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underwent a change. Spreads and curtains appeared. Up went pictures. Radios came in. Mrs. Reilley installed a commissary. Everybody started knitting, sewing, making scarfs and towels. Faces brightened, spirits soared.

Mrs. Reilley smiles. "Women are created to be mothers," she says. "They are home-loving people. Give a woman a cell and she'll turn it into a home. That's why I say no woman of normal intelligence is naturally a criminal. She will attach her affection and loyalty to a man—and do anything for him. But one almost never sees a woman as a leader."

One of the most violent cases under Mrs. Reilley's jurisdiction is a girl called Julia. Julia fell in love with a married man. The affair progressed to a point where Julia would do anything to "get her man." But the wife was adamant. She had a child, and would not grant a divorce.

The husband and Julia plotted. He drove his wife and child into the woods and stepped out of the car—thus exonerating himself. Julia stepped from the bushes and shot the wife. "She killed for two reasons," Mrs. Reilley points out. "She wanted to get her man and she wanted to show off in his eyes—to be great."

In her approach to the criminal woman, Mrs. Reilley is always prepared to accept her just as she is. No matter what the crime, the girl is treated just like all the other inmates. Everyone at Marysville tries to help her in every way possible. The results of this program are obvious. The girls are alert, poised, up-to-date looking.

Their health is given every consideration. The diet is well-balanced and the need for medicine is a rarity. A dentist comes once a week, while a modern hospital takes care of any ailment, even to the birth of babies for girls who arrive at Marysville pregnant. A nursery is provided until the child is taken by welfare agencies and cared for until the mother is released.

THE WHITE girls of the prison call Mrs. Reilley "Darling"; the Negro girls say: "Mother Dear." Neither is pretense. A tour of the reformatory with Mrs. Reilley convinces even the most skeptical that the prisoners are genuinely fond of her, and she of them. They know she is their best friend—will do more for them than anyone else. They know too that when she "lets go," she can speak their language, and even go them one better.

One intelligent 47-year-old woman who came in was addicted to drugs and alcohol. She and Mrs. Reilley became good friends. When it was time for her to go she said: "Darling, I want you to promise that if I ever call up, you will come to me." Mrs. Reilley promised.

Two years passed and the phone rang one night at 12 o'clock. "Darling," said the woman, "come and get me, I'm heading for trouble." Mrs. Reilley gasped: "You're drunk!" Yes, admitted the woman, she was drunk in Columbus and afraid of results.

Mrs. Reilley got in her car and drove 25 miles to Columbus. The woman was at a bar, raucous and having a good time. Mrs. Reilley said: "Now be quiet. I'll pay your bill and we'll slip out unnoticed."



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Just as they reached the door the woman turned to the crowd and put her arms around Mrs. Reilley. "Good-bye, all you nice people!" she called. "Darling is taking me home so I won't get in trouble." Six voices replied: "Hi, Darling! How's Marysville?"

The Reformatory's neglected girls are Mrs. Reilley's chief concern. If she notes a girl who has no trinkets, no flowers for her hair, no packages from friends or home, she is not satisfied until some have been procured. At Christmas-time all boxes are catalogued and held until Christmas Eve. Then any girl without a box gets a "Reilley Special."

When an inmate is in serious trouble, it is difficult to say who suffers most—the girl or the superintendent. When Johnnie Mae Gardner, 21 years old, came to prison she was under death sentence for the holdup murder of a Cincinnati jeweler. An appeal was made to Governor Lausche to commute her sentence. During the 30-day waiting period the girl didn't sleep—neither did Mrs. Reilley. Both grew wan and haggard. When the reprieve came, both had a good cry and went to bed. Johnnie had taken to religion seriously, and Mrs. Reilley knew there was hope.

"I want you to meet Martha," she tells you enthusiastically. "She's a dear!"

Dear Martha, it turns out, is the notorious Martha Wise of a hundred magazine and newspaper stories. A plain, poor, unimpressive woman, craving attention, her best dress and hat were black. So Martha killed and killed—because she liked to go to funerals. She was the kindest person present to the victims' relatives; everybody loved her.

She had killed four people when justice caught up with her. Today she appears to be the happiest person at Marysville. She loves "Darling," takes care of the chickens, is well liked. There is not a fence, gate or bar to keep Martha on her chicken farm, but she has never attempted to run away.

In fact, few of the girls ever try a break. When they do escape on rare occasion, they usually end up by calling "Darling" from the nearest town and asking her to come and get them. She does, and they take their punishment—loss of freedom, lower jobs and few recreations until they have re-earned them.

The only sensational break at the reformatory was staged by the notorious Velma West, a lifer, convicted for the hammer murder of her husband. Even Velma, before going, wrote a note of apology to Mrs. Reilley and thanked her for all her kindness. Velma was recaptured and brought back. Now she gets "careful watching" and less freedom.

MRS. REILLEY SAYS: "I love my job and I love my girls." Married 32 years to Frank W. Reilley, she has two children, Jean Reilley Goché and Frank W., Jr. The Reilleys own an old farm about five miles from the prison, but Mrs. Reilley spends most of her time at the Reformatory in the large brick house provided. She often sleeps in the house alone; seldom locks a window or door. The three honor inmates who take care of the house are convicted murderers. When asked if she isn't sometimes afraid without a gun or guard, Mrs.



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Reilley scoffs: "Heavens no! What could I be afraid of—my own girls?"

Obviously she isn't afraid of any person—or any group. When an occasional riot breaks out in one of the corridors, she marches into the fray alone, unarmed and with no man about. She stands with hands on hips and shouts above the din: "Now what's this all about?" Her presence is all that is necessary to restore order.

The dramatic club of Marysville is Mrs. Reilley's chief joy. Each girl is given a chance to try out for the annual show. All do. The shows have become famous in Ohio and play to packed houses. Mrs. Reilley stages and directs, her daughter Jean teaches dancing. The costumes —as good as Broadway's best—are all Reilley-designed. Evening clothes are provided by outside women's clubs. On the eve of a show the Marysville girls look like debutantes on their way to a party. The proceeds of the show provide such things as sports equipment and moving pictures.

Mrs. Reilley never questions a girl about her past; shows no curiosity about her criminal offenses. But if a girl comes to the office and wants to talk, she puts everything aside and says: "Now tell it all. Get it out of your system and forget it." Most girls like such a session. Usually they come out of the office with head up, eyes brighter.

Recently Judge Ralph Finley came to Marysville from New Philadelphia. "I've had four girls return to me after serving here," he said. "They actually thank me for sending them to the Reformatory. What in the world do you do to them?" He went away shaking his head. "I see now," he said, "but it's still hard to believe."

In reply to a statement from an outstanding criminologist that "women's penal institutions today are glorified country clubs," Mrs. Reilley defends her policy.

"If all these women were lifers," she says, "there would be no need for a forward program. But the average term is three to five years. It's my job to see that a girl leaving here is fit to be returned to society —fit to marry into your family, to be friends with your children, to live and work beside you.

"Anyway," she adds wistfully, "if girls only would be careful where and when they place their affections, be certain of a man's background and character before they decide he's 'for them,' then I would be out of a job. Most of my girls would have happy homes and children to keep them busy."

## Good Trick

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS a sergeant was preparing to fingerprint a suspect. "Wash your hands," he instructed.

"Both of them?" asked the other.

The police sergeant hesitated. "No," he said grimly, "just one. I want to see how you do it."

—PIERRE YDOBON



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Phil Baker

# Fun with the Quizmasters

with Phil Baker,
Ralph Edwards, Prof. Quiz,
Dr. I.Q. as Guest Editors

**Four famous radio quizmasters have selected your Game Book questions this month. The first quiz comes from Phil Baker, the *Take-It-or-Leave-It* man . . . and believe it or not, every question below is a $64 question that the contestant missed! So count $64 for every one you can answer correctly, and see how much money you can make. Get $640 or more and you deserve the jack-pot too; $512 is a good take, and $320 is average. You will find the answers on page 85.**

1. In what city is the Leaning Tower of Pisa?
2. Whose mother was Nancy Hanks?
3. Which horse race would be longer—five furlongs or half a mile?
4. Which of these Charlestons is a state capital—Charleston, W. Va., or Charleston, S. C.?
5. On what mountain did Noah's Ark come to rest?
6. How many queens did Henry VIII divorce?
7. What Roman general was warned to beware the Ides of March?
8. From whom did Joe Louis win his heavyweight title?
9. Is Reno, Nevada, on Eastern, Central, Mountain or Pacific time?
10. What ran away when the cow jumped over the moon?
11. In what murder trial was the Pig-Woman a star witness?
12. Who was the statue—Pygmalion or Galatea?
13. Is the Evening Star a star or a planet?
14. What does an ichthyologist specialize in?
15. What painter's last name was Buonarroti?



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# Take the Consequences

**Ralph Edwards**

"Tell the truth," says Ralph Edwards on his celebrated radio show, "or take the consequences." All the statements below are *un*true, but if they *were* true, what would be the consequences? Counting 10 points for each "consequence" you choose correctly, you need 60 points to pass; 80 is A+, and 100, of course, is perfect. The answers are on page 85.

1. Suppose the earth stopped rotating on its axis; there would be no more (a) seasons; (b) days and nights; (c) use for calendars.
2. Suppose Eve had not eaten the apple; people would not (a) work; (b) sleep; (c) exist at all.
3. If Adam and Eve had eaten the apple from the other tree, you would (a) know everything; (b) be immortal on earth; (c) not exist.
4. If Vespucci had not traveled, no continent would be called (a) Africa; (b) Australia; (c) America.
5. Suppose the philosopher's stone had been found; you would throw away your (a) diamonds; (b) gold; (c) beds.
6. Suppose Mahomet had never lived; there would be no (a) Islam; (b) Buddhism; (c) Mammonism.
7. And if Michelangelo had never lived there would be no (a) *Mona Lisa;* (b) *Last Supper;* (c) *Last Judgment.*
8. Suppose Martians came to earth; they would weigh (a) more than on Mars; (b) less; (c) the same.
9. And if we lived on the moon we would (a) smoke more; (b) smoke less; (c) not smoke.
10. Suppose trees had no leaves; we would all (a) suffocate; (b) disintegrate; (c) live on as usual.

---

***How Well Do You Know the King's English?***

**Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction until you've spelled out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, you can start with Q in the lower left-hand corner and spell *quota.* Do not use proper names; do not form plurals by adding "s" to three-letter words. Par on this one is 26 words in 25 minutes. Our word-list (page 85) has a total of 33 words; can you get more?**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| W | N | E | S | Y |
| P | L | B | G | X |
| D | H | O | M | A |
| K | U | C | T | F |
| Q | V | I | R | J |



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# The Professor's Go-betweens

**Prof. Quiz**

The scholarly Dr. Craig Earl, who as *Professor Quiz* is credited with popularizing radio quiz shows in the '30s, here presents an "in between" quiz. For example, a nickel would come between a penny and a dime. Pick the proper go-betweens below, and if you're good you'll get six correct; to pass, you need five correct. Answers are listed on page 85.

1. Between Washington and Jefferson came
   (*a*) John Adams
   (*b*) James Monroe
   (*c*) Samuel Adams
2. Between Tennessee and Indiana lies
   (*a*) Missouri
   (*b*) Kentucky
   (*c*) Virginia
3. Between Lt. Col. and Brig. Gen. comes
   (*a*) Major
   (*b*) Colonel
   (*c*) Commodore
4. Between France and Spain lies
   (*a*) Gibraltar
   (*b*) Monaco
   (*c*) Andorra
5. Between the Kaiser and Hitler came
   (*a*) Bismarck
   (*b*) Hindenburg
   (*c*) Horthy
6. Between Hoover and Willkie came
   (*a*) Dewey
   (*b*) Taft
   (*c*) Landon
7. Between the dark and the daylight comes
   (*a*) The Assyrian
   (*b*) The Children's Hour
   (*c*) A thief
8. Between ounce and pint comes
   (*a*) gill
   (*b*) gram
   (*c*) dram

***You're Apt To Miss This***

**In the tests often given to test one's "aptitude" for certain professions, two columns of figures are shown. The object is to tell, in one reading, in which cases the left-hand and the right-hand figures are precisely the same. Can you do it? Check with p. 85.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| a. | 12345678 | 12345678 |
| b. | 12467358 | 12467358 |
| c. | 13286547 | 13285647 |
| d. | 18653724 | 18635724 |
| e. | 18562743 | 18567243 |
| f. | 15327854 | 15327854 |
| g. | 68568258 | 68582568 |
| h. | 88887888 | 88888788 |

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# What's Your I.Q.?

**Dr. I.Q.**

Radio's *Dr. I.Q.* is a young man named Lew Valentine. He can "talk loud and talk fast" and he hands out coin of the realm to those fortunate souls who answer his questions correctly. Here are some questions selected by *Dr. I.Q.* Pay yourself off if you answer seven or more correctly; five is fair, anything less is below par. Answers on opposite page.

1. What is a tonsorial operation usually called?
2. If a Martian is an inhabitant of Mars, what planet does a Tellurian inhabit?
3. A man counting his living relatives discovered that all but two were cousins; all but two were nephews; all but two were uncles. How many relatives did he have living?
4. To what proverb am I referring when I say "In circumstances that longings were solid-hoofed herbivorous animals, indigent petitioners might be supported in motion"?
5. What is the main reason why a check for less than one dollar is not legal tender?
6. In England it is called *petrol*, in France *essence*. What do we call it?
7. If someone had asked Columbus, during his first voyage, "Where do you think you're going?" what would he have answered?
8. What can you enter by the front door and find yourself at the back of the building?
9. If a friend told you "the articulation between his femur, tibia and patella curved inward to the point of contact during ambulation"—what expression would describe his condition?
10. If your first finger is the *index finger*, what part of the hand is the pollex?

---

***Phil Baker's Favorite Ice-Breaker***

**Here's dinner-table diversion for frustrated pyromaniacs. With a little build-up about discovering a new law of physics, announce you have found a way to make smoke go down instead of up. You prove it to the skeptical by pinching tightly one end of a cellophane cigar wrapper and holding it while you set fire to the open end. As the wrapper burns, the smoke rolls down instead of up.**

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### *Fun with the Quizmasters*

1. Pisa, Italy
2. Abraham Lincoln's
3. Five furlongs (5/8 mile)
4. Charleston, W. Va.
5. Ararat
6. Two—Catherine of Aragon and Anne of Cleves
7. Julius Caesar
8. Jim Braddock
9. Pacific
10. "The dish ran away with the spoon."
11. The Hall-Mills trial
12. Galatea
13. A planet (Venus)
14. Fish
15. Michelangelo

### *Take the Consequences*

1. (b) days and nights
2. (a) work
3. (b) be immortal on earth
4. (c) America, named for Amerigo Vespucci
5. (b) gold
6. (a) Islam
7. (c) *Last Judgment*
8. (a) more than on Mars
9. (c) not smoke
10. (c) live on as usual

### *How Well Do You Know the King's English?*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| amble | cold | gambol | loud | plot |
| atom | cole | geld | mold | quirt |
| begat | coma | gold | mole | quit |
| bloc | comb | hold | otic | quota |
| blot | duct | hole | phlegmatic | rich |
| bold | gamble | lobe | pleb | told |
| bole | | loge | | touch |

### *The Professor's Go-betweens*

1. (*a*) John Adams
2. (*b*) Kentucky
3. (*b*) Colonel
4. (*c*) Andorra
5. (*b*) Hindenburg
6. (*c*) Landon
7. (*b*) The Children's Hour
8. (*a*) gill

### *You're Apt To Miss This*

In rows a, b and f the figures are the same.

### *What's Your I.Q?*

1. Haircut
2. The Earth
3. Three: one cousin, one nephew and one uncle
4. "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride"
5. No check is legal tender
6. Gasoline
7. Asia
8. Church, auditorium
9. Knock-kneed
10. Thumb



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When speeding plane and high-flying bird meet head-on, almost anything can happen

# Feathered Death in the Sky

*by* JOHN K. TERRES

IT WAS MIDNIGHT by the pilot's watch. Somewhere over Montana the DC-3 airliner roared through the night, climbing steadily at 8,000 feet. Suddenly the plane shuddered from a succession of terrific blows.

A large object penetrated the left wing; another smashed a vertical stabilizer; the rudders jammed; two objects hurtled through a propeller; another flattened against the engine cowl. It was as though the plane had been caught in a barrage of flak. But the objects weren't exploding shells. They were wild swans. In the darkness the airliner had plowed into a flock of them.

When the crippled plane landed, a portion of one swan taken from the wing weighed 11 pounds. Had a bird gone through the windshield the pilot might have been killed. He lived to make his report; but there have been fatal crashes that still remain a mystery. Undoubtedly some were caused by birds.

Commercial airliners now travel at about 200 miles an hour. Wild swans, ducks and geese fly at 50 m.p.h. and up. The combined speeds of plane and bird meeting head-on may be 250 miles an hour, enough to drive the streamlined body of a large bird through a plane's fabric like bullets through paper. One DC-3 pilot reported striking a wild goose at night with such force that the 12-pound bird catapulted through the windshield, then through the forward bulkhead, sped the length of the passenger cabin, tore through the rear wall and finally stopped in the baggage compartment. Anyone in the path of that feathered projectile would have been killed instantly.

Pilots and aeronautical engineers are solving the serious problem of plane versus bird in two ways. They are studying the migrations of birds in order to avoid meeting them, and they have invented protective devices for planes. The greatest threat to air travel occurs when our continental population of some 80,000,000 waterfowl fly north to their breeding grounds in the spring and return southward in the fall. According to Frederick C. Lincoln of the U. S. Department of Interior, there are four great "bird flyways,"



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each 50 to 100 miles wide and extending upward 10,000 feet. One of them parallels the Atlantic coast, another the Mississippi Valley, a third runs through Montana, Wyoming, the Dakotas and Nebraska to the Gulf of Mexico, and the fourth along the Pacific coast.

Lincoln has supplied the Civil Aeronautics Administration with maps of migration routes and tables showing the months and locations of greatest bird activity. Most waterfowl travel below 3,000 feet, so pilots try to fly higher during the migration seasons. Yet not all birds observe the 3,000-foot ceiling.

Gerald Rogers, Pan-American pilot, has seen flocks of geese at 8,000 feet, while Capt. Neil T. McMillan of Eastern Airlines has struck songbirds at 3,700 feet and seen swallows at 8,000. In the daytime, McMillan says, birds make frantic attempts to dodge planes and usually succeed. Most of his accidental collisions occurred while landing or taking off.

One New Year's morning, M. Gould Beard, now director of flight engineering for American Air Lines, was co-pilot of an American Airways plane piloted by Capt. Harry Musick. Near Louisville, a flock of 15 turkey buzzards were sighted directly ahead. As the airliner approached the vultures calmly continued circling.

Musick was positive they would get out of the way but his confidence was ill-placed. Three of the vultures were hit and one came crashing through the windshield, knocking Musick unconscious. Beard took over the controls and brought the plane down safely at Louisville. But the stench of the carrion-eating bird clung to their clothing for days.

AIRLINE COMPANIES report that ducks and gulls are the birds most frequently struck over busy airports, with Detroit, Baltimore, St. Louis, New Orleans, Minneapolis, Portland and San Francisco being some of the trouble spots. Yet it is not always gulls and waterfowl that cause aviation headaches.

Capt. Art Nelson, piloting a TWA flight, took off into the early morning sun at Amarillo, Texas. Suddenly his windshield splintered and he was covered with feathers and blood. He had struck a large hawk with such force that the sturdy glass was smashed. Had Nelson reached full flight speed the experience might have ended fatally.

It is the windshield factor, however, that is now reducing the danger in aerial collisions. Developed by the CAA, new "birdproof" windshields can withstand the impact of a 14-pound bird while the plane is traveling 200 miles an hour.

The development of bird-proof windshields began at the East Pittsburgh plant of Westinghouse in 1942. Commercial companies supplied the glass, plastics and technical assistance. With the aid of Tom Spooner, inventive chief of the Westinghouse experimental group, a compressed-air cannon 20 feet long was built. Then the experiments were moved to the research center of the Civil Aeronautics Administration at Indianapolis.

There, carcasses of chickens and turkeys, wrapped in cloth to retain the compactness of live birds, were fired through the air cannon at



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combinations of glass and plastic. Based on these tests, in which carcasses were hurled at speeds exceeding 400 miles an hour, experts of the CAA and commercial companies designed the new windshield. The safety device comprises two panes of glass with a space between. The double glass allows air, heated to above-freezing temperature, to circulate between the two layers, thus de-icing the outer glass in freezing weather. The inner glass, designed to absorb collision, is a combination of glass and plastic that will bend two to four inches inward before shattering.

Had the new windshields been perfected before the war, combat planes would undoubtedly have worn them like transparent armor. Wartime pilots had many collisions with birds, particularly in some Pacific areas where albatross and other sea fowl abound. In one accident reported in the CBI theater, an instructor and student pilot were flying a C-87 transport when a vulture came smashing into the cockpit. The big bird knocked the instructor unconscious and damaged the plane so badly that it crashed and burned.

Although the frequency of birds striking aircraft in the U. S. is relatively low, airline officials and pilots have great respect for probabilities. That is why bird-proof windshields are being installed in all converted C-54 aircraft of American Air Lines at a cost of $2,500 each, and will be standard equipment in all new planes. Eastern Airlines has equipped its ships with standard windshields, capable of deflecting a four-pound bird at 200 miles an hour while all companies are making conversions as rapidly as possible.

The windshields, however, give no protection to the birds. Hence conservationists are hopefully watching the development of new aerial devices which may, in the future, eliminate all collisions. Radar is one possible solution. In England, wild geese flying at night have been followed by radar operators with such accuracy that their ground speed was measured at 35 miles an hour. Radar has also detected gulls and even flocks of small birds flying through dense fog.

One of the most fantastic devices yet proposed is the supersonic broadcaster, which would send sound waves from planes to ward off birds. In experimental work with captive birds, it was discovered that they were repelled by certain sounds. Yet despite such scientific research, aviation experts devoted to safe flying—and biologists seriously concerned about the destruction of birds—admit they are faced with a tough problem. Increasing air traffic and air speeds make the situation even more complex. The best solution, it is agreed, will be the one that not only prevents accidents to planes but also spares the birds.

Language was made so that we could say pleasant things to each other.
—*WW&L Way*



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Mustered out of the service, our amazing wartime prodigy is tackling scores of peacetime jobs

# What radar soon will do for

*by* ROBERT N. FARR

TAKING RADAR out of uniform and putting it into civilian dress has become a full-time job for some of the nation's best electronic engineers. Since 1945, many astounding ideas for peacetime radar have passed through the experimental stages. Soon, boat owners, photographers, surveyors and private fliers will be using the new "20th-century yardstick" in their daily work and hobbies.

Already the "electronic echo" is serving ferryboats that ply hazardous channels. Vessels at Seattle, Baltimore and New Orleans are operating with anti-collision radar in the wheelhouses. Starting a trip, the ferry pilot flips a switch and the scanning device, mounted above deck, starts to spin. The device, revolving around a small mast, looks like a shallow soup bowl turned on its side and acts as both transmitter and receiver.

The transmitter sends out silent radio signals. When one of these is interrupted by an obstacle, such as another boat or a collection of floating debris, it bounces back to the "soup bowl" and is picked up by a receiver. In the wheelhouse a radar viewer converts the "echoes" into light rays, projecting them on a 10-inch circular screen in front of the pilot. Thus he avoids dangerous obstacles, even though his vessel may be shrouded by night, fog or rain.

Similar equipment is now being installed on harbor tugboats, on ocean liners, on Great Lakes craft. Radar will prevent collisions and reduce huge annual losses due to suspension of shipping during bad weather, particularly in winter when some harbors shut down for days at a time.

On the high seas, radar will detect icebergs, derelicts and even floating mines which have broken loose from wartime moorings. Pleasure-craft owners, however, will have to wait another year or two before radar, adapted to their needs, will be available in quantity. Meanwhile the big-ship experiments are certain to result in better, less expensive radar for the small-boat man.

This fall, a British expedition will use radar to hunt whales in the



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Antarctic in an effort to increase England's fat ration. Although whales have been hunted for more than a thousand years, the new expedition will mark the first time that the huge mammals will have not even a slim chance of escape by staying out of sight.

Launched from the catapult of the expedition's parent ship, a radar-equipped plane will fly over the open seas, its radar scanning equipment directed toward the ocean. When radar beams hit a whale as far as ten feet beneath the surface, a large white spot will be visible on the screen. Once a whale is spotted, the pilot will put his craft into a dive. Aiming with the help of radar, he will shoot a powerful rocket-propelled harpoon before the whale can get away. After the kill, he will radio the whale's position back to the parent ship.

Ships of the sky will be another principal customer for peacetime radar. Screens mounted in control towers tell traffic operators how many planes are in the air near the airport and exactly where all of the ships are flying. Bedford Airport near Boston is one of the first fields to be equipped with radar. Experiments there have been so successful that some 35 other airports have already placed orders for radar equipment.

In addition to clearing traffic at Bedford, radar permits landings or takeoffs in fog, rain or any kind of weather. The tower operator, watching his screen, spots an incoming plane when it is 10 miles away. Using radio, he then verbally instructs the pilot how to make a safe landing. At Bedford, thousands of radar-controlled landings have already been made without a single accident.

CAMERA FANS may also be using radar before long. A one-direction sending and receiving set, slightly larger than a cigarette packet, has been perfected. Unlike marine or airport radar, photo-radar has no viewing screen. Instead there is a small dial, graduated in six-inch markings, which enables the user to tell within half-a-foot the distance from his camera to an object.

A somewhat similar device will be used by surveyors for estimating distances quickly and for measuring accurately across rivers and other obstacles. A special target, at which the radar is pointed, has been designed to eliminate error in making measurements.

Radar-controlled traffic lights will soon be keeping the busiest streets open by determining the flow of traffic at intersections. Photo-electric cells respond to the spots of light (representing automobiles) which appear on the radar screen. When traffic piles up on one road, the photo cell gives that lane a green light.

Potential applications for radar are almost limitless. A radar device for judging horse races and radar-controlled pilotless jet aircraft for fast transportation of cargo at low cost—these are already within reach. Time for developmental research, with a corresponding reduction in installation cost, is all that is needed.

Visitors to the New York World's Fair saw a mechanical man that could talk, smoke, drink and tear a telephone directory into shreds. At



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the next World's Fair we may see a mechanical man that can do all those things and walk through a maze of obstacles as well. Equipped with radar "eyes," the automaton could navigate a labyrinth, tell you precisely how far you stand from him, even focus a camera and take your picture.

You could put this mechanical man in a plane and he could describe the terrain flown over and compute the exact distance to the ground. He would recognize large and small objects, and identify objects of different shapes. He could point a gun at a target—even a moving one—and score a bull's-eye every time.

Fantastic? Not at all. Radar can do these things right now. Before long, science's new prodigy of electronics will grow out of the experimental stage and begin to share the labors of millions of busy American men and women.

## Nuggets in Jest and Earnest

**Short Takes:** "How old are you, my little man?" "I don't know, sir. Mother was 26 when I was born, but now she's only 24."—*Sterling Sparks* . . . "Well, I hear you and Tom are to be married. I thought you two were merely having a flirtation." "So did Tom."—*Carlisle's Suggestions* . . . "Why, he's a perfect gentleman. All you have to do is slap his face once in a while."—*The Beatliner* . . . Defeat is only bitter when you swallow it.—*Penquanoc Pow Pow*

The only way to get rid of a past is to get a future out of it. —*Zephyr* . . . If you don't claim too much intelligence people will give you credit for more than you have. —*Masonic Pocket Magazine* . . . The three ages of man: school tablet; aspirin tablet; stone tablet.—*The Burning Question*

"He's the type that likes to mow the lawn in the winter and shovel snow in the summer."—*The Colonel Says* . . . Divorce simply means that democracy has failed to work between two people.—*The Flame*

One of the easiest ways to become popular is to remember the nice things folks say about a person, and repeat them to him. —*Bert Barnes* . . . If you want the rainbow, remember, you have to wait until the shower is over.—*The Forge* . . . Wild oats make a lousy breakfast.—*The Blue Jacket*

There has never been a self-made man who did not need alteration of some kind or another. —Frank Effinger . . . The hardest tumble a man can make is to fall over his own bluff—Ambrose Bierce . . . It often shows a fine command of language to say nothing.—*The Barger Bulletin* . . . "What a pity human beings can't exchange problems. Everyone knows how to solve the other fellow's."—*The Burning Question*

**Romance Angle:** She whines him around her finger.—J. Porter . . . A pin-up girl is a girl who proclaims her charm from the hose tops.—Pete Simer . . . Love makes time pass and time makes love pass.—John Newton Baker



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Blindness could not defeat a dauntless lady who found a substitute for her eyes

# A Woman Who Sees With Her Heart

*by* NELSON VALJEAN

IN HONOR OF her husband's birthday, Mrs. Elena Zelayeta whipped up what she casually called a "simple buffet snack"—two turkeys done to perfection, 150 tamales, 150 savory *empanadas* filled with creamed crab and oyster, two kinds of salad, seven kinds of cookies and a huge frosted birthday cake. Any woman would be proud of preparing such a spread, even with skilled help. But Elena did it alone—and she is totally blind!

The 72 guests who crowded her San Francisco flat pronounced the meal a masterpiece—familiar words to this brown-eyed, vivacious little woman who has been doing for others throughout almost eleven years of darkness. She now stimulates not only those who see her in action but especially the blind and others physically disabled.

"If you learn to be useful and keep busy, no handicap can hold you down," she says.

Mrs. Zelayeta lives her simple philosophy every minute of the day, lecturing, broadcasting, writing, teaching and preparing sweets for her 19-year-old son in the Navy—enough, he swears, for half the fleet. Between times, "to keep from getting rusty," she cooks, washes and irons, and cares for an 11-year-old son whom she has never seen.

Such accomplishments would have seemed fantastically impossible in 1934, when she and her husband were operating a restaurant. Polishing a mirror one morning, Elena's reflection failed to brighten. She stifled a gasp, but each day went back to look again. Her reflection continued to fade. When Mr. Zelayeta saw her bumping into tables, he asked what was wrong.

"I think it's my eyes," she said.

A specialist told her the truth. "My dear little woman," he said gently, "I hate to say this, but you're going to be blind the rest of your life."

The shock was too great. At that instant Elena's vision snapped off like a light. An hour earlier she had been able to see her way into the doctor's office; now she left it in blackness.

"At first," Elena says, "I couldn't take it. Day after day, I sat in a chair, never moving, trying not to think. I despaired of everything."

Three months after she went blind, a second son arrived. Elena fondled his tiny hands and feet, nursed him, and went on brooding.

Her husband hired women to help her, but they proved worthless. One day, feeling her way through the kitchen, she found little Billy on the floor, eating



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something. She tasted it. It was washing soda.

That night she said to her husband, "I have fired my helper. From now on I will take care of my family."

Mr. Zelayeta protested. "You went blind, and now you are losing your mind."

"No, no. Let me try what I want," Elena begged. "In Mexico the woman waits upon the man. It may save me."

Convinced that a blind person's remaining senses do not automatically become keener, Elena deliberately whetted them. Especially she used her hands. Over and over she practiced the simplest tasks until she mastered them—"like in kindergarten." In a short time she was bathing and feeding the baby.

"I worked out a feeding process. By putting a finger on his chin, I found I could guide the spoon to his mouth without trouble."

In cooking, she discovered she could separate egg yolks from whites by breaking the shells in her cupped palm, where the yolks remained while the whites ran through her fingers. She measured salt and spices by sifting them across a finger. By spearing garlic buds with toothpicks, she could insert them in her pots, then remove them when necessary.

She set the gas oven by feeling the ridges on the heat-regulator knob. She knew nothing of Braille clocks, nor that the hour could be told by removing a clock's face and feeling the hands, so she hit upon another way of timing her cooking. If a cake required a half-hour's baking, two 15-minute radio programs would see it done.

Six months after Elena resolved to care for herself and family, she hung out a big wash, cooked dinner and baked a beautiful cake. When her husband got over his astonishment he said, "My darling, you are hired for life."

"I blushed like a schoolgirl," she laughingly recalls.

Later, with both sons in school and her husband away at work, Elena agreed to try another assistant—this time, a dog. It was a happy solution. Chulita, a guide dog which gladly adopted her, willingly took over tasks from her younger son. When Elena was induced to bring her philosophy before high school and college assemblies, Chulita led the way. When she gave a series of inspirational broadcasts, Chulita stood beside her at the microphone. As her activities increased her new and faithful companion was always nearby, even when Mrs. Zelayeta gave cooking demonstrations before amazed audiences of 1,000.

Association with so many people deeply affected Elena, who completely regained self-assurance, grace and poise. Her appreciation of friends became greater than be-

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fore, for now she was judging them not by external appearances but by their voices, the touch of their hands, their personalities.

"It may sound funny, but I really believe I was learning to see with my heart or my soul—call it whatever you want."

In off moments Elena wrote a cook book. When it proved successful—it has now sold more than 14,000 copies—she and Chulita volunteered their services to the San Francisco Center for the Blind. Ever since, one day a week, Elena has taught her recipes and cooking methods at the Center's kitchen. Under her direction her worshipful students prepare elaborate meals.

"Cooking is one thing I thoroughly enjoy," Elena told a young man who had lost his eyesight in the Merchant Marine. "But after all, our chores needn't be drudgery. They are blessings if we do them for others. The more we serve, the richer our lives become."

The youth listened stonily, then blurted out: "If you weren't a woman, I'd tell you to go to hell!"

When she realized he wasn't yet ready for such optimistic opinions, she touched his arm. "Forget it," she said softly. "Come with me and we'll make some coffee."

In future contacts she won him over completely. Today he has a good job and a bright outlook. He glowingly says of her, "She saved my life."

This is typical of the inspiration that comes from Elena Zelayeta, the self-taught little Mexican philosopher who paradoxically sees with her heart because she gives so much of it away.

## Bedside Manner

THE DOCTOR LEFT the patient's bedroom and joined the anxious husband. "I don't like the way your wife looks," he announced.

"Well, doctor," said the husband, "to be perfectly honest with you, I don't care much for her looks either, but she sure takes good care of me and the kids."

—HELEN HAYES

"WHY DID YOU put me in the same room with that fellow?" asked the indignant patient. "The hospital is crowded," the doctor explained. "Has he been troublesome?"

"Troublesome! He's crazy! Keeps looking around and saying, 'No lions, no tigers, no elephants.' And all the time the room is full of them."

—ROBERT SUMMET

A GENTLEMAN who had undergone a medical examination for a life insurance policy received a wire: "Regret to inform you that tests show you have pneumonia, heart disease and ulcer." An hour later, however, a second telegram arrived. "Sorry," it said, "first telegram mistake. Confused your examination with that of another applicant."

The relieved man wired them immediately: "Sorry, but I committed suicide half an hour ago."

—P. G. FREDERICKS



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Picture Story

# New England—Sweet Land of Liberty

LITTLE MORE than five generations ago a handful of Minute Men struck the first blows in the battle for a free and independent United States. Yet already they live among the immortal heroes of liberty. And the small corner of our country in which they fought has become the shrine of freedom —America's sweet land of liberty. Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, these are New England. Here men and women still work hard, still preserve the traditions of learning and individual liberty. For those who are familiar with New England and love it, as well as for those who know it only vaguely, the editors of Coronet have selected these photographs to tell the story of a strong people in a land of rugged charm and spirited independence.

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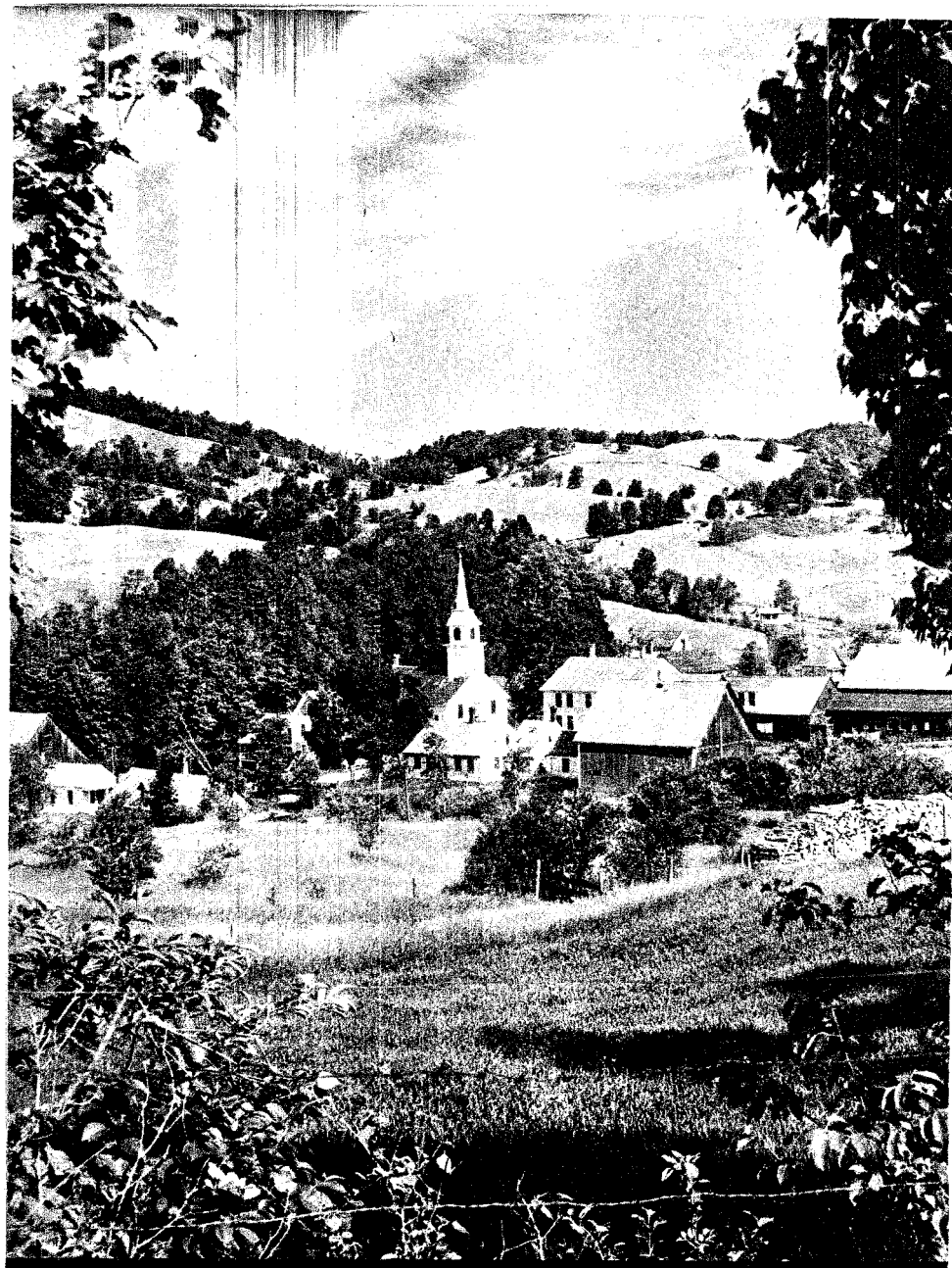

New England is a land of small space, of thousands of tiny villages set among rolling hills, forever graced by the clean spires of white churches

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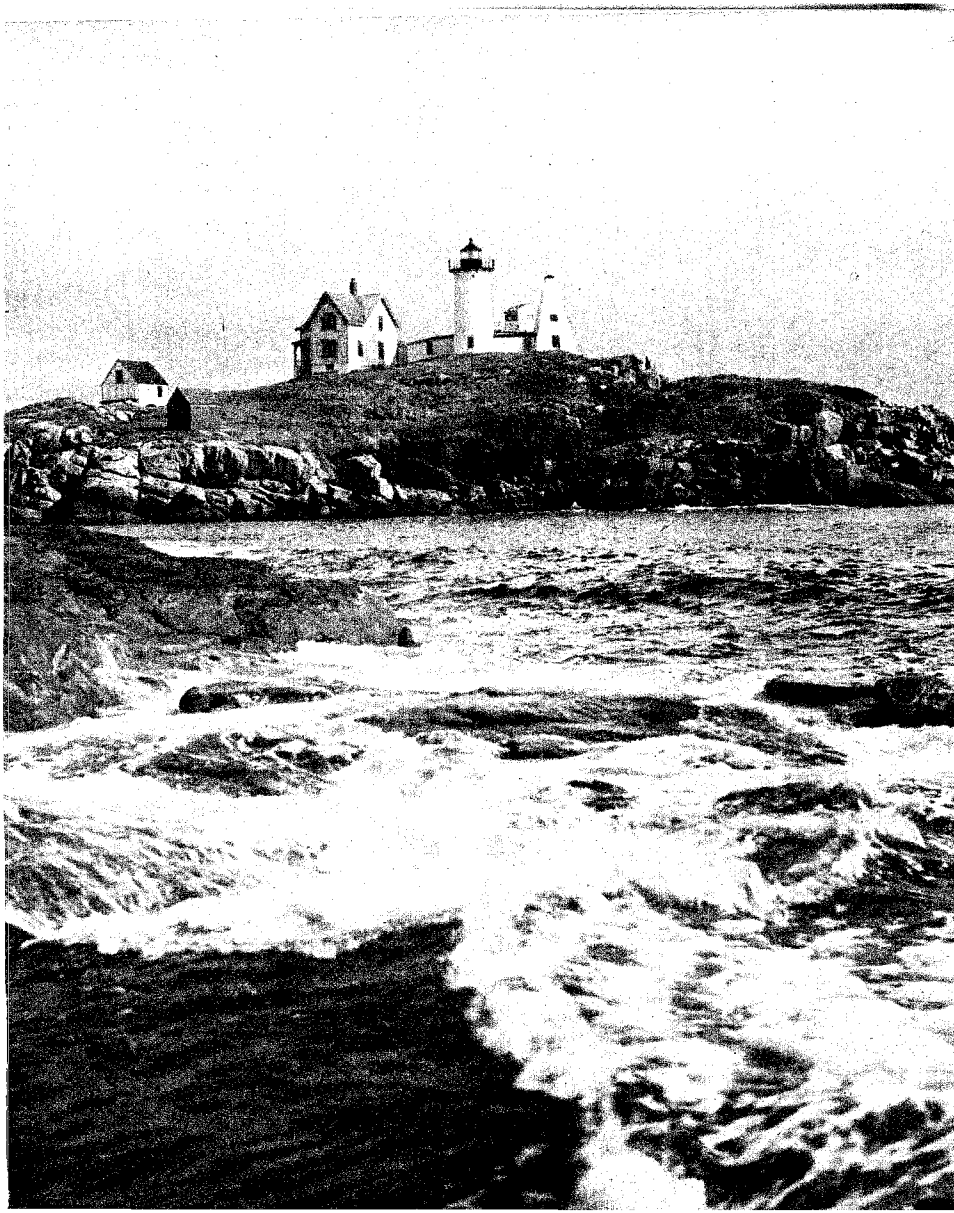

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This is an old land, a land of plain men working to live and of plain houses built for hard use and long years. Here the old houses are unadorned. They are efficient guardians, planned well and built wisely. Standing now with the dignity of age, they face to the south to catch the warmth of the sun. And those near the sea bear the mark of the mariner—a deck on the solid roof. To this platform, often called a "widow's walk," a wife could go to watch her husband's ship as it approached the harbor; but seldom would she watch as he sailed away, for to watch a ship out of sight is to lose it forever. On the lookout deck, too, a man could sit in the evening amid the miracle of darkening sky

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After Americans had won their independence, and through the beginning of the nineteenth century, New England men by the thousands made their fortunes at sea. In those days in New England, harbors bristled with large fleets of fast ships. Clipper ships they were and they made speeds never before equalled, in the long runs to the Indies and the hazardous races around Cape Horn to the gold fields of California, or across the Pacific to China. From Maine to Massachusetts they sailed out, their lean masts sloping and their sleek hulls cutting the waters. And the clipper men were brave men, men whose courage is the heritage of today's fishermen who put out in schooners, through wind and weather, to bring in cod and halibut, herring and haddock

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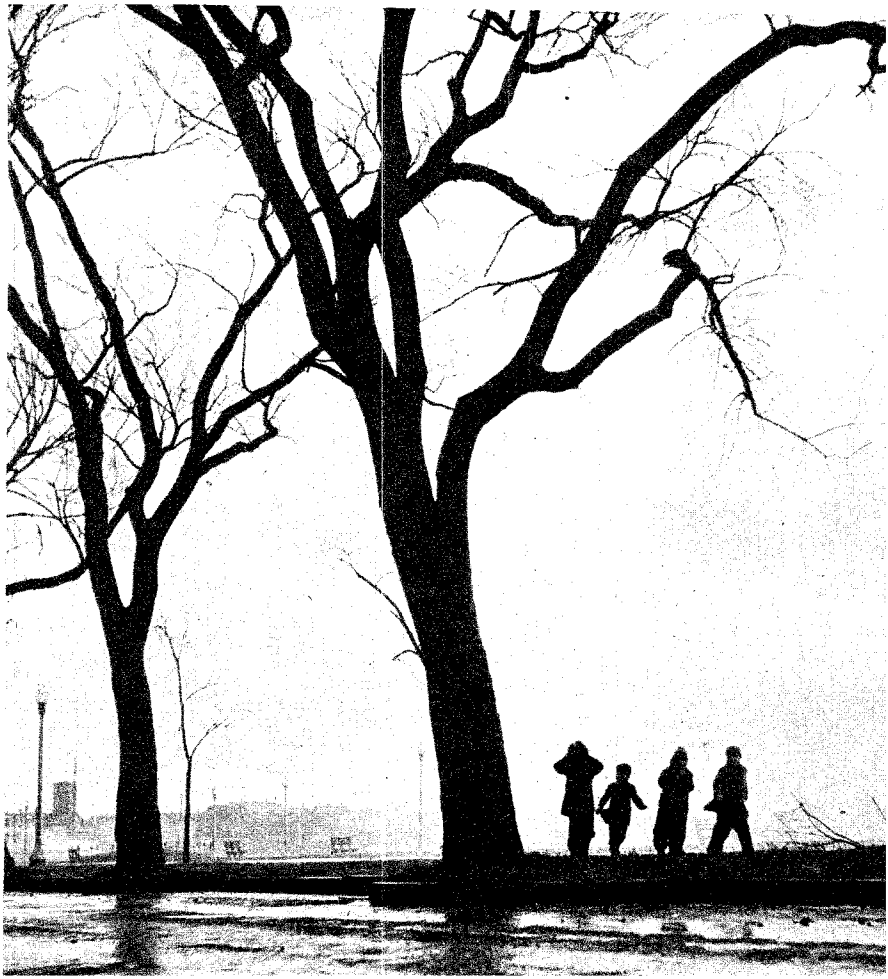

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New England rises and falls in low hills and small valleys from the coast to the Appalachian Mountains. And all of its land is threaded with roads and posted with the boundary lines of thousands of cities and towns and villages. Down in Connecticut men walk their town borders regularly to make certain that there has been no trespassing of lines long ago laid down by tradition or the law. New England Yankees like their boundary lines, and they like to stay within them. For deep in New England hearts is a respect for rules and regulations. But always, within these moral and spiritual boundaries, they demand the right to be free and unhampered individuals, minding their own busi-

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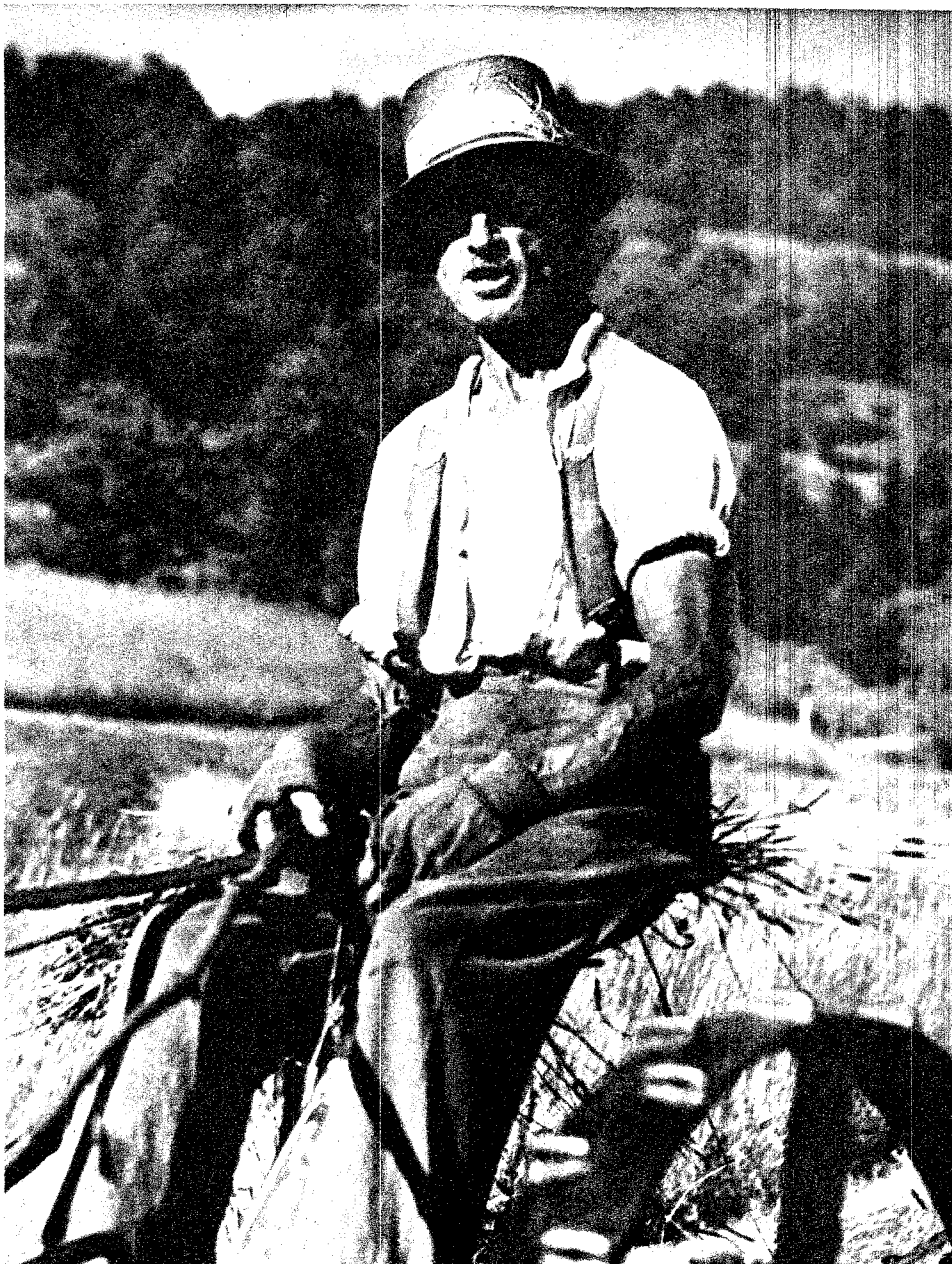

Yes, we Yankees are individuals. You get to be that way working the land. You have enough to do yourself without minding another man's

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Getting our work done, that's important. See the vines are spread with straw in the fall, and you can be sure they'll be there again in the spring.

And if you don't get your own wood laid by for the winter, who d'you expect will? Fellow down the road's got his own troubles

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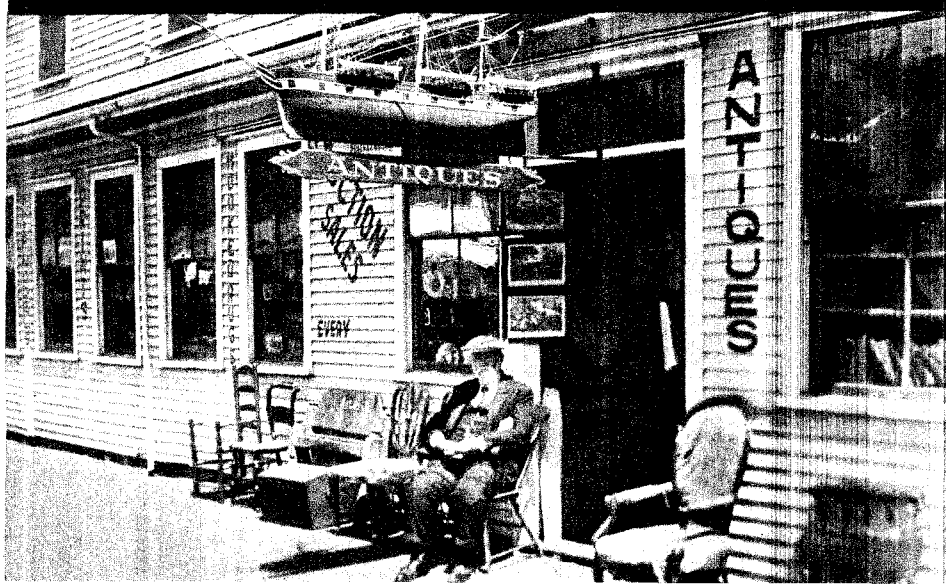
Down to Gloucester, our work is at sea. Fish. We worry our end. Let the farmer worry his. That way we'll both get by.

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We get it all into us when we're young. And we see that our youngsters learn it. Then we know things are in good hands, and no one will ever

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In the old days we were Puritans. Now we're everything—Irish, Scotch

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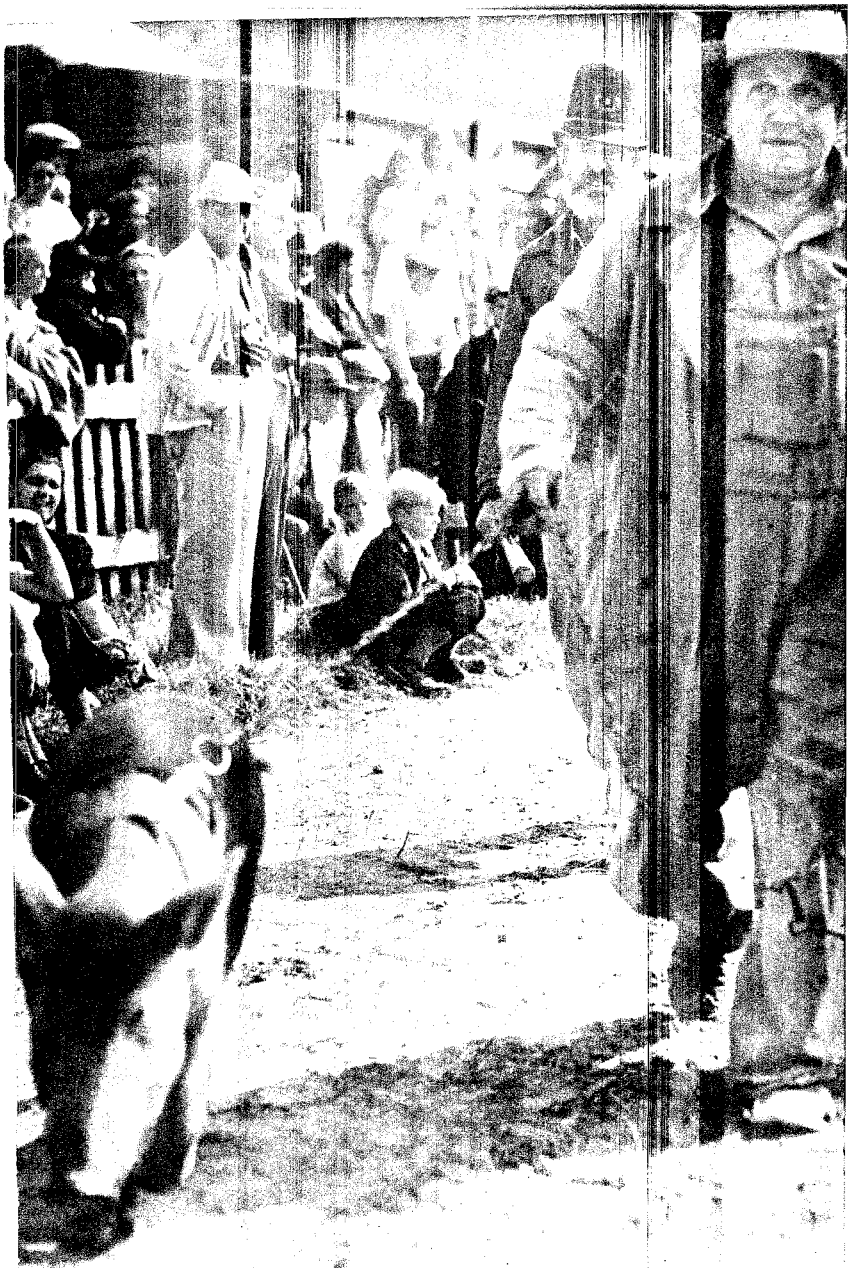

Come the summer, there's the State Fair. One good thing about

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Sometimes there's folk dancing to recall old days and pleasant mem-

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Maybe the best, though, is the County Fair. You work hard all year—
summer and winter, fall and spring. Guess you can play a little now

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Here thousands of towns hold town meetings regularly to spend town money, to improve town service, to care for town land within town boundaries.

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Yes, neighbor, down here we're the best folks on

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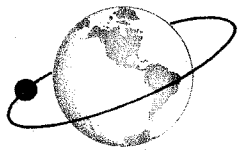

# Out of this World

**Here's a vivid collection of capsule stories calculated to lift you from the everyday into the realm of odd fact and fantasy . . . both old and new**

## *Arson and the Full Moon*

FIREMEN DREAD the full moon. For some bizarre reason, every time the moon is full, pyromaniacs feel an insistent urge to start fires.

The records of many fire departments throughout the country show that when a pyromaniac is prompted to commit arson at this time of the month he is concerned very little with what he sets ablaze. It may be only an empty baby carriage or it may be a huge building housing hundreds of families.

In the "Pyromaniac Files" of Chief Fire Marshal Thomas T. Brophy, head of the Bureau of Fire Investigation in New York City, are the records of more than 450 such cases.

"We are especially busy during the period of the full moon, though few psychiatrists attempt to explain why," he says. "We keep a special lookout, and districts frequented by suspected pyromaniacs are under special surveillance."

Psychiatrists who have studied the records of pyromaniacs agree that there are far too many fires deliberately started during the full moon to be passed off as merely coincidences. Some think that the full moon brings out the primeval urge to kill; others think that since the full moon is proverbially linked with love, the pyromaniacs may be frustrated lovers expressing their protest at being thwarted.

Only one thing is sure. When the moon is full the fire engines roll!

—EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

## *They Liked Organ Music*

A SOUTH DAKOTA piano salesman once accepted an old-fashioned organ as first payment on a piano. He loaded it on his truck and started for home across 80 miles of dirt road. After 50 miles, rain forced him to take shelter in a small empty schoolhouse, old and weather-beaten, with unvarnished desks and rusty stove. To lighten his truck for the 30 miles of mud ahead, the salesman unloaded the organ, rolled it close to the teacher's desk, and drove away.

Two years later he passed that way again, but he scarcely recognized the old schoolhouse. It had a new porch, a new roof, and, inside, painted desks, tinted walls, and a new stove. The organ was there too, shiny with varnish. His



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interest aroused, he drove to the nearest farmhouse and told his story to the woman who answered his knock. She looked troubled.

"So that's where the organ came from! We never knew. But I hope you haven't come to take it away.—I don't know what we'd do without it. The children sing every day, and we have community meetings often. Everybody takes an interest in the school now—all because that organ brought us together and started us singing. But, of course, if it's yours—."

Hastily reassuring her, the salesman left his business card and departed. Today, a letter of thanks with 30 signatures is among his prized possessions. —BERT BEMIS

## The Baker Woman

IN MARGARET'S PLACE, a little park in New Orleans, stands a simple statue known as the Baker Woman. It is a unique monument to a little-known woman who had a deep compassion for the world's unfortunate.

In the early 19th century, 20-year-old Margaret Haughery came to New Orleans with her young Baltimore husband. Soon afterward, double tragedy struck: her husband and young child died suddenly. Penniless, Margaret went to work as a laundress in a hotel. Her earnings were meager, but she saved enough to embark on a new career in the bakery business. As the Baker Woman she accumulated a small fortune.

In 1847 an epidemic of yellow fever hit New Orleans and thousands of children were orphaned. Here was Margaret Haughery's opportunity to realize a lifelong dream, the dream of doing something for those less fortunate than herself. She built an asylum for orphaned babies and established a training school for young women. For the next 44 years she ministered to thousands of desperate people—Jews, Catholics, Protestants—regardless of color or creed.

All this she did without benefit of education, for she never learned to read or write. Even her will, which left her fortune to New Orleans orphans, was signed only with a crude mark.

But the city of New Orleans never forgot her kindness and her good deeds. Her memorial—the statue of the Baker Woman—still stands overlooking the site of one of her philanthropies, Louise Home, a haven for working girls.

—ERVIN HICKMAN

## Ice Cream and the Major

MAJ. JOSEPH HUNTER REINBURG, who commanded a Marine fighting squadron at Peleliu in the Palaus, liked ice cream—so did his men. But there was none to be had on that hot island, so the major decided to do something about it.

Through the center of an empty ammunition can he ran a small pliable rod which he bent in the middle to make a churn. On one end of the rod, projecting from the end of the can, he affixed a small handmade propeller blade.

Proper proportions of powdered



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ice cream mix, powdered milk and vanilla flavoring were poured into the "freezer," which was then attached to the bomb-rack of the major's Corsair. In late afternoon Major Reinburg went on his usual combat air patrol. As he skimmed over the blue Pacific the blade of the "freezer" spun, churning the mixture within. Just before returning to the base, the major went up to 30,000 feet, where the temperature was 40 degrees below zero.

When Reinburg landed his Corsair, his improvised "freezer" contained two and a half gallons of ice cream—thick and rich, and frozen as hard as a brick. From then on, ice cream was part of the daily bill-of-fare on Peleliu.

—WALTER DUSTMANN

### *Last Man Brotherhood*

IN 1902, 33 young men, all residents of Hartford, Connecticut, formed a unique club, "The Last Man Brotherhood." At the first meeting, the 33 members pledged themselves to meet once a year until the last man stood before 32 lighted candles representing his departed friends. He was then to drink a toast from a bottle of choice old wine placed in a Hartford vault for that purpose. When that day arrives, the "Last Man Brotherhood" will have fulfilled its functions and cease to exist.

Each year the surviving members have faithfully kept the pledge made in 1902. At exactly 10 o'clock, roll call is taken and those present around the banquet table arise. The room in which they assemble is lighted only by 33 candles. As the name of a departed member is read, a candle is snuffed out and a toast is drunk to his memory.

Today, only 15 of the 33 members are still alive. But they continue to appear once a year in a Hartford club to go through the solemn ceremony of toasting those who can no longer attend.

—P. D. KEATING

### *Glacial Transportation*

A FEW YEARS AGO, at a fashionable private art gallery in New York City, a wealthy patron purchased a gigantic piece of modern sculpture which was exhibited on the second floor of the gallery. But when delivery men arrived to haul it away, it was discovered that since the statue's installation the building had been remodeled and the new elevator was not large enough to hold the figure.

Perplexed, the manager tried to find a way of getting the statue down to street level. Finally he hit upon a plan. He removed the large window from the front of his second-story showroom and called for a truck load of big ice blocks. Then he built a high ice platform from the street to the level of his second floor.

Working quickly, for it was a hot day and the ice was melting fast, he built a wood platform on top of the ice, covered it with burlap bags, and placed the weighty statue upon it. Slowly but surely the ice melted down to street level, and the statue reached ground safely.

—ROBERT N. FARR



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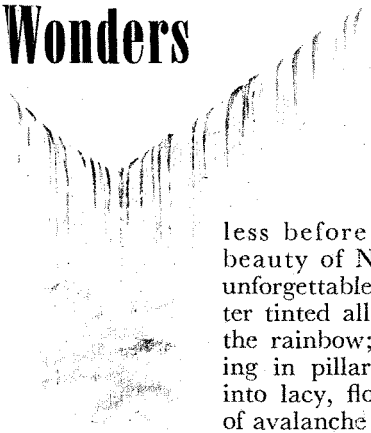
Sightseers from all over the world stand in awe before Niagara's startling grandeur

# Queen of Wonders



NIAGARA, masterpiece of nature, is many things to many people. It is a Mecca for sightseers from all parts of the world, a sentimental retreat for honeymooners, an awesome stage for eccentrics bent on suicide, and a source of electric power serving millions of people.

Winter and summer, year in and year out, its scenic splendor attracts a stream of visitors who listen in awe to its untamed roar and gaze spellbound at its mountains of whirling spray. For Niagara offers a tremendous challenge to the imagination. Each spectator measures by his own emotions the poetry and beauty of its angry waters.

Those who are impressed by statistics will tell you that Niagara Falls' 222,400 cubic feet of water per second, plunging some 160 feet, could supply 4,000,000 horsepower; that Niagara power is used in Syracuse, 165 miles from its source, and by Windsor, Ontario, 240 miles away; that the Falls, now at about the halfway mark of a life span of some 50,000 years, move southward a foot a year and should reach Lake Erie in about 20,000 years.

But statistics become meaningless before the restless beauty of Niagara. The unforgettable vision of water tinted all the colors of the rainbow; of mists rising in pillars to separate into lacy, floating clouds; of avalanche and cataract, accompanied by the thunderous roar of wind and water, makes the most impressive of figures seem insignificant.

There are countless stories about Niagara: legends of Indian maidens sacrificed alive to the Great Spirit of the Falls; stories of thrill-seekers going over the Falls in barrels; of merrymakers swept to their death from a bridge of ice.

But the most remarkable thing about Niagara Falls is its startling grandeur. There are only a few days in the year—bright, clear, windy days—when a photograph is possible. The picture on the opposite page is of the American Falls, taken at close range from a spot ordinarily mist-covered. The photographer, Louis C. Williams of Evanston, Illinois, had to wait for the wind to blow the mist away from his camera. Only on rare occasions is it possible to capture on film the rare beauties of America's Queen of Wonders.

—EUGENE RAY



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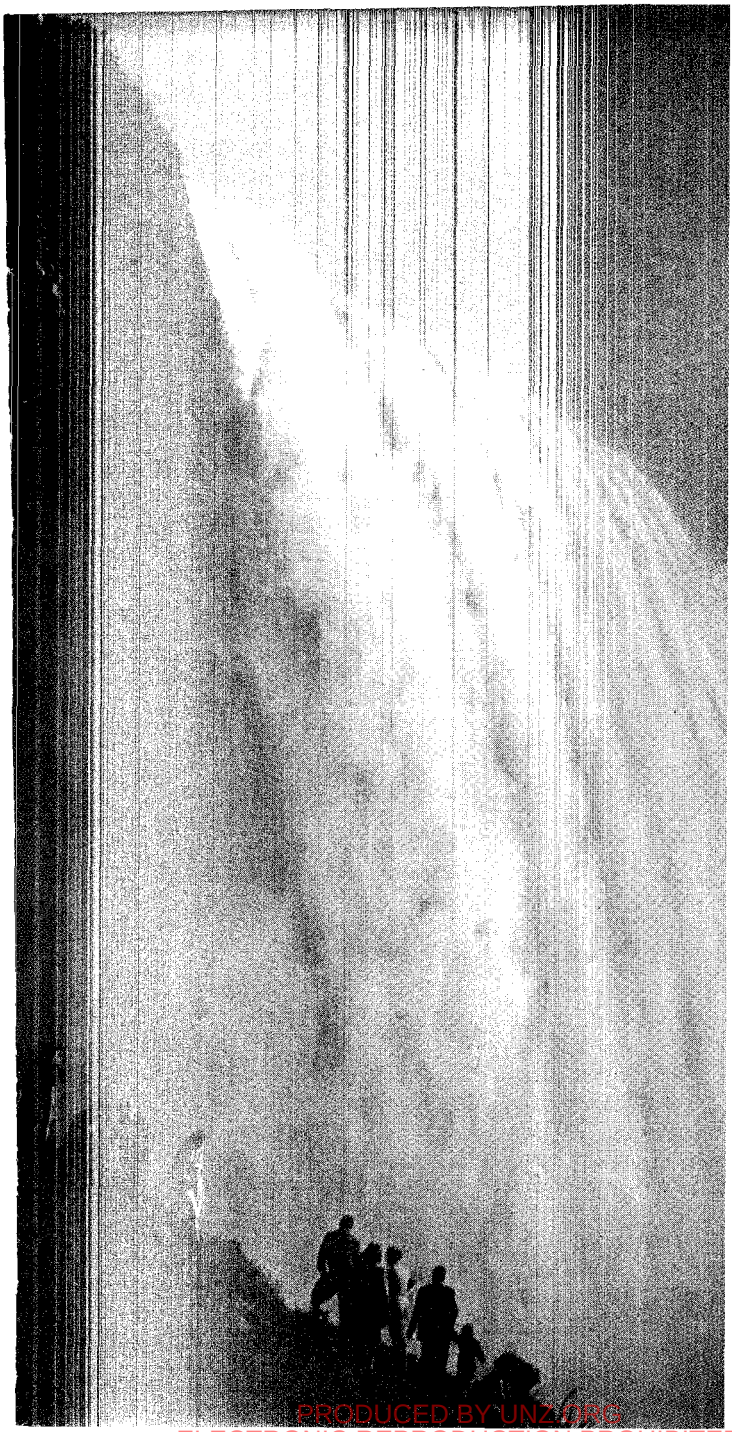

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# Orville Wright: *First to Fly*

*by* DOUGLAS J. INGELLS AND LAWRENCE LADER

THE OLD MAN sat in the co-pilot's seat. Firmly he held the wheel with wrinkled hands, but the giant "Constellation" practically flew itself. It was a moment in history when the past and present seemed to come together.

"How does she feel?" asked Brig. Gen. Frank Carroll, Chief of the Wright Field Engineering Division.

"It's a fine plane," the old man said. "Very fine indeed."

But he was not amazed. He spoke as if he expected it. Since the gusty day in December, 1903, when he had taken the first flying machine into the air, nothing seemed impossible. To Orville Wright, who



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had finally done what men had tried to do for thousands of years, no dream of penetrating the great blue arc of the sky was beyond reach. From the past, he had made the present and helped to shape the future. Today, at the age of 75, he is probably the only inventive genius in American history who has lived to see the results of his invention change the world.

Orville Wright was born into an age of fantasy, when boys read Jules Verne and dreamed of space-ships and rockets. He and his brother, Wilbur, took the fantasy and turned it into fact. He brought Washington and Tokyo within 27½ hours of each other. He made it possible to travel in hotel comfort at a speed that may soon be faster than sound. The secrets of flight that he discovered and built into the first plane in a Dayton, Ohio, bicycle shop are not only the basis of the giants that fly today but will still be the basis of the jet and rocket ships of tomorrow.

*Great Living Americans*

**VI**

It was in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, at the age of seven that Orville Wright saw his first pair of wings. His father, Bishop Milton Wright, brought home a toy of cork, bamboo and paper with fan-like blades turned by a twisted rubber band that made it bob up to the ceiling like a jack-in-the-box. It was a helicopter. Orville and his brother played with it for hours. Then Wilbur tried to build bigger models. Some hovered in the air for a few seconds, others didn't work at all. But it was a beginning.

Orville, too, had hands that built by instinct. Perhaps he had inherited manual aptitude from his mother, Susan Catherine Koerner, who was always tinkering and creating around the house. Or perhaps he inherited it from his grandfather, who was a skilled wagon-maker.

When he was still in kindergarten, Orville became fascinated by machines. He played hookey for a month to join a neighbor in experiments on an old sewing machine in the other boy's home. Later, brother Wilbur was to put the knowledge Orville had gained from this early experience to good use, sewing the sateen for the first airplane on his sister's machine.

Orville built kites and sold them to friends for spending money. He made the frameworks as thin as possible to reduce the weight. Often they would bend in the wind, forming an arc. But it was too early for him to discover that the curvature of the kite's surface had any relation to flying.

From the time he was 12, Orville was interested in printing. Starting with a press that was little more than a toy, he and a friend kept enlarging it until they finally went into the printing business. When he was 17, he decided to build a completely professional model, and asked Wilbur to lend a hand. Shortly after it was finished a stranger came into the shop and asked if he could look at it. He lay flat on his back on the floor, watching the press operate.

"It works all right," he said, "but I don't understand why." The



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stranger was foreman of a newspaper pressroom.

Seemingly the Wright brothers could build anything. From a horse's bridle and sticks of wood, plus marbles for roller bearings, they made a complex lathe. From scrap metal Wilbur fashioned a paper-folding machine. After Orville bought his second bicycle, a Columbia "safety" model with pneumatic tires, both brothers became so interested in bicycles that they decided to manufacture their own. Before they were through they had designed scores of models that became famous for speed and construction. Henry Ford has preserved several of them in his Greenfield Village museum at Dearborn.

If Orville Wright inherited his workmanship from his mother, perhaps his instinctive curiosity came from his studious father, a bishop of the United Brethren faith. Young Orville's curiosity at school made him read lessons that the teacher hadn't assigned. When promising students were tested for advancement to the Third Reader, Orville made it with ease, for he had virtually learned the Second Reader by heart.

Once arrived in high school, he was demonstrating a problem in geometry on the blackboard when the teacher pointed out that, although the answer was correct, he hadn't followed the textbook. "I got it out of another book—Wentworth's geometry," Orville explained. "I get a lot of stuff out of Wentworth's." But instead of being pleased with his initiative, the teacher upbraided him for calling mathematics "stuff."

"We were lucky enough," Orville said years later, "to grow up in a home environment where children were encouraged to pursue intellectual interests, to investigate whatever aroused curiosity. In a different kind of environment, our curiosity might have been nipped before it could have borne fruit."

THE IDEA FOR a flying machine, combining to perfection Orville's inquisitiveness with his ability to build, came when he was flat on his back with typhoid fever in 1896. Wilbur brought in a newspaper one day.

"Lilienthal's dead," he said.

"Who?" asked Orville.

"Lilienthal, the German glider expert. He was killed in a glider crash."

Suddenly it struck Orville Wright that if Lilienthal was dead, someone else must carry on his pioneering work. This first wild, unchained dream of soaring through the sky was the greatest thrill of his life.

The Wright brothers began to read everything on flight they could lay their hands on. They raced through *Animal Mechanism* by Marey, a French professor; *The Aeronautical Annals of 1895-97* by James Means; Professor Langley's *Experiments in Aerodynamics;* Mouillard's *Empire of the Air;* Chanute's *Progress In Flying Machines*. They read them again and again, memorizing the important parts.

One batch of books arrived from the Smithsonian Institution just when their sister Katherine returned from college with a young classmate. She expected her broth-



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ers to entertain the guest, but they hardly noticed her. They were too busy studying.

While other boys around Dayton grew up and married, Orville and Wilbur stayed home, reading, experimenting. There was no time for anything else. "They had not the means," as Bishop Wright put it, "to support a wife and a flying machine too."

By the spring of 1901, the Wright brothers were ready for the great experiment. The first problem was to find a place large and secluded enough for flying and with the proper wind velocity. On the great dunes and sandy stretches of the North Carolina coast, near Albemarle Sound, they found the place they wanted. It had a funny name —Kitty Hawk.

Four miles from the cluster of weather-beaten houses that made up the village, they built a camp for themselves and a shack for their glider. Nearby was a Coast Guard station. There was nothing else but swarms of mosquitoes. Some nights the mosquitoes were so bad that Orville thought if he could survive till morning, he would pack up and go home. In the day the sun burned down on them. But they had a strong wind from the Atlantic, and wind was what they needed.

Carrying their biplane glider to the top of Kill Devil Hill, they took off when the wind was right, lying flat on their stomachs and controlling the warp of the planes by shimmying their hips. By trying it again and again, they learned to fly. They flew farther and longer than anyone had ever flown a glider before.

Now the time had come to add a motor to their biplane. Back in their Dayton shop they built the first wind-tunnel in history and began to test models in it. They had problems to solve which had baffled men since the time of Michelangelo. They had to devise a whole new set of tables and formulas for shaping wings. Wilbur discovered the principle of control by twisting the end of a shoe-box cover. Applying the principle they warped their plane wings to get the control given by the ailerons of today.

In the wind-tunnel they tried countless airfoil shapes, then applied the shapes to their propellers. They even had to build their own lightweight gasoline engine because no one else could do the job properly. Everything was tried and tested again and again. "We owed everything to the wind tunnel," Orville said later. "If it hadn't been for those tests, we might never have flown."

THE BIG DAY AT Kitty Hawk came on December 17, 1903. Orville raced the motor a few minutes and then released the wire that held the plane to a track. It started forward into the wind. Wilbur ran by its side, holding the wing to balance the machine on the track. He was able to stay with it until it began to rise after a 40-foot run. But the air was too rough, the course of flight too erratic. A sudden gust halted the first experiment.

They kept at it all day, then rushed a telegram to Bishop Wright:

SUCCESS ALL FOUR FLIGHTS THURSDAY MORNING ALL AGAINST TWENTY ONE



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MILE WIND STARTED FROM LEVEL WITH ENGINE POWER ALONE AVERAGE SPEED THROUGH AIR THIRTY ONE MILES LONGEST FIFTY SEVEN SECONDS INFORM PRESS HOME CHRISTMAS

Orville said later that the telegraph operator had made a mistake. They had flown 59, not 57 seconds. But it didn't matter. The important thing was that for the first time in history a power-driven plane had taken off against the wind and flown.

But no one paid very much attention. The brothers got promoters and backers. Yet what they wanted most was to earn for their airplane the official recognition it deserved. They went to the War Department in Washington. No one listened to them. The newspapers, even in Dayton, didn't bother to print stories of their flights.

To get attention, they hit on a plan. In 1907, an exposition was being held on the Virginia coast to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of Jamestown. A big naval review was scheduled before President Theodore Roosevelt and a gallery of Army and Navy officers. The Wright brothers decided to fly over the review, circle the battleships and then disappear as mysteriously as they had come. They even equipped their plane with pontoons. But just before the review an accident damaged the plane's propellers. The stunt, which might have turned flying into a national sensation, had to be abandoned.

Next they went to Paris to promote their plane. Although America had ignored them, Europe opened its arms: they were toasted and dined by statesmen and royalty. King Edward of Great Britain and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy watched their flights: the Crown Prince of Germany insisted on being taken up; Alfonso of Spain was photographed sitting in the plane. They gave publicized flights in almost every capital in Europe. They were congratulated, decorated. The French Academy of Sciences gave Orville its highly prized gold medal. When they returned to America, Dayton had finally awakened. The city celebrated for two days.

But the Wright brothers hadn't changed. They were still simple mechanics, they still insisted on putting gasoline in their own plane. In later years you could always tell Orville on the flying field. Students and instructors were dressed to the teeth in special flying suits, goggles and helmets. But even in the air, Orville wore a plain business suit. Sometimes he might shift his cap backwards and put on a pair of goggles, and on cold days he might turn up his coat collar. Yet with his trim black mustache and keen blue eyes, he looked more like a businessman than a great flier.

Describing Orville Wright at the time, Henry M. Weaver of Mansfield, Ohio, called him "... more of a poet than an inventor or promoter. In contour, head and face he resembles Edgar Allan Poe." Lord Northcliffe of England, one of the Wrights' chief supporters, told friends: "I never knew more simple, unaffected people than Wilbur, Orville, and Katherine Wright."

Despite the acclaim they received in Europe, the Wrights' big job was still to convince the U.S. Army that it should adopt their plane. The Ordnance Board had fussed



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and delayed for years. At last, they agreed to witness a series of tests at Fort Myer, Virginia. Hours ahead of time, a thousand dignitaries from all branches of the government gathered around the field.

Passing up the fanfare and celebration, Orville Wright rode out to Fort Myer on the streetcar. The flight went off perfectly. Even though the Wrights had made countless flights before, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who was at the field, reported that when the plane left the ground the crowd sucked in its breath in one tremendous gasp of amazement. After Orville landed, hardened newspapermen who rushed to the plane were so moved by the significance of the event that tears streamed down their faces.

The tests continued during the fall. As each new aeronautical device was invented and added to the plane, Orville insisted on testing it himself. Near-tragedy struck on September 17, 1908, when the plane crashed in landing, killing the other occupant, Lieut. Thomas Selfridge. Orville escaped with some broken ribs and hip bones. "Has it got your nerve?" a friend asked Orville.

"Nerve?" asked Wright, not understanding. "You mean, will I be afraid to fly again? . . . The only thing I'm afraid of is that I can't get well soon enough to finish the tests this year."

THE END OF A great era finally came. In 1912, Wilbur Wright died of typhoid fever. Although Orville kept flying steadily until 1915, things were never the same after Wilbur's death. The magic combination was broken: he was alone. With the outbreak of war in 1914 the airplane was suddenly converted from a sport into a thing of death. As names like Curtiss and Blériot rushed into military prominence, Orville Wright passed out of the headlines.

Always a shy man, he withdrew completely into himself. In 1915, he sold his interest in the Wright Aeronautical Company. The years of fighting had left a bitter taste. He had fought with lawyers: he had fought to keep control of his patents. Most of all he had fought to prove that he and Wilbur had not only been the first to fly but had been the discoverers of the principles of flight. This was the fight that hurt most.

Orville had offered the Wright plane to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The Institution snubbed him, accepting the Langley machine instead. In its original state the Langley machine had never actually flown. But in 1914, Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian, allowed Glenn H. Curtiss to take it to his shop at Hammondsport, New York.

Using knowledge of aerodynamics discovered by the Wrights but never known to Langley, Curtiss made important changes in the machine and then was able to achieve several hops of less than five seconds each. In its annual report for 1914, the Smithsonian said: "It (the Langley plane) has demonstrated that with its original structure and power, it is capable of flying with a pilot and several hundred pounds of useful load. It is the first airplane



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in history of which this can be truthfully said."

Orville Wright protested. But similar statements were made again and again. After years of wrangling the Smithsonian still did not correct the error. In 1928, Orville finally sent the Wright machine to the Science Museum at South Kensington, England.

What the motive was behind Wright's continuous fights, no one can say for certain. Perhaps it was a demand for recognition that the world was so long in paying. Perhaps it was bitterness at the connivings of other inventors and companies to use Wright patents. Certainly the motive was never financial.

Neither Wilbur nor Orville Wright had any patience with bank books or budgets. "At one time," Orville has said, "we probably would have sold all the secrets of aviation and their world patent rights for $10,000—if that offer had been made." Charles F. Kettering, engineering genius of General Motors, who was taught to fly by Orville Wright, bears this out. "I sincerely believe," he has said, "that the Wright brothers perfected the airplane and achieved success simply because they wanted to fly."

AFTER ALL THESE years, Orville Wright's mind today remains an enigma. It is as shy as it is determined. Wright at 75 has never lost the tenacity of purpose that took him through the long struggle of experiment and invention. Yet he is a humble man. His manner is constrained: his voice soft, even listless. His small figure is always neatly dressed. His blue eyes usually crinkle with good humor. Decorated with almost every honorary degree that the world's universities and technical societies can award, he is still wary of publicity. He particularly dislikes stories which make him part of the Horatio Alger rags-to-riches legend, and has always refused to write an autobiography. Typifying his modesty is the fact that in all the years of his fame, few pictures of him can be found in newspaper files.

Today, Orville Wright lives alone in a large, yellow-brick house in Oakwood, one of Dayton's best suburbs. The large white columns give it the appearance of a colonial mansion. The terrace lawn is immaculately kept. Wright himself keeps fit by getting out the mower occasionally and cutting the grass.

Inside, the house is furnished simply. But Wright's inventions crowd every corner. He made a phonograph and automatic record-changer long before it was marketed commercially. His automatic toaster preceded the standard electric models by many years. The legs of his easy chair are cut at an angle which gives him a perfect tilt when he wants to relax. At his summer home on Georgian Bay, Canada, gadgets operate almost everything. Windows and doors open and shut by trick devices; even the roof moves to take advantage of the sunlight.

Wright's laboratory is a small brick building on Dayton's west side, only a few doors from the bicycle shop where he and Wilbur built their first plane. He still drives



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to work every day. The laboratory has a wind-tunnel, model planes and a vast library of books and technical reports. What he is working on, no one knows, but this much his friends intimate: he is compiling all that the Wright brothers ever learned about the principles of flight. He is poring over all the written data on the plane, revising and correcting inaccuracies. He has already put in final shape hundreds of pages of secret formulas that have never been released. It may well be one of the monumental documents of our times.

The recognition that was so slow in coming has finally poured in upon Orville Wright. Gone are the years of neglect when few newspapers bothered to carry the story of the first flights and the brothers had to turn to Europe to win support. Gone are the bitter fights to establish once and for all that the Wrights not only took the first power-driven plane into the air, but were the discoverers of the very principles of flight upon which man's conquest of the air is based. Gone are the bickerings with lawyers and courts to win control of the Wrights' patents.

The Smithsonian Institution finally removed the erroneous label on the Langley machine which had snubbed the Wrights for so long. The Smithsonian report of 1942 publicly apologized for the error and made it clear that the honor of being the first to fly belonged to the Wrights.

The city of Dayton long ago made Orville Wright its No. 1 citizen. At every celebration he is the representative dignitary. They get him out in rain or snow or sunshine. He might as well be mayor.

In 1932, a monument to the Wright brothers, authorized by Congress, was dedicated on the summit of Kill Devil Hill at Kitty Hawk. It is probably the most impressive monument in the world dedicated to the memory of any man still living. Chiseled in its stone are the words: "In Commemoration of the Conquest of the Air by The Brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright. Conceived by Genius, Achieved by Dauntless Resolution and Unconquerable Faith."

But the greatest words of tribute came from Franklin D. Roosevelt. Speaking at Wright Field during the war, he turned to Orville Wright and said: "Mr. Wright has given us these mighty wings of defense. It must be a splendid inward feeling to see them spread their shadows over the face of the earth, a new kind of power for war, a new guarantee of peace. Indeed, he is one of our greatest living Americans."

## Quoteworthy

Life does not cease when you are old; it only suffers a rich change. You go on loving, only your love, instead of a burning, fiery furnace, is the mellow glow of an autumn sun. —Jane Ellen Harrison



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For 34 years, the members of a unique club have risked injury and death to help fight the city's blazes

# Boston's Grown-up Fire Chasers

by JACK STENBUCK

SOME MEN COLLECT stamps, others play with miniature trains, still others devote themselves to golf. Then, too, there is the group of dignified Boston business and professional men, members of "Box 52 Association, Inc.," who love to chase fires.

Organized in 1912 to commemorate the great 1872 conflagration which leveled much of Boston's downtown district, and named after the box from which the alarm was sounded on that disastrous occasion, the association numbers exactly 52 active members—lawyers, doctors, newspapermen, bankers, insurance brokers, clerks, even an undertaker.

Like youngsters too absorbed in a thrilling game of cops and robbers to come in for lunch, "Box 52" members would rather run after a hook-and-ladder than eat, sleep or swing a big business deal—and frequently do just that while important matters wait.

Until death ended his career, one of the most enthusiastic "sparks" in "Box 52" was John Patton Marshall, dean of music at Boston University. Lester Watson, a senior partner in the staid office of Hayden, Stone & Co., investment brokers, is a "52" member and so is Col. Howard S. Patterson, holder of the Legion of Merit, who not long ago relinquished command of Camp Edwards. President of the organization is 65-year-old P. Hildreth Parker, retired fire-prevention engineer of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Bartlett Tyler, another veteran "spark," keeps a written record of the fires he's dashed to since 1908, six years before he formally became a member of "Box 52." The total is more than 10,000, the record including eyewitness accounts not only of the hottest fires Greater Boston has seen but of some of the notable holocausts in Europe. Tyler, who has made 21 trips across the Atlantic, can't resist running after fire engines in London, Paris, Berlin, or wherever his wanderings take him.

Tyler's office is at 11 High Street, just an ember's fall from the spot where Box 52 stood before it was destroyed by the fire that gave it fame. Monthly meetings of the



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organization are held at Parker House, but the High Street office is informal headquarters, just as it was 34 years ago when the "sparks" decided to band together "to advance the interest of fire prevention and extinguishment by exchange of ideas and experiences."

When Tyler isn't running to fires, his principal occupation is trading municipal bonds. His avocation has led him, however, to take on part ownership of the Boston Fire & Police Notification Company, a protective service for business firms. His office looks like one a fire chief might occupy, with an elaborate tapper system registering every Boston alarm and bookcases filled with reports of every blaze in the city during the last quarter-century.

At home, Tyler, like most of the others, sleeps with a fireman's "hitch" beside his bed—rubber boots with trousers tucked in for a fast getaway. Although the constitution of "Box 52" says nothing about lending a hand at fires, members aren't satisfied just to run and look. All have honorary badges permitting them inside fire lines, so they give the boys a hand with the hose lines, run messages for a deputy chief and otherwise make themselves useful.

Nearly all of them have adopted a station as their own. They keep a set of fire duds there, spend free time hanging around and frequently even eat and sleep with the regulars. If an alarm comes in while they are there, they hop on the apparatus like professionals.

Colonel Patterson has been an unofficial member of Engine Co. 19 for 42 years, riding along in the old days to hold the horses when they got to the fire. Later he handled hose lines, climbed ladders and even effected rescues, but the colonel almost lost his life one Christmas Eve when a floor gave way in a burning building, dropping him to the basement.

Tyler, too, has had narrow escapes. Once he rode a firewagon because the engineer was ill and he was the only one who knew how to start the fire in the old pumper. The engine went over an embankment but Tyler picked himself up unhurt. On another occasion he was overcome by smoke and had to be carried from a burning building. Still again, just before the disastrous Cocoanut Grove fire, he missed death by inches when a falling wall in East Boston killed a number of firemen.

About the only member of "52" who doesn't let his hobby interfere with his business is Allyn C. Woodward. As an undertaker, he points out, it would hardly be fitting to equip his hearse with a fire department radio. Neither can he break away from a funeral procession to chase after an engine. He makes up for it, however, when he is off duty. He boasts that he started chasing fires when he was still riding a velocipede, then graduated to a bicycle, then to his father's car, and now he uses his own private machine.

THERE IS always a waiting list for membership in "52" and about the only way one can join is as a replacement for a member who has died. To ease this problem the organization some years ago established associate memberships, but here too the number was limited to 52. Honorary memberships



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include the fire commissioner, the fire chief, and the Chief of the Boston Protective Association.

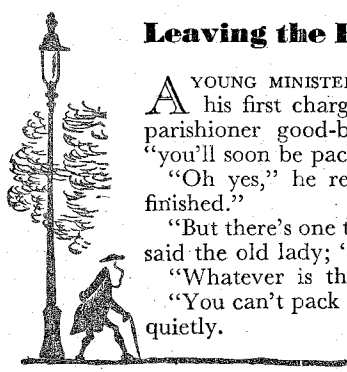
Aside from giving its members an outlet for frustrated boyhood dreams, "Box 52" has played an important role in fire prevention and in sponsoring safety laws. It has brought fire chiefs to Boston from all over the country to tell about fire-fighting methods and has presented a movie projector to the Boston Fire Department for the visual study of fire control. When two firemen lost their lives in a blaze a few years ago, "52" raised a fund of $9,365 for families of the victims.

Today the association is readily accepted by fire department officials. But when the idea of a formal organization was broached in 1912, the chief threw up his hands. "Haven't we enough sidewalk engineers already? All this will mean is a flood of requests for badges to get through fire lines."

The organizers of "52" argued that there wouldn't be any more sidewalk kibitzers than before, yet they would be better regulated. As for badges, they stipulated that a candidate must already hold a pass before being admitted to membership. Further, they pledged that the organization would be strictly nonpolitical. And "52" has kept its hands free of department politics to this day.

When members are asked to explain their interest in fires, they invariably trace it back to youthful days. Most of them grew up around fire stations and dreamed of the thrills that might be theirs when they became old enough to put on a helmet. Tyler recalls that the proudest moment of his life came in 1911 when, on his first day back from the hospital where he had undergone an operation, the Commissioner himself, knowing of his great interest in fires, sent a special car to his home to carry him to the scene of the first alarm that came in.

Nowadays, Tyler frequently takes his own 12-year-old son along when he dashes after the engines. "This," he explains, "is one way that fire fans are made."



## Leaving the Best Behind!

A YOUNG MINISTER leaving the English town which was his first charge was engaged in bidding an old lady parishioner good-bye. "Well, sir," she said regretfully, "you'll soon be packing up your things, I expect."

"Oh yes," he replied. "Matter of fact, I have almost finished."

"But there's one thing you won't be able to pack up, sir," said the old lady; "you'll have to leave that behind."

"Whatever is that?"

"You can't pack your good influences, sir," she answered quietly.

*—WW&L Way*



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# Knight in Legal Armor

**California's vigorous Attorney General hasn't lost a round in his fight for human rights**

*by* DEAN JENNINGS

IN A KITCHENETTE behind an oak-paneled office in the State Building at San Francisco there is a large refrigerator with this typewritten notice pasted on it:

KENNY REFRIGERATION SERVICE

*We perform the following:*

Chill the blow-hards,
Defrost the stuffed shirts,
Freeze quackery in its tracks,
Cool yokel-born brawls,
Melt the yapping heart,
Keep opportunity on ice,
Retail thin ice to the Antis.

The author of these pungent lines is short, rotund, gray-eyed Robert Walker Kenny, 44-year-old Attorney General of California, who wrote them in an impish mood for members of his staff. Whimsy or not, this memo effectively boils down Kenny's unique personal and political creed. It is one reason why Bob, as he is known to millions of Californians, will not be the State's next and youngest governor but is likely to sit in the White House some day.

In the field of California's fickle politics, where many a promising gladiator has ignored the spectators with fatal results, fast-stepping Kenny has never lost a bout. With a searching mind and a crackling tongue, Kenny still lives by the slogan he used as a newspaperman: "I am against people who push other people around."

Kenny is called "the people's lawyer" because he has a warm heart, a sense of humor and the courage to keep fighting for human rights whether they involve a homeless hobo or a booming business. In Los Angeles in 1931, when he was a fledgling judge in a predominantly dry community, Kenny promised to lead a mammoth anti-Prohibition parade.

"That's political suicide," friends warned.

"Perhaps," Kenny replied, "but it's worth it to kill a bad law that's making us a nation of hypocrites."

Kenny occupied a dazzling white car in the parade—and never lost a vote, as subsequent elections proved.

Again, recently, Kenny cracked down on a California sheriff who



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was preaching intolerance and keeping Japanese-American veterans from working in his county. Kenny's threat to remove the sheriff took courage in a state where the Nisei problem is still considered political poison.

But this kind of fortitude is not new to Kenny, for he has been handling touchy issues all his life. He openly condemned lobbyists in the State capitol as "the ace extortion squads that haunt hotels," and pushed through a law to control them. He braved the wrath of California women with a law compelling all expectant mothers to be examined for venereal disease. He nettled many a lawyer by outlawing breach of promise and similar "seduction" suits in California courts. He championed the cause of Harry Bridges when that maritime labor leader was facing deportation.

BOB KENNY HAS always been enamored of the law, but he pressed his suit by a circuitous route. He was born in Los Angeles in 1901, son of a banker whose family came west a century ago. He attended public school, was graduated from Stanford at 19, and promply went to Europe as a United Press correspondent. Two years later he was back home, covering the court beat for the Los Angeles *Examiner* and taking a mail-order course in law.

Kenny soon showed talent for absorbing obscure but important legal concepts and was appointed Deputy County Counsel of Los Angeles. Presently he was sent to Sacramento as a legislator for the county's interests, and there wrote his first book, a digest of complex legislation affecting county governments. He was still under 30 when Governor Rolph named him to the municipal bench in Los Angeles.

Reporters who covered young Judge Kenny's court claim that half the audience was composed of movie and radio comedians who came there daily to gather new gags. Once the puckish jurist heard thuds, curses and groans in the corridor outside his court, and summoned the bailiff.

"Why do we have that racket every time a case is settled?" he asked.

"Oh, that's just a loser beating up a winner," the bailiff said.

"Okay," Kenny ruled solemnly. "Hereafter all winners get a two-minute start."

But behind the informality there was always impartial justice and a young man's loyalty to the problems of the people. Kenny, for instance, established the nation's first "lunch-hour" court for working people, munching sandwiches on the bench while he heard one small-claims case after another.

"The law," he said, "wasn't intended to make a man lose half a day's pay by coming to court."

Kenny was so successful on the municipal bench that Governor Rolph named him to the first available vacancy in Superior Court. At election time two years later, Kenny revealed his uncanny talent for piling up votes and was returned to the judicial post for another four years. During that period he saw the confusion and inadequacy of many laws and decided he could serve the people better at Sacramento—where the laws were made.

One day he quit his $10,000-a-



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year judgeship and became a candidate for a $200-a-month job as State Senator from Los Angeles County. Kenny made no speeches, refused a campaign organization, spent only $240. But to the amazement of the experts he was elected to represent 3,000,000 people by the largest majority ever given a candidate for that office.

Kenny's debut in the staid Senate was dynamic. At the end of the first day the fiery newcomer had broken all legislative records by introducing 51 bills. In fact, Kenny wrote and sponsored more measures during his tenure than any State senator in California history, and a substantial number of them were passed. The majority were technical improvements on old laws, streamlined to Kenny's legal tailoring. But many were new, conceived to fit problems Kenny had encountered as a judge.

He remembered, for example, the terrible burns suffered by a neighbor's child while playing with bootleg firecrackers. Some cities had already banned fireworks but children were able to buy them outside city limits. So Kenny wrote a new law banning their sale everywhere, and got it passed with practically no opposition.

Childless himself, Kenny's vicarious fatherhood was reflected in several programs devoted to child welfare. One was a new State juvenile code, worked out with that veteran defender of youth, the late Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver. Another established "Courts of Conciliation" for the protection of children Kenny calls "orphans of living parents." The sole function of these special courts, optional in any county, is to hear the problems of unhappy couples and help them stave off divorce.

After Pearl Harbor, Kenny worked tirelessly for the small businessmen who were floundering in the big sea of war production, and for the farmer, faced with critical labor problems. Likewise, when California was flooded with war workers, Kenny led the movement to establish child-care centers and nursery schools for children of working mothers.

Often, in his role as people's knight, Kenny found himself tilting alone. On one occasion he was the only senator voting against a bill eliminating the Communist Party from the California ballot. "I am not a Communist," he said, "but this bill is undemocratic and unconstitutional."

Also he split with Governor Olson on the touchy "Ham 'n' Eggs" pension plan. Kenny was so rigidly opposed to this Utopian scheme that he refused Olson's appointment to the District Court of Appeals, and continued to lead the opposition until voters killed the plan.

"Some people may call me a radical," Kenny snapped, "but they never confuse me with the crackpots and the funny-money boys."

Characteristically, Kenny chose to run for Attorney General at a time when political prophets predicted he couldn't possibly win. But there was magic in the Kenny name and he was the only Democrat elected in the Republican landslide that made Earl Warren governor.

Kenny wasted no time sweeping cobwebs from the State Depart-



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ment of Justice. His reorganization of the office placed all personnel under civil service, eliminated the pernicious system of allowing deputies to maintain private practice, and improved working relationships with all the State's sheriffs and district attorneys. He also spearheaded the investigating committee that reformed the State's scandalous prison and parole system.

Kenny has great faith in the law's integrity, and his mind is a storehouse of curious information on the subject. Some months ago, he lost patience with a rule that prevented purchase of office ash trays with State funds.

"Look up the old records—about May, 1884," he said to a deputy. "I think you'll find that the Legislature approved purchase of cuspidors on the ground that they protected State property."

The deputy thumbed through musty books and found that Kenny was right, even to the year.

"That's fine," said Kenny with a twinkle. "As Attorney General I rule that ash trays also protect State property—to wit, rugs—and can be purchased with State funds."

Kenny's deep sympathy for the underdog has been even more evident since he became California's Attorney General. Last year, when returning Japanese-American veterans were victims of violence, Kenny's indignation burst. He rushed around the state, demanding that sheriffs and other peace officers protect the Nisei. He offered $1,000 reward for information identifying perpetrators of anti-Nisei violence, and in one case he contributed his own money to help a Japanese-American whose home had been burned by raiders.

In the same vein, Kenny championed the long-forgotten cause of 23,000 California Indians who had surrendered their land in the treaties of 1852 and received nothing in exchange but unkept promises.

"How can we talk about the rights of small nations," Kenny snapped, "when we have this disgrace on our American honor?"

As legislative adviser to the Indians, Kenny penned a brilliant brief for Congress. As a result of his salesmanship, Congress voted an award of $5,000,000 and the grateful Indians took him into their tribe as Chief Unimas (Big Turtle).

"Big turtle who stuck his neck out," Bob Kenny ad-libbed at the induction ceremony.

NOWADAYS KENNY operates on a truly staggering schedule. He is constantly on the move between San Francisco, Los Angeles, Sacramento and Washington, with an occasional side trip to Nevada, New York, Rio de Janeiro or Hawaii. In the past three years he has traveled 300,000 miles by air alone, and a fast car is held ready for him in San Francisco day and night.

In his spare time, which he once described as "the hours before dawn," Kenny serves as president of the National Lawyer's Guild, as a United Nations consultant, director in half a dozen corporations, chess-player and drum-beater for the industrial future of the West. In his San Francisco office he keeps assistants in a turmoil with a flood of briefs, decisions, speeches, pamphlets, letters, phone calls and wisecracks. Often he cooks hamburgers



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over a hot plate in his office, working a crossword puzzle or reading a new book while he eats.

There is an infectious atmosphere of good humor in Kenny's office. On one occasion, when Thomas E. Dewey came to San Francisco, Kenny posed as a newspaperman and sat in the press box as Dewey spoke in the Civic Auditorium. While Governor Warren watched apprehensively, Kenny pecked industriously at the keys. When the meeting ended a curious reporter glanced at the words of wisdom in Kenny's machine. They read, over and over: "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog."

In the past four years Kenny has emerged from the political scramble as California's No. 1 Democrat and thus was a logical choice as a gubernatorial candidate. He yielded to his party's urging, but lost the race for the nomination in the June primaries to Governor Warren.

Less than a week after he had filed for the race on both tickets, Kenny was invited to attend the Nazi trials in Nuremberg as a special guest of Justice Robert Jackson. Just before he left, Kenny was having lunch in a restaurant near his office, attempting for the last time to subdue a recalcitrant pinball machine. Suddenly there was a clanking sound and bells began ringing.

"Hey, look!" Kenny yelled. "I made all the lights flash!"

Some Californians think he's been doing just that for years.

## Easy . . . When You Know How

**(Solution to problem on page 46.)**

A. One of the lawyers (1) lives in Chicago; one (Mr. Robinson) (4) lives in Barrington; the clerk (6) lives halfway between Chicago and Barrington and (2) has a nearest neighbor, a lawyer. Therefore the third lawyer (Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones) lives somewhere between Chicago and Barrington.

B. The clerk (5) earns $15,000 per year, or (2) three times as much as his nearest (lawyer) neighbor. Since Mr. Jones (lawyer) earns (7) $6,000 per year, he can't be (2) the nearest neighbor and must therefore live in Chicago or Barrington. But (4) Mr. Robinson lives in Barrington, therefore Mr. Jones must (1) live in Chicago, leaving Mr. Smith the nearest neighbor.

C. Since Mr. Jones lives in Chicago, the clerk's name (1) must be Jones.

D. The prosecutor's name cannot be Smith, because (3) Smith beat the prosecutor at Squash. Thus the prosecutor's name must be Jones or Robinson, but it can't be Jones according to C. above and it must be Robinson.

E. Since, according to C. above, the clerk's name is Jones and, according to D. above, the prosecutor's name is Robinson, the judge's name must be Smith.



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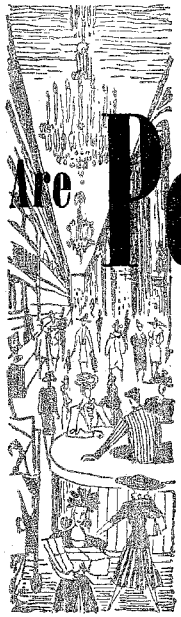
In a big New York store, management and labor work together to the profit of both

# Where Workers Are People

*by* BEATRICE SCHAPPER



THE FIRST thing Dorothy Shaver did when she became the only woman ever elected to head a $30,000,000 retail corporation was to spring a substantial raise in salary on the chiefs of personnel. "You are handling the most precious goods in the store," Miss Shaver told them.

Thus she took another step attuning Lord & Taylor, famous Fifth Avenue Shop in New York, to the current theme that workers are more than just employees—they are *individual* persons. This theme, one of the most significant and stimulating of our times, was spurred by the government's war-inspired training-within-industry program. Under this program, millions of workers and their immediate bosses absorbed the important "know how" of human relations, which had lagged so sadly behind their unsurpassed "know how" of mechanical problems.

Lord & Taylor's is a place where you can complain to your boss and he'll do something *for* you, not *to* you. It's a place where the store population is carefully combed for talent before new executives are hired outside. It's a place where office politics and personal jealousies are held to an irreducible minimum. People there are learning how to solve their problems, whether they arise from working conditions, home difficulties, or past experiences.

It wasn't easy to achieve such harmony, particularly in the beginning. Many executives couldn't comprehend the new methods of treating employees, and wanted to leave. The firm paid many thousands of dollars in "separation allowances," advancing a year's salary to the die-hards.

But costly as it was to start, the program is now paying off in commercial as well as humanitarian terms. Its employees are credited with creating more new fashion ideas, suggesting more new products and improving more old ones than any other store workers.

When people develop "know



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how" in human relations, says President Shaver, small problems are kept from becoming big ones. In a typical instance at Lord & Taylor's, a furniture salesman angrily blurted his resignation to his buyer. The latter, who'd been wondering why the salesman had seemed so tired and jumpy, replied calmly: "Let's talk about it over a cup of coffee."

Then the whole story came out. The salesman's wife had been injured seriously in an auto accident. The husband had to do the household shopping before leaving for work, the cooking and cleaning and other chores when he got home. His life had become so scrambled that he was mistaking fatigue for incapacity.

"I think I'd better quit before I'm fired, though what we'll live on I don't know," he lamented.

First the buyer excused the salesman from staff discussion meetings, held early each morning. Then he suggested the salesman consult a store specialist who knew the resources of the city—cultural, educational, social, medical. Result: a public-health nurse was assigned to care for the patient. Next the salesman paid a neighbor's daughter to read to his wife. Soon he had his doubled-up life so well organized that he voluntarily made the early meetings.

When the best Negro helper in the employee cafeteria began dropping dishes, friendly talk revealed that she was worried about finding an apartment for her family in crowded Harlem. Her supervisor relayed the problem to his boss, who put the woman in touch with housing authorities. But even before she had located a new home, her performance returned to par, just because somebody showed a genuine interest in her problem.

At Lord & Taylor's, the worker who has capacities for added responsibility may go to a night school or get special training within the store. If a person's capabilities indicate he should work elsewhere, he can develop himself in that direction with the establishment's blessing. If he cannot grow vocationally, then he will be helped to widen his interests through store or community group activities.

Often Lord & Taylor's has paid half the expenses of special training, encouraged the person to continue working at his store job while readying for his new role, and has even helped him to find an outside job at the proper time. If, in the process, the store loses a valuable employee, Lord & Taylor's does not object. The executives believe an employee should always consider his job a means to more satisfaction both in the establishment *and* outside.

A good example is the case of a usually courteous men's furnishings salesman of 28 who was becoming surly with fellow-workers and curt with customers. When the department head talked to him, the salesman complained he could not support his family on $35 weekly, which he had been told was the maximum for his type of work.

Suddenly he stopped short, then said with fear-tinged dignity: "I've never told this to anybody for fear they'd laugh, but I want to be an artist. Is it too late for me?"

The department head took the case to Mrs. Jean L. Shepard, chief of executive personnel. A career



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woman whose thinking is as streamlined as her appearance, she applies her academic theories to the business world. Through tests, she was able to prove to the salesman that while he didn't evidence real creative talent, he had an undeveloped flair for the kind of merchandise presentation used by variety stores.

Result: Lord & Taylor paid half the tuition for a display course, meanwhile urging him to hold onto his job. Evenings the salesman-father went to school, daytime he blossomed into the best producer in his department. A year later he began handling window displays for a group of variety stores, at $50 a week. He achieved his heart's desire and the store enjoyed the increased productivity of a satisfied worker during the time he remained as an employee.

In discussing the salesman's case, Mrs. Shepard says that two thoughts are uppermost in the minds of most people: the anxious question, "How'm I doing?" and the heartfelt plea, "Don't lose me in the shuffle!" These basic thoughts show the need for what experts call *recognition* and *security*.

"It isn't difficult to fulfill the normal need of nearly everyone to 'be someone,' " says Mrs. Shepard. "Nor is it difficult to let each employee know exactly where he stands, how safe his job is, and what his chances are for the future."

Lord & Taylor achieves these aims by placing responsibility for handling people not on a remote personnel department but on the junior executives. They are closest to workers and, further, they have been trained by top personnel people in the art of human relations. By this change the store was able to reduce its personnel department from twelve to five and to cut expenses $15,000 a year. More important, employees are able to solve their difficulties before catastrophe occurs.

TWICE A YEAR, more than 300 executives and nearly 3,000 staff people at Lord & Taylor get an elaborate report card. Called a rating and salary review, it breaks down each employee's performance into how much he did and how he went about it. The salesperson's card is filled out by a rating council composed of his buyer, merchandise manager, service manager, the person who hired him and the section manager.

They discuss openly the salesperson's record of work and then rate him on 30 questions dealing with how he works. Each member of this rating council is in turn reviewed by *his* rating council, the process finally spiraling up to President Shaver. Each person's report —whether he be staff member or top executive—is studied by his immediate superior, who then calls him in to talk it over. This is vital to the whole system, for without open discussion the rating tends to be superficial.

The process avoids misunderstanding so that workers need not think or voice such corrosive thoughts as, "I've done my job well, why don't I get a bigger job?" "What has *she* got that I haven't got?" "The department head has it in for me!" "Whom do I have to know to get ahead in this place?"

"The rating also prohibits arbitrary firing," says Henry C. Leach,



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director of non-executive personnel. "If a worker is rated doubtful, he knows it—and knows too that it is up to him to improve, if he cares to. He has six months—until next review time—to better his performance. What's more, somebody in the store is responsible for trying to help him improve."

At review time, supervisors also recommend promotions. Last year, of 74 people deemed worthy of better jobs, all but three were promoted, 36 being graduated into executive work.

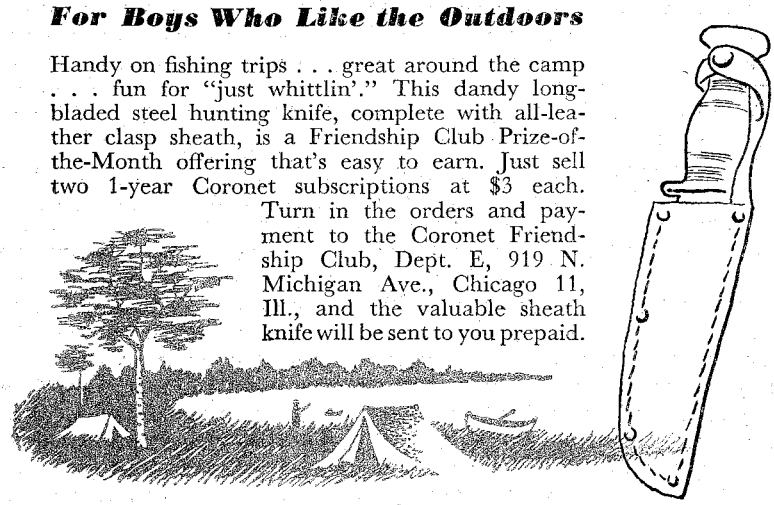
In concentrating on prevention of human difficulties rather than reparation, in considering problems affecting the individual human being, Lord & Taylor believes it has one significant answer to the ever-present problem of employee relations. Instead of dictation of behavior, there is freedom of choice and opportunity to profit by experience. Instead of stern authority, there is comradeship between employer and employee. Instead of resentment, there is mutual confidence and frankness. The over-all spirit transmits itself from employer to worker to customer, creating a better and more profitable relationship all around.

There isn't an "employee" entrance or an "employee" elevator here. Instead, there's a "company" entrance and a "company" elevator because all are considered members of a "company," just as actors belong to a stage company.

When an employee starts at the store, he is given a pamphlet entitled, *A Letter to New Members of the Company*, signed by President Shaver. Significantly, the booklet begins: "The management has always respected and will continue to respect the personal dignity of every employee." When that promise is kept, experience shows, both the worker and the enterprise benefit.


***For Boys Who Like the Outdoors***

Handy on fishing trips . . . great around the camp . . . fun for "just whittlin'." This dandy long-bladed steel hunting knife, complete with all-leather clasp sheath, is a Friendship Club Prize-of-the-Month offering that's easy to earn. Just sell two 1-year Coronet subscriptions at $3 each. Turn in the orders and payment to the Coronet Friendship Club, Dept. E, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., and the valuable sheath knife will be sent to you prepaid.



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There's more to a minister's duties than meets the eye; do you know the countless things he does for you?

# Your Pastor Is Your Friend

by Dr. Clarence Seidenspinner

Most people think of their church pastor as a good man, a mediocre man or a nonentity. Seldom do they think of him as a human being.

Yet your pastor is very human indeed—a man who knows all the problems and emotions you know. Do not imagine that he experiences no resentments, cherishes no ambitions, loves no pleasures! And do not imagine he has a soft job: a little preaching and praying, a few calls, and ladies' aid in time for tea.

Actually, his job is so big for one man that much of his work remains undone. Hence it is silly to think he could not make the grade in any other line of work and therefore chose the ministry. Often his organizing ability, his salesmanship, his gift of pen and tongue and his knowledge of human nature would bring him success anywhere.

Do you know what he does in addition to his public appearances on Sunday? Are you aware of the labor behind each appearance? Those sermons come neither out of the air nor from a ghost writer. Your pastor works and sweats them out, spending three to fifteen hours on a single sermon.

Back of this job is continuous study, year after year, ranging all the way from contemporary literature, economics and psychology to the more technical fields of religion. If the sermon is helpful and interesting, it means that your pastor has toiled long and hard. If the sermon is poor, remember that the distracted man is human and overworked.

Each day brings its quota of calling and counseling. More and more, people are coming to the minister for help in personal problems. They know he has had some college courses in psychology, and has some knowledge of healthy living and how to achieve it. Gone are the days when the pastor could look serenely at his visitor and say, "Brother, pray about it and you will be all right."

Here, for example, is a case of melancholia. The minister is called in by the family of a woman who has tried to commit suicide. Her friends are no longer interesting, pain and discouragement are mag-



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nified, she does not want to live. While the physician tries to restore her mental balance and the family surround her with sympathy, the minister begins to fortify her sense of well-being.

He calls frequently, talking cheerfully but quietly about the good things of life. He directs her attention to the joy she can bring to others. He prepares spiritual exercises based on her own situation and then coaches her in their use. They become part of her subconscious life and assist her in recovery by making her certain of the fact that she is a child of God. In a few months her return to health rewards the pastor for his patient counseling.

Another problem for the minister is the mystery still surrounding sexual experiences. A visitor eases up to such conversation gradually, testing the pastor to see whether he knows the facts of life. Curious also is the reaction of a congregation if sex is mentioned in a sermon. Sexually starved or repressed people get busy with complaints.

"The pastor's reference was shocking. Think of its effect upon our young people!"

But this kind of excitement is often their only substitute for glamour and love. The experience which they do not want mentioned fascinates them abnormally. Hence the condemnation. Normal people respond differently: "That was definitely helpful. I understand things in a new light."

LIKE A SCHOOL principal, your pastor has to operate an educational program, for the church school enrolls people from infancy to old age. He must know the latest teaching methods and materials. He may even do some teaching himself, especially at the annual retreat for the church-school staff.

Today, visual education is a powerful influence in religious circles, so my superintendent and I decided to build our retreat last autumn around this theme. We took our teachers and department heads to a cabin away from town, where I showed slides picturing the ministry of Jesus and then built a 40-minute service around those slides. Here is a job to keep one man busy all the time. Yet the pastor must do it on the run.

Three types of administration grind your pastor down—money, members and personnel. Have you ever examined a church budget? It comprises four major expenditures: personal service, office and program, fixed charges and upkeep, denominational and benevolent items. And who is responsible for raising this budget? The minister! Yet the average church member hinders him by failing to get his pledge in on the specified day.

New members must be secured if a church is to exist, for old members are forever leaving by death, removal from town or withdrawal. Again it is your pastor's responsibility to keep the membership bal-

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**Dr. Clarence Seidenspinner is pastor of the First Methodist Church of Racine, Wisconsin, and a special lecturer on contemporary literature at Northwestern University's Theological Seminary. He is a frequent contributor to leading religious magazines and has had two books published on religious subjects: *Form and Freedom in Worship* and *Our Dwelling Place.***



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anced. In fact, if he does not report a steady growth the church fathers may take him to task. Other men devote full time to selling such tangibles as autos and electric razors, but the minister can only take a slice of his time to sell such an intangible value as church membership.

How does a minister solicit new members? If the man has no family, the minister will often invite him to lunch. This friendly experience may be all that is necessary. But if the prospect has a family the minister calls at the house. Often several calls are necessary before the family makes up its mind.

Confronted by tasks like this, your pastor's own personal problems are many. He is expected to be a first-class businessman on the one hand and a preacher on the other. Tension is inevitable. When shall the businessman find time for his work? And when shall the minister study? This conflict between the possible and the ideal creates frustration, often expressed in nervousness, insomnia and a tendency to look at life through bloodshot eyes.

Tension is further complicated by your pastor's financial status. The average minister is anything but well-to-do. From his wages must come all the expenses of the family, his car, his gifts to church and charity, his expenses at professional conferences, his books and magazines, not to mention insurance and education of his children.

The effect of this financial situation is sometimes tragic. Above everything, the pastor needs to simplify and unify. Because he has some self-respect he may try to supplement his income. I have known ministers who speculated in real estate, stocks and bonds, who sold insurance, magazines, automobiles and razor sharpeners; who lectured, did free-lance writing, who raised chickens, pigs and vegetables, who drummed up trade for colleges and who stumped the state as chalk-talk artists. I even knew one desperate man who was driven to buying potatoes in northern Wisconsin and selling them to Chicago wholesalers.

Equally serious problems are caused by chronic obstructionists in a church. Half a dozen cantankerous persons can keep a membership of peace-loving people in a state of jitters. They sabotage the pastor's program by ridicule and non-support. They write anonymous letters of criticism. They go from house to house, carrying a petition for the pastor's removal.

One of the finest men I have ever known was removed from his church through a petition circulated during the summer while many of his supporters were vacationing. Though he moved to another church, the profound humiliation of this experience broke him within two years. He has never preached since.

THERE ARE MANY ways in which you can treat your pastor like a human being. Remember that he needs a social life of his own, time for normal recreation, definite encouragement and understanding as well as occasional criticism. Never put him on a pedestal. Encourage him to be human in every respect.

Help him to work for the consolidation of churches. Larger churches permit employment of a



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staff and a cathedral type of organization. Consolidation is feasible in the country as well as in the city, for in a consolidated church one pastor may preach, another may call and counsel, another may look after business and educational interests, another may direct a musical program for the parish. Other paid workers may assist the chief ministers in the administration of various duties.

Such an organization creates a vastly more interesting church for the layman, gives power and energy to parish programs, relieves the personal tensions of the minister. No longer must he run the entire show. Like laymen in modern business, his labors will be shared with his associates, permitting him to do an outstanding job in one particular line.

All this is possible if the average churchgoer will remember to treat the pastor like a human being. Then—and only then—can he forget his own problems and devote more time to his chosen task, which is solving the problems of others.

## Improving on the Dictionary

**Bargain Sale**—Where a woman ruins one dress while she buys another.

**Boss**—The man who is early when you are late and late when you are early.—*Take It Or Leave It*, CBS radio show

**Eyelids**—Draperies for the conscience.—Albert A. Brandt

**Golf**—A game in which a ball one and a half inches in diameter is placed on another ball 8,000 miles in diameter. The object is to hit the small ball but not the large.—*Santa Fe Magazine*

**Home, Sweet Home**—A place where you can get out of wet socks and into a Dry Martini.

**Income**—Something that you can't live without or within.

—Harry B Behrmann

**Movies**—A place where people talk behind your back—*Ford Islander*

**News**—Anything that makes a woman say, "For heaven's sake."

—*Four Hundred and Four*

**Optimist**—A man who gets treed by a lion but enjoys the scenery.

—Walter Winchell

**Perfume**—An expensive commodity that sells for a scent.

**Perhaps**—The calling card of hope.

—Albert A. Brandt

**President**—A highly paid model for a postage stamp.

**Soup**—What people eat at the top of their voices.—Henry F. Gruhler

**Tree**—A thing that will stand in one place fifty years and then suddenly jump in front of a woman driver.—*Banana River Peelings*

**Woman**—A person who reaches for a chair when she answers the telephone.—*Polar Tech*



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# When the Sea Calls

*Seagoing days are days of deep contentment and peace for the soul*

*by* GORDON K. SEAGROVE

IF YOU NEED a diversion with a tingle in it when you want a tingle, or peace when your soul cries out for peace — something that carries with it constant change and endless variety —what you want is sailing; what you ought to have is a sailboat.

You will experience that feeling of complete and utter detachment from a drab and dusty world that comes when blue water is all about you. Again, you will find your spine a-tingle when you have beneath you a lean, lovely thing of wood and snowy canvas, racing along through the cool water, the white foam crinkling and gurgling at the rail, going where you want her to go, leaping to your touch, and trusting to your skill as a fresh breeze whistles out of an indigo sky into the bellying sails.

Back there behind you, forgotten for a while, are the office, the sun-baked streets and the quivering heat; ahead, only the cool and changing water and the distant shore—and the day to yourself!

Awaiting you aboard ship are the breaking dawns on the gray water when the light over the compass pales, and the amateur helmsman peers into the lifting mists for first sight of landfall. There are the serene, sunny days when your craft slides lazily along the bluest of seas, almost sailing herself while you lie contentedly upon your back, counting the little scudding clouds and forgetting that your pipe has gone out.

There are the moonlit nights, mystic and unreal, when your little vessel seems like an ethereal butterfly suspended between earth and sky, yet moving always toward the distant blinking beacon on the horizon. From forward comes the sound of singing by those too glad of the night to think of sleep, and from the dimly lighted cabin come the chimes of the ship's clock sounding the watch call to men who yesterday, perhaps, were lawyers or financiers, doctors or salesmen, but who now are sailors.

And there are still other nights when the clouds swing low and the towering seas moan for miles behind you, while the members of your crew, huddled on deck, eye the shortened canvas and wonder if so small a barque can triumph over the booming seas and make the port where rest and friends and sweethearts are.

Those are the days you taste content. Those are the nights you sample life!

Excerpted from the book *Sailing Craft*, published at $3.95 by the Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y.;
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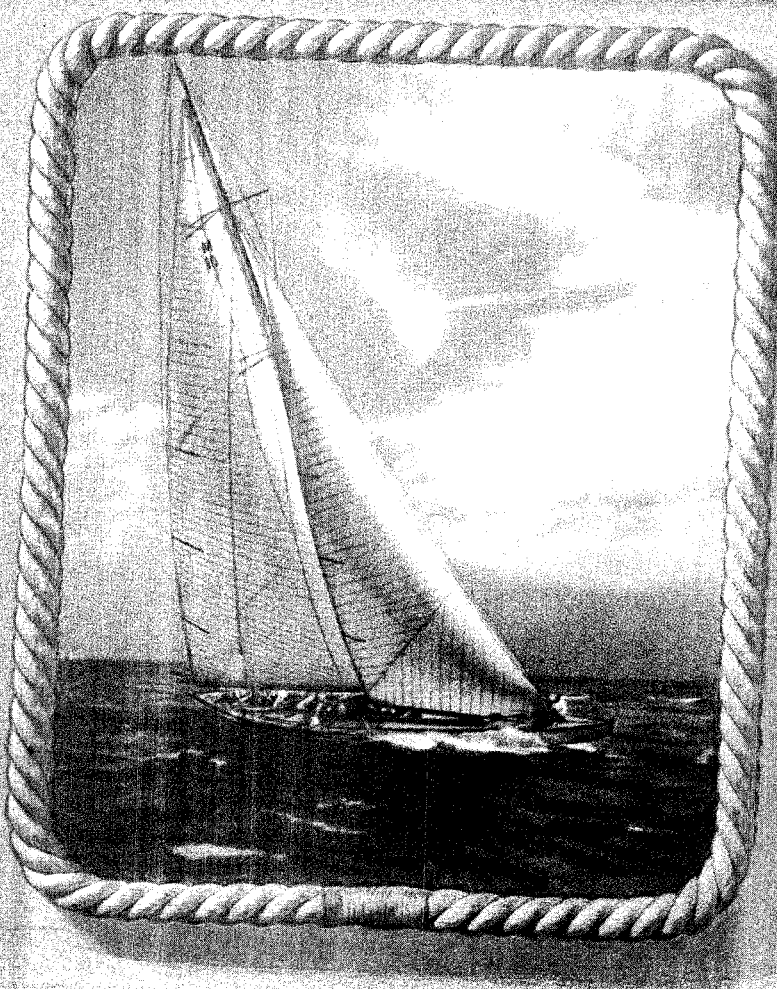

# SAILING

Propelled by the wind under a summer sky, man tastes one of life's oldest delights—and one of its best. As he skims across the clean blue water his spirit soars, free of all earthly restraints.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. KODACHROME BY J. JULIUS FANTA

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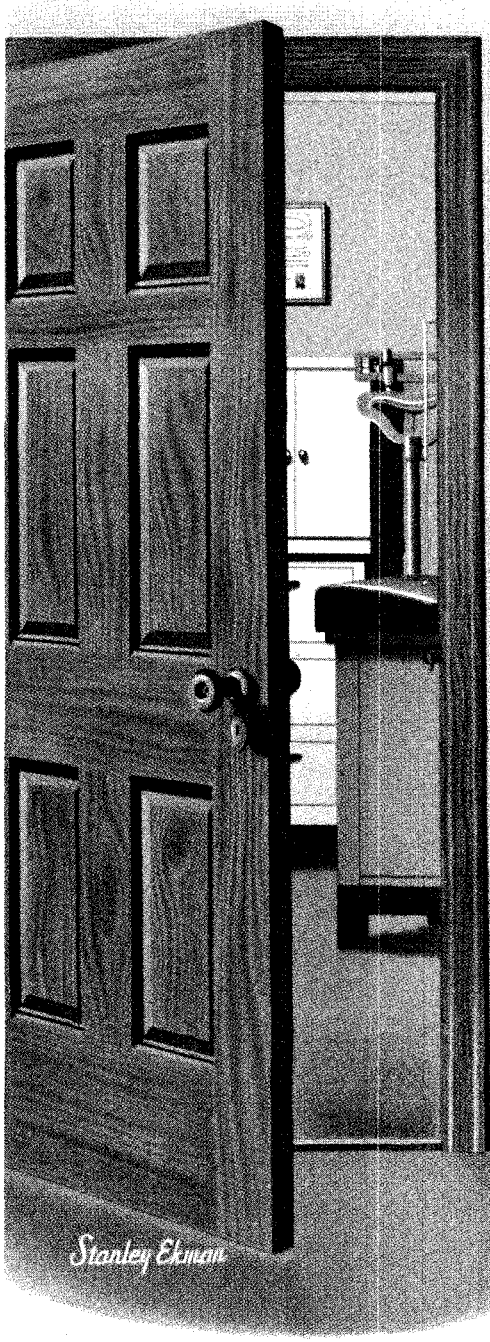


# Consultation Room

*by* FREDERIC LOOMIS, M. D.

**A doctor's examining room is the most sexless and unemotional place in the world; but in contrast his consultation room vibrates with passionate appeals and dramatic stories. Here, in a book filled with suspense and incident, a gynecologist tells of some of the problems in human relations that he has helped to resolve in long years of medical service.**

THE POLISHED TOP of the desk in my consultation room is still smooth. The tears that have fallen on it have left no mark; the hands that have gripped it have left no trace; yet for 20 years there have flowed across that desk tales of happiness and passion and frustration and fear, from the bared hearts of the women who have sat across from me.

My world has revolved around sex as a pivot, with love as the motive power and with both happiness and fear as constant attendants. I

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have delivered several thousand babies and in spite of that great chorus of newborn wails, the whole mystery of beginning life—of the love of a man and a woman for each other, of conception, of the development of the unborn baby within the mother, and of the marvelous mechanism of birth—all these are still to me the most wonderful things in life.

In these pages I want to disclose actual reactions common to women the world over, and at the same time to show the effect of these reactions upon their doctors. Hence I must write of these problems in a personal way, for without injecting myself into every scene I could not relate what actually happened. Essentially these tales are fact, not fiction. . . .

ONE DAY A pleasant-looking woman of 38 came into my office. "I am so glad to be here, doctor," she smiled. "I have always wanted a baby and now I'm going to have one. I have the best husband in the world and I want to bring him a son before it's too late. I haven't been sick a moment, and I think I must be going to have twins."

Her radiance was infectious. I took her history carefully, then sent her to the examining room. On returning she smiled happily again and said: "Well, am I all right? And am I going to have twins?"

"You are quite all right," I said, "but you're not going to have twins. There is only one baby. But . . . please take me into your confidence so that I can protect you from embarrassment. Surely you know that your baby is due in two months instead of six?"

"Why," she exclaimed, counting rapidly on her fingers, "that's impossible! I never met my husband till four months ago."

As I watched, terror swept across her face. She was no longer the composed and happy woman I had greeted a few minutes before. Instead I saw the stricken look of an animal hunted to death. She began to speak in a low voice.

"I have cared for but two men in my life," she said, "and I had not seen the first one for years until seven months ago, when he was passing through the city and found me. He was on his way to a dangerous mission in the New Guinea jungle. He had a feeling he would never return." Her voice trembled. "He never will—he's dead.

"In the few days we had together, our love flared up again and we were swept off our feet. I wanted those days to be a wonderful memory for us as long as we lived. I cried when he left—but I was happy. . . .

"Soon I met this other fine man, and in a few months I married him. Now, if what you tell me is true, this is not the son I wanted to bring him but the child of a man who died in New Guinea. Oh, what can I do? What can I say to the one man in all the world who loves me?" Her voice broke. "Please tell me what to do."

All doctors are troubled at times by useless questions, but sometimes we are almost overwhelmed by appeals that come straight from the heart. I really didn't know what to do, but to gain time I told her to go home and tell her husband every word she had told me, but first to exact a promise from him that he would come to my office before he

Condensed from the book *Consultation Room*, published at $2.50 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, N. Y.; copyright by Knopf

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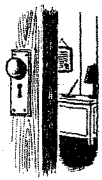
talked to anyone else. She agreed, yet in her eyes as she went out were only fear and despair.



DURING THE rest of the afternoon I found it difficult to keep my thoughts on other patients, as one by one their troubles were unfolded to me. I found myself increasingly annoyed at the uproar made by some of them over trifles. I forgot for the moment that even a trivial thing may reach to the horizon if there is no major trouble to prevent it, and that many horizons are not so wide after all. Sometimes it takes very little to fill the intervening spaces . . .

In the morning the man whose fate had so filled my mind came to the office. He had the distinctive bearing of a gentleman, a man far above the average, but his face was haggard. Still standing with hat in hand he said: "She has told me. I am here only to keep the promise I made her."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"What can I do?" he answered. "I'm leaving her. I can't stand it. My things are packed and I'm moving today. I hate divorce, but I can't avoid it. This is a terrible blow to a man's pride."

The answer for which I had been groping flashed into my confused mind at his words. His pride came first of all.

"Sit down, sir," I said. "You're quite within your rights to get your divorce—and spread every word of this in every newspaper. That will be tough for her—but, man! have you thought what it will do for you? Can't you see the looks on people's faces after you have passed and they say: 'There's the man who took another man's baby and didn't know it?' "

"Good God!" he said in surprise. "What a situation! I could never come back."

"Certainly you can," I replied. "You can save yourself and save her, too. Go home and pack her things. Take her 500 miles away on any pretext. Keep her there until the baby is born. I'll put you in the hands of the best man there; he'll arrange for the baby's adoption. Then let her write to friends that she lost her baby at five months, which will fit your marital history perfectly."

His eyes lighted. For the first time I saw his eager mind, stunned by the blow of the day before, really grasp the situation. Right or wrong, I felt justified in proposing deliberate deception in guarding a secret that concerned these two alone and concerned them so vitally.

We talked for half an hour. I told him how she had glowed with happiness when she told me she was to be the mother of his baby. I tried to make him see that every pang of sorrow in his heart was duplicated in hers, and that, besides, she would have the added burden of bitter remorse and chagrin. As we talked I could foresee a happy ending to what at first had seemed a hopeless tangle.

Weeks later I learned from the doctor that the patient was nearly ready to return home. Her husband had made the long trip each week



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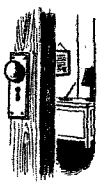
*by Frederic Loomis, M.D.*

to see her. Both had signed an adoption release before the baby was born. So far as I ever learned, there was no gossip on their return. And I was repaid for my anxiety by her appearance in my office a year later with an expression even happier than the one I had seen there first, and with a corresponding reason for her visit.



ON ONE OF my rare vacation trips—this one a brief tour of South America—I boarded an American ship in Valparaiso with some reluctance. It was a cruise ship with some 200 tourists who disembarked at each port, scurried through a series of "things you mustn't miss," and were herded back two hours sooner than necessary because there are always a few who are late in returning.

Among the other passengers who joined the ship was a young woman who obviously was to need medical attention before long. Vaguely I wondered why she should be traveling under such circumstances. She had not appeared on deck and I had forgotten her in the excitement of the ocean.

Then one day I stood quietly alone, far forward on deck, watching the sea in a complete sense of happy isolation. Suddenly a voice said at my elbow:

"Captain's compliments, sir, and he asks if you will be so kind as to go to the office of the ship's doctor."

Usually I register on a ship without the prefix of "doctor," but had not done so here. I had met the ship's doctor, an older man who had been at sea for years. As do all medical men, we discussed our profession and I told him of the limitation of my work for many years to obstetrics and gynecology.

"Doctor," he said as I entered his office, "a woman got on the ship at Valparaiso who is worrying me. I can take care of almost anything that comes along but it's been a long time since I've had to think about babies, especially when things are not right. I wish she were your patient instead of mine. Will you see her with me?"

I found a typical picture of an advancing toxemia. It was the patient's first baby, due in five weeks. Her husband was in business in Brazil, though they were both U.S. citizens. He was to join her in Rio, where they were to take a liner for New York. Circumstances had made it impossible for her to leave Valparaiso earlier and she had been terrified at the thought of crossing the Andes by air to save time, so she had taken this slower way.

The patient was restless and nervous, a bad sign. Her cheeks were flushed; her blood pressure was too high; she had a severe headache. After making several routine tests, I examined her teeth and was startled to find an angry molar abscess. Perhaps this poison was the added load that was more than she could bear. There was a chance that if it were released her body would carry the lessened load a little longer, giving her baby a chance for life as well as reducing her own hazard.

Fortunately I had learned there was an excellent dentist among the passengers and that he had a par-



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tial set of instruments with him. Preparations were hurriedly made, and with a whiff or two of ether the tooth came out, while I almost held my breath to see if the shock would precipitate the convulsions we had feared.

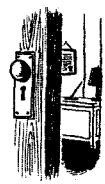
But when her eyes slowly opened, she smiled and said: "Doctor, someone hit me in the jaw with a club. But I haven't any headache."

Her restlessness was gone and, to my delight, her blood pressure had dropped 20 points. She was not out of danger, but the immediate crisis was past; her baby's heart still ticked steadily under my stethoscope; and Buenos Aires was 12 hours nearer. . . .

Each day there was moderate improvement in our patient, though it was less spectacular than the first sudden change for the better. But when we reached Buenos Aires, she flatly refused to leave. Her husband was waiting in Rio and had begged her by radio to continue if possible. Moreover, she had an almost hysterical determination that her baby should be born in U. S. territory.

Rio is about 1,000 miles north from Buenos Aires, and it takes the average liner about five days to make the trip. We left Santos safely, with Rio only one day away and everything going well. Then during the night I was called. The patient's toxemia had practically disappeared but, to our dismay, indefinite labor pains had started.

I explained the circumstances to the Captain and asked him when we might expect to be in Rio. Glancing at the coastline he said he thought we would arrive just in time to get the port officials aboard before they quit for the day. If we were a moment too late, however, no one could go ashore till next morning. As I doubted that delivery could be delayed longer than the exact hour he had set, the race between the stork and the ship promised to be exceedingly close.



To my amazement the patient became hysterical when I told her we might get to Rio in time. "Don't do it!" she cried. "Please let me have my baby now. I don't want to have a Brazilian child! Please, *please*, doctor, give me my baby now!"

Puzzled, I called the Captain and he made clear the peculiarities of dual nationality. A child born of American parents anywhere in the world is considered by the U. S. to be a citizen. But a child born of American parents in Brazil is considered by Brazil to be a Brazilian citizen, even if the child be born on a ship of foreign registry, if the ship happens to be in Brazilian waters at that moment. "In Brazilian waters" means technically within three miles of the shore.

For a time, as the patient's pains became harder, it seemed that the question would settle itself. We sent for the Chief Engineer, a big, raw-boned Scotsman, who turned pale when I asked him to get ready to take care of a premature baby. He grinned instead when I told him I wanted a crib made to be swung on supports three feet high, and beneath it a shelf for four elec-



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tric lights, to supply regulated heat.

Although we were in the tropics, the air as the sun went down was becoming chilly. Half the secret of saving premature babies is properly regulated temperature and plenty of air. The engineer dashed away to get the little bed ready. And then, as Rio drew nearer, there was the delay that often comes even with the birth of a baby small as this one.

Throughout the ship had spread the story of the drama being enacted, and immediately someone started a collection to be given to the newest passenger. As we waited, giving the mother such help as was in our power, the shores of Brazil came closer. I sent a boy to the Captain to ask him how far we were from land.

In a minute the Captain himself appeared, as eager as any other for news of the proceedings. He looked like a schoolboy, awkward with embarrassment when told to enter. We were nine miles from shore, he said in a hoarse whisper, going on a long diagonal for the harbor.

"But only six miles are open sea, doc," he said. "The moment we pass the three-mile limit we are in Brazil. That'll give you not more than thirty minutes and"—his voice rose—"I wouldn't stop my ships for all the kids in South America."

Things were at a standstill. Everything was ready. But the contractions had stopped. Suddenly the purser appeared with an anxious but silly look. "Doc, the passengers want to hear the baby cry."

"My God, man," I said, "who doesn't?"

"But, doc," he said, "you know the ship is wired for loudspeakers and here is a microphone. Couldn't you let the little rascal let out a yip for us? All the passengers are half cockeyed over it, and they know we'll soon be in Brazilian waters and——"

"Is there a loudspeaker connected with the bridge?" I asked.

"Sure, and the skipper is anxious too."

"All right," I said. "Even if the baby doesn't cry at first, the ship's doctor will announce its arrival. Ask the skipper to note our exact position, because he will have to certify to the birth on the open sea —if he can."

As I spoke I heard bells jingle in the engine room. The speed of the great ship lessened, showing after all the human touch of the tough old seaman on the bridge; he was jeopardizing his command by deliberately delaying the arrival of his ship. I thanked heaven this was an American ship with a Yankee skipper. Sentiment, like gold, is where you find it. In an unexpected setting it is doubly sweet.

Now the mother needed all my attention. Twenty minutes had passed since the Captain's visit, then twenty-five, and then—he was here, the cause of all the excitement, safe and sound and big enough to live.

I motioned to the doctor. He snapped on the microphone and brought it closer as the little pink chest moved up and down, took its first deep expansion, then expelled its first breath of the open sea with a yowl that was magnified a hundred times throughout the ship. Even in the hospital room I could



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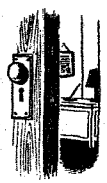
hear the cheers that answered. In a moment came the message: "Five miles from shore, exactly, by triangulation."

The bells jingled again, the ship regained its speed, we glided into the glorious harbor of Rio too late to pass inspection.

"Too late anyway," growled the skipper. "I knew we couldn't make it or I never would have stopped her."

But I have always thought he lied about that. . . .



LOCKER-ROOM friendships at the country club are formed like the figures in a jigsaw puzzle—by trial and error, by fitting one personality to another, though without conscious purpose. In my locker alley were some of my closest friends, including Kendrick, lawyer, orator and fighter.

Each week I looked forward to my association with him and other men at the club. My days and nights were necessarily spent with women—sick ones—and, much as I like my work, it is a pleasant contrast to step into another world—the world of men.

There came a rainy Wednesday afternoon, and having no appointments I went to the club. I knew there would be no golf, but I wanted company—someone with whom I could almost think aloud about a problem that was troubling me.

No one can sit behind a doctor's desk and avoid facing problems that mean more than relief of pain or even forestalling death. The appeal of those who come to us to show them the way out of difficulties—the distress of the spirit, which is infinitely greater than the brain's reaction to a poisoned nerve end—these are part of the life of every physician.

Here is one of the remaining links between the modern specialist, who is really more human than he seems, and the old family doctor who lived and suffered with those around him. Times and customs change as our knowledge widens. There is so much more to know today that no one man can possibly cover the field of medicine, as he might have done a generation ago. But hearts are much the same, even though they may be a little harder to find.

I reached the club in a pouring rain, but to my delight I found Kendrick sitting in the almost empty locker room. His heavy face, lined by the study that has more than once carried him to the U. S. Supreme Court, lighted with pleasure as I took my usual seat. Then he noticed my preoccupation.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Don't you know the answer?"

"No, Ken, I don't, but there ought to be one. If this were a legal question, I would rather come to you than anyone else. But it isn't, and it isn't exactly a medical question either."

"Let's have it," he said.

"Five years ago," I began, "the daughter of one of our fine old families came to me. She had been brought up with the inhibitions of the older generation, but she had outstanding musical talent and persuaded her family to let her study



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in Chicago. Yet she had been so protected and shielded from the world that she was practically defenseless.

"In Chicago she met a young chap, also a musician. They fell in love. They became engaged—and then began the deliberate siege of virtue that is as old as the world. He was not making enough money to marry, but he 'wanted her so desperately' that she finally felt it was terribly wrong to make him suffer so. Maybe it was her own business—she was 23—but he made no effort to protect her and she didn't know the difference.

"A few weeks later she came to me in trouble. In desperation she had written her family that she had been secretly married and was coming home. She made up a story that he had gone east to look for a job, and the poor kid had bought herself a wedding ring and picked out a married name.

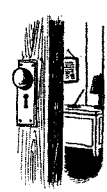
"To me she told a different story. She had never married, of course, and the moment this bird knew of her predicament, he didn't even wait to say good-bye. She was puzzled and hurt, but not very resentful. Women are funny things, aren't they? . . . "

Kendrick said: "Did you ever hear that there never is an illegitimate baby, only illegitimate parents? . . . Well, why didn't she have it stopped?"

"Ken," I replied, "she could have had it stopped, but she didn't. I can't send anyone to an abortionist because then I would become *particeps criminis*, as you lawyers say. I went over the whole thing with her. She loved her family, but she had been frayed by their questions until she was almost frantic. Her chief concern was not only that she have her baby safely, but that she might not bring disgrace upon her people. Her hardest trial was in keeping them, by plausible excuses, from tracing the 'husband.'

"So she went ahead, and in time I brought her a little baby girl. Her mother and father sat outside the delivery room and told me how badly they felt that her husband could not be there. Since then, the girl has supported her child for five years, and her story has been accepted. She is known by her married name, and though everyone thinks it's terrible her husband has never appeared, no one questions the fact that she has one.

"But now—and this, Ken, is the trouble—a fine young man has fallen in love with her and she loves him. He can take care of her easily, but he can't marry a married woman! I wish she had married that low-down pup in Chicago so she could get a divorce for desertion."



There was a sudden pause. Perhaps the expression had brought the same thoughts to both of us. The look in his eyes was answered by the one in mine. "Ken," I said, "perhaps this is one of those things. Let's get a divorce for that girl from the worthless boy she never married!"

"Wait a minute," said Ken, clearing his throat with a large and legal sound. "Do you want me to



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connive against the letter and spirit of the law? Do you want me to be a *particeps criminis?* Don't you know we're both likely to get in a jam if we trifle with the law over some girl that doesn't mean a thing to us—that doesn't mean a thing to anyone except maybe her little girl, and the man who loves her, and her family, and especially herself?

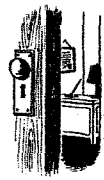
"Can't be done! No, sir—like hell it can't—but not for money—not for a damned cent. I wouldn't prostitute the law for money for anyone. Send her over. Can't get service on him because whereabouts unknown—publish the notices in a legal paper where no one will ever see 'em. Sure we can do it."

Next day I told her what we had planned. She was overcome with emotion but the good material in her was shown by her first question, which was whether it would be fair to the man whom she was to marry.

"See him today," I told her. "Tell him exactly what you have told me. It won't take half as much courage as it has taken you to go through the last five years. And then go over to see the attorney."

Her intelligence and outstanding decency appealed to Kendrick instantly. He felt it was possible to trust her because she had kept her secret so well. It was no small thing for a man of his position to put himself in a woman's hands, especially when no tangible reward was possible. Intangibles, however, are often worth more.

I have been told that it could not be done, but it *was* done. In time she had her divorce; and soon after she had a husband, and her baby had a father, and her family were content. Her continuing happiness is still a blessing to the two old conspirators who gave it to her. Perhaps we were wrong, but I hope St. Peter in his wisdom may not think so.



NO ONE WHO has ever been one, as I have, can fail to have a tender spot for the poor devil of an expectant father. He comes into the obstetrician's waiting-room with his wife on her first visit and sits beside her, looking guilty. He is often the only man in the room, and each patient looks him over critically. He tries to appear nonchalant but only feels conspicuous.

He did not want to come in the first place, but yielded to pressure. He is going to yield to still more pressure many times in the next few months, but he isn't coming to this place again if he can help it. Next time he'll wait for her in the car.

In a few hours—in reality only a few minutes—he is summoned by the nurse. He feels more comfortable within the quiet walls of the consultation room, away from the eyes of the inquisition, but even here he is less composed as a rule than the woman who, after all, is the one to be examined in strange and curious ways.

Most expectant fathers are devoted and thoughtful husbands during the months of waiting. Tenderness and devotion mean even more to a woman when she feels awkward and unattractive, and she does not forget in the years that follow.



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Finally the great day comes—not infrequently in the middle of the night. The husband usually calls, probably because the phone is not in her bedroom. "This is Mr. Anderson," he says anxiously. "I think I'd better take my wife to the hospital right away."

"Wait a minute," I say. "What is going on?"

"Why, she's going to have a baby. Didn't you know?"

"Yes, but why do you think she's going to have it now? Is she having any pains?"

"Oh, yes, *terrible* pains, doctor."

"How frequently?"

I hear him calling upstairs and then: "Oh, every little while."

"Do you mean every two minutes—or ten minutes?"

I hear his feet pounding the stairs, and then he returns with the information that she had a swell pain about an hour ago and thinks she has another. Knowing how certain he is that the baby is about to be born on the front porch or in his car, I can't really be annoyed at his anxiety, even at two o'clock in the morning.

So I advise him to go to sleep again, and that when the contractions have become fairly regular at intervals of ten minutes or so, to go to the hospital and the nurses will call me; or, if he is worried, to take her any time. . . .

Nurses have asked me to put a pink light in the room where expectant fathers wait while their wives are in the delivery room, "so the poor things won't look so pale." If two or three happen to be there at the same time, they are blood-brothers within five minutes. The ash trays soon run over. If there were no more babies, I am sure the sale of cigarettes would drop appreciably. Often I have wondered whether the big tobacco companies were behind the opposition to birth control. . . .

We laugh about the trials of expectant fathers, but we don't really mean it—certainly not if we have ever been one. I like best the expectant father who shows emotion. If I cannot go to him myself, I send one of the nurses out frequently to tell of our progress. And when I go to him afterward to tell him his baby has arrived safely, I expect him to say quickly: "But how is *she?*" And I always admire him the more if he says it with a catch in his voice.

During one of the most difficult deliveries I have ever experienced I despaired of saving the baby for a time and was desperately anxious about the mother. I literally went through hell, and after two hours I almost staggered into the hall, dripping with perspiration, obviously tired, but transformed in spirit with the result.

Like a schoolboy I hurried to the husband; he was a suave, well-dressed individual whom I had never seen until that night. I told him the happy news in quick and triumphant words. He looked at me without even a flicker of interest and said: "Yeah? Have you got a cigarette?"

I should have hit him, but I couldn't. Scarcely believing my ears I said: "You can go to hell!"

I turned to go to the doctors' dressing room, then wheeled and went back. "When you get your



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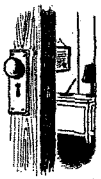
bill, at the bottom you'll find an extra $100 added without any explanation. If you want to know what it is for, come and see me at my office when I am feeling better."

He never came but he paid his bill promptly. Thank Heaven, such a bounder is the rare exception. His opposites are the countless young fathers who wait in trembling eagerness for their wives to be wheeled from the delivery room; who bend over them with adoration; who come to the hospital day after day to sit quietly for hours beside them during their afternoon naps. These are the ones who compensate for the rest—to their wives and to me.



THE YOUNG WOMEN who were in their late twenties when I began to practice in California are coming back now, 15 or 18 years later, with questions that are as important as the ones which first brought them to me.

I have been with them through that lovely and exciting part of their lives when their babies were arriving. I have seen the beautiful glow of motherhood illumine them. Later I have watched their struggles with their new responsibilities, often with too little money and too much work, with interfering relatives and with the problems of adolescence. Now they are reaching the time of life when a new and disturbing problem confronts them.

Unusual emotional reactions surprise them; odd sensations of inadequacy and apprehension come at unwonted moments; a comfortable seat in a movie becomes suddenly unbearable and an indignant husband who does not understand is amazed to find himself unexpectedly on the way home with his wife in the middle of a picture.

She cannot tell him what has happened because she herself does not know, and unless he is more understanding than the average male, the evening ends with a flare of words and a gale of tears. As she cries helplessly on her bed, he paces the room below, carefully following the rug's pattern with his footsteps, feeling indignant and abused.

All this may happen, and frequently does, before there is any warning change in the monthly rhythm to which she is accustomed. It may happen at 50 or 30. Approximately half of all women reach the so-called "change of life" between 45 and 50, the other half falling fairly evenly on either side.

So many dreary and untrue words have been written and spoken about the menopause that the average woman has come to think of it as a time of decadence and sorrow and fading. She feels that her attractiveness is going and often she resignedly accepts her fate and lets it go. *She need no longer do this.*

If she has married and has children, her life to a large extent has revolved around them. At 45 she does not as a rule want more children, but she does not like the feeling that she cannot have them while younger women all around are still looking forward to other babies. She has been a productive and useful member of society but



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now she believes that she is no longer needed by the world. *She need no longer feel that she is not wanted or useful.*

Recently such a woman faced me across my desk. There was much preliminary conversation before she was ready to tell me what had brought the plaintiveness to her voice and the unaccustomed sadness to her eyes.

"What do older men want most out of life?" she asked suddenly.

"Something useful to do, which they like to do, a reasonable amount of comfort—and someone to love," I replied slowly.

She looked at me quietly, then brushed her handkerchief impatiently across her eyes. "I am a silly old woman to be here at all," she said. "There isn't a single thing the matter with me physically. I haven't a pain or an ache. I have a nice home and a good husband. My children are grown up and married. I know I am all right physically and that I have been pretty lucky—and that is just the reason I am worried. I am so low that I could die right now, and maybe that would be better, after all."

"But don't you know—?" I began.

"No, no, wait a minute till I tell you," she raced on. "I was sure my mind was going, but last night I stayed awake for hours, and I know now that it isn't my mind that is going but just that I am not needed any more. I have always felt useful and maybe important to my family, but last night I got to thinking how easy it would be to buy, for a very little money, everything that I am good for now. After all, my husband has his work and a place to live—and the world is filled with women younger and better-looking than I am—if that's what he wants. Why should I keep on?"

Her voice and face were tragic. As she spoke, her cheeks became flushed, but in a moment more the warmth had passed and I saw drops of cold perspiration on her forehead. I knew she felt the chill of dampness from head to foot. Nothing more was needed to make the answer to her questions perfectly apparent—*an answer so simple, so practical and logical in its application that every woman in the world should know it.*

"You have made two natural mistakes," I told her. "You said that there wasn't a thing physically the matter with you. *That is all that is the matter with you.* Your problem is not mental; it is not essentially emotional; but instead it is a normal physiological reaction to certain things happening to you. These things can be made just as important and useful to you now as the changes that disturbed you at adolescence, when you felt strange and new sensations. You did not understand those things at the time, either.

"You were, without knowing, getting ready for important events—for love and marriage and children, and all the happiness and sorrow and anxiety and hard work that go with them. Every change in your mind and body at that time was due to the changes in the glands that all through our lives regulate these things. Men have very similar changes at adolescence, and—maybe you don't know this—almost as



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distinct change of life as women."

"And now I'm slipping back?" she interrupted.

"Certainly not," I replied. "You are going ahead, just as you did then, only now the objective is different—less work and more pay, if you like—and you get the pay, instead of giving so much of it to everyone else."

"Well, if this is the pay," she interrupted, "I don't want any more of it."

"You aren't on the payroll yet," I answered, "but you are going to be soon. Come on with me and I'll show you something."

We went out to a sunny room at the back of my office. In sterile glass trays were rows and rows of syringes, and in orderly rows were scores of tiny glass ampules, little sealed flasks an inch high, holding usually a quarter-teaspoonful of fluids that surpass in mystery and romance and action the wildest dreams of the alchemists of old. Yet in hardly one of them was there the fraction of a grain of any kind of drug—nearly all of them being various glandular preparations to replace or stimulate or reinforce the mysterious glands of internal secretion which, in an interlocking directorate, rule our lives.

Love, passion, work, energy, endurance, stature, fertility, the ability to use one's intellect—all these things and many more depend directly upon the proper workings of these glands, whose functions were practically unknown a generation ago and which still hold unsolved perhaps a major portion of the secrets which have made the history of the world since the days of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

My visitor's expression changed from resignation to expectation. "What has all this to do with me?" she asked. "Do you think I can find happiness in one of those little things?"

"This is for you," I answered, putting a tiny vial in her hand. "Even two or three years ago there was not in all the world any substance so valuable to you right now as this."

She looked at the label, found the name too difficult. "Tell me exactly what this is and where it comes from."

"Well, if you must know exactly," I answered with a smile; "it is the highly concentrated estrogenic hormone designed to inhibit the hyperactivity of the anterior pituitary in its production of the gonadoptric hormone, the disproportion of which—"

"Oh, stop!" she cried. "I don't believe anything can be as bad as that. You didn't tell me where it comes from."

I had to smile again as I answered: "Let's skip that. It's worse than the other. But here is the nurse and she'll show you what happens."

We both watched as the nurse dropped the ampule in a basin of warm water so that the heavy oil in which the hormone was dissolved might flow more easily. She chose a small glass syringe fitted with a coarse needle, scratched the neck of the ampule with a flat file, wiped it with alcohol and snapped the slender neck at the file mark, pulling the solution into the syringe.



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The coarse needle was removed and a much more slender one adjusted so it would not hurt the patient. I never could see why doctors and nurses sometimes use small, dull crowbars for needles, unless it is because they never had one stuck into them. One would be enough.

In a moment the nurse had cleaned a small area on the patient's thigh and slipped the needle in so deftly that the patient hardly knew it was done.

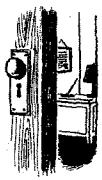
"Please come back every other day for three or four times," I told her, "and then we can probably either reduce the dosage or have you come less frequently, depending on how quickly the sun shines for you again. It *will* shine, if you give it the chance."

And as a rule it does. All the bizarre symptoms of the menopause can usually be eliminated with little trouble and at much less expense than was possible only a short time ago. Even the unfortunate sufferers from so-called "involution melancholia," the drab fate which so long has been associated with menopause, who have reached such a state that they must live in mental hospitals, are being restored to useful lives this way.

Nothing in medicine is 100 per cent perfect; most of it is far short of that as are nearly all other things in life. But in this problem there has been definite advance, and thousands of doctors are daily proving it to themselves and to the thousands of women whom they are treating, as effectively at the country crossroads as in the great city medical centers.

It is little less than miraculous to see the change usually wrought in a few days by repeated injection of the contents of tiny vials. The emotional crises, the terrifying apprehensions—all these can be made to disappear. I know many women who are far more beautiful at 45 than they were at 25, many others who could be if they only would.

There comes to many a woman at 45, as to men at 55, a gradual lightening of routine and responsibilities. *This is her time.* It is her time not only to look with pride on the things that she has done but to step out and do some of the things she has left undone. It is her time to put on as good clothes as she can possibly afford; to travel if it is possible; to be again the interested and interesting woman she used to be. What a pleasant world this will be when more women realize the possibilities of their maturity!



"FOR PROFESSIONAL services" means to the obstetrician that he has been a part of the most wonderful adventure of a woman's life. He has advised and taught and warned and cheered her from the day she first came to him, excited, mystified and frightened as she found herself taking her first steps on the path that is so old to the world but so new to every woman. She has told him of the thrill of the first flutter of life within her, and of the constant changes in her mind and body as the months go on to the appointed end.

He has seen her develop, sometimes from a thoughtless girl into



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the sweetness of maturity in a few months. He has been with her when motherhood came at last, and has looked upon her with understanding eyes as her bobbed hair became a halo around her pretty head.

As in every adventure, there have been incidental discomforts, and it is to her doctor's strength and skill and interest that she instinctively turned. This is truly his greatest reward—the feeling that he has been a major factor in her happiness and her recovery with an unbroken body and a healthy baby.

Money alone does not pay for the anxious hours he must spend by a woman's side, nor for his feeling of responsibility for her welfare while she is in his care. If in return there has been a "transference," if she has given him something of herself which no one can ever wholly take away, and if, for the moment, he has meant more to her than anyone else, the transference lasts only until she goes back to her home and her husband and her baby. There remains only the comfortable memory that the doctor has saved her every possible moment of pain, and that he has cared enough about her to do so.

I have written of the unusual, though it is of the less dramatic that our daily lives are made. The miracles of life and death are never commonplace. I never deliver a baby, even yet, without a feeling approaching awe and reverence at the marvelous thing that is happening under my hand.

There are as many mysteries still to be solved in the human body as in all the sweep of the astronomical heavens; and the intricacies of the mind and its mechanism are still beyond our ken. We must reach you who come to us through your minds as well as your bodies. Give us the stimulation and the reward of a mind so prepared for what is ahead of you that we may minister to the needs of your body through a medium that is receptive and not resistant.

We need strength and courage and wisdom far beyond our allotted bit to meet adequately the appeal of the desperately sick one, whose very desperation, whose halting breath and unseeing eyes, call forth the ultimate in him who bends above her.

CREDITS

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***Cover Girl:*** Liz MacLean, 19-year-old artist and model, is that Hollywood rarity—a bathing beauty who swims like a fish. Liz has lots of freckles, but she doesn't try to cover them. KODACHROME BY C. A. PETERSON


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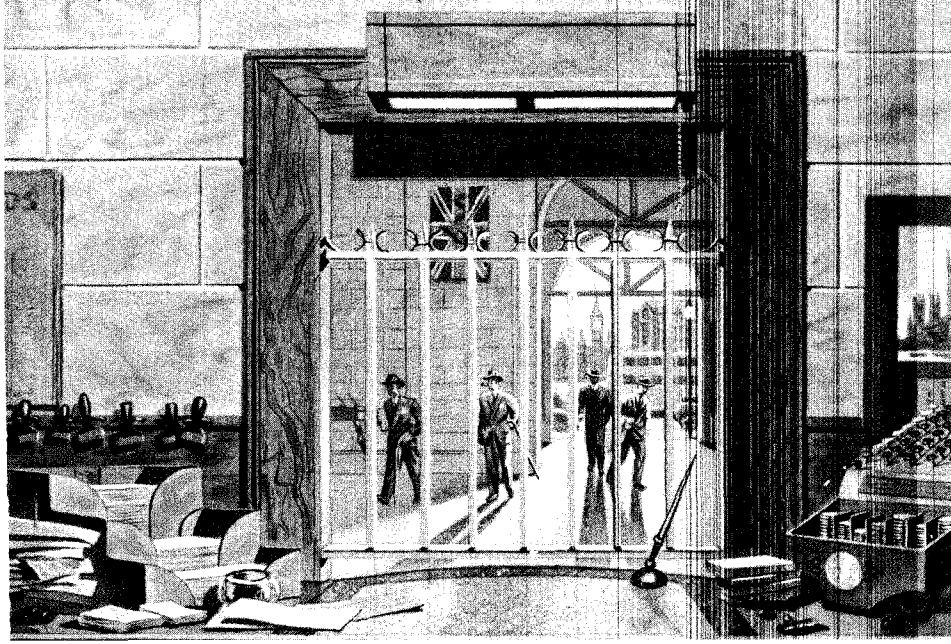
# ARTISTIC SWINDLE

SOME YEARS AGO, a London bank was tricked by one of the neatest swindles ever perpetrated. It was an artistic triumph, involving no guns or violence.

A respectable-looking man called one afternoon and opened an account with 1,500 pounds. A few days later he returned and explained to the manager that he was completing a business deal requiring 1,250 pounds. But it was important that the other party, who was to come in person to cash the check, should not doubt his financial status. Would the manager be kind enough to verify his balance in advance, so the check could be cashed without delay? The manager investigated, noted that the customer had more than enough to cover the check, and agreed to the request.

Next morning, at precisely the same moment, four men stepped up to four well-separated windows. Each presented a check for 1,250 pounds; each check was cashed without question. Original investment: 1,500 pounds. Receipts: 5,000 pounds. Net profit: 3,500 pounds. A very satisfactory deal for all concerned—except the bank. —ALLAN CRAWFURD



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It is creation's morning—
Freshly the rivers run;
The cliffs, white brows adorning,
Sing to the shining sun.
—HARRIET MONROE

DARING RIVER, KINGS CANYON NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

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